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Hello . . . Happy Christmas!

Drawing by
CARL SHREVE

HOLIDAYS Are Here AGAIN



AN ENERGETIC HALF-HOUR in the surf—then a quiet bask in the sun. That's the ideal holiday in Australia.

Where, How, When & What people are doing at Christmas

Mr. and Mrs. Australia and the family, about to embark on their great Christmas holiday vacation, have been asking:

- Where can we swim or surf?
- Where can we dance?
- Where can we camp?
- What's the food like?
- What's the accommodation like?

Answering those questions and thousands of others, travel and tourist bureaus have found out interesting facts concerning the holiday preferences of Australians.

A SURPRISING feature of the tourist bookings in Victoria is the number of inquiries about golf facilities. South Australians generally ask about the dancing. New South Wales and Queensland

inquire about the seaside facilities.

"What is the first thing prospective holiday-makers want to know?" travel agencies were asked. Quite half the holiday-makers in Victoria ask: "What about golf?"

There is always a big interest in the



DANCING is popular—particularly on the pavilions beside the sea.

question of riding hacks, and tennis comes third on the list, according to travel experts in the Victorian Tourist Bureau.

Swimming comes next, but as most holiday-makers about Christmas time are going to the sea anyway, it doesn't come into the conversation over the inquiry counter very often.

Dancing, first favorite with English holiday-makers, is not so generally popular here among holiday-makers. Only a few bright young things remember to inquire if the guest house has a ballroom and an orchestra.

Demand Good Food

A RECENT development is the extraordinary interest holiday-makers of all ages and classes take in their food.

They are no longer content if they get the recreation and relaxation they want. They realise the importance of food and home comforts without luxury.

Even very young girls nowadays carefully inquire whether the food and accommodation are good.

The popularity of motor cars has strengthened the demand for better accommodation, by facilitating removal from any place that does not give satisfaction.

In N.S.W., said Mr. Cocks, Assistant-Director of the N.S.W. Tourist Bureau, the most outstanding requirement of the holiday-maker, apart from the surf, is golf.

Tennis, of course, is still enormously popular, but is taken for granted. The young girl, from 18 to 25, if she doesn't go on a cruise, wants a holiday in the country, particularly first golf, then tennis, riding, and surfing in summer.

She is the one most prepared to spend money on her holiday.

She will save hard for a year, buy lots of clothes, and spend easily £20 for two or three weeks—more if she goes on a cruise or some sea trip.



GOLF is a firm favorite with holiday-makers, although not every golfer tries it in a rig-out like this.

The young man of the same age will often inquire for exactly the same things, but he far prefers a camping holiday with some mates, where he can fish, have a morning dip, go for hikes—a comfortable (and cheap) "man's" holiday. He, of all classes, is least interested in food and accommodation.

The married man and his family just seek a change of air, with as much amusement available as can be got for the cheapest price. The usual query is for a cottage by the sea, or lake, with plenty of good fishing for himself and swimming for the kiddies.

Young things from 18 to 25 ask about riding, golf, swimming and tennis, in that order.

Age Preferences

THOSE from 25 to 35 make their first inquiry about golf. Then they want to know if the swimming is safe for the children. Having satisfied themselves on those two most important points, they want to know if there are any walks in the district, and take a definite interest in what the table is like.

Holiday-makers in the 25 to 45 group still make golf their main interest, but they also want to know "Are the rooms comfortable and clean? Is the lounge comfortable? Are there any car trips?"

The menfolk in this group often require lengthy explanations about the fishing.

"Women travellers in South Australia outnumber the men, but they cannot make up their minds on what they want," said an official of the South Australian Tourist Bureau.

"We have found that most holiday-makers are fairly self-reliant and do not ask for ready-made entertainments."

"The reason why the women who inquire outnumber the men is that the women plan their holidays for weeks ahead, while the men leave everything to the last possible minute and then telegraph for information."

Adelaide tourist authorities state that at least 25,000 interstate visitors will be holidaying in Adelaide during December and January alone, to participate in Centenary celebrations and to see the Test cricket match.

Women Hard to Please

A VISIT to various Queensland tourist bureaus disclosed the fact that the average Queenslanders sought an open-air holiday, to the surf for preference.

When asked if women were harder to please than men, the opinions did not coincide.

"Women," said one official, "are infinitely harder to please than men in connection with touring arrangements."

"Men tourists usually have a very fair idea of what they want to see and the places they would like to visit, and they make definite arrangements accordingly."

Let's Talk Of Interesting People



—DORRISON-MONTAGU

Tells the Age of Rocks

TELLING the age of rocks by the presence of certain fossils is a fascinating occupation, according to Miss Irene Crespin, Commonwealth Palaeontologist, particularly now, as it is linked with oil research.

Miss Crespin recently visited West Australia and South Australia in connection with the Oil Advisory Committee. Was for seven years Assistant Palaeontologist before her present appointment at Canberra.



"Sells" Britain's Railways

CHOSEN from hundreds of applicants, Miss Audrey Shirliff is the first woman appointed to a British railway—the Great Western—as a sales expert. Her chief duties are to keep in touch with women's clubs, organisations, and factories where women are employed for the purpose of encouraging and arranging excursions and outings.

The whole of the G.W. Railway system is her territory, and she "talks" railroad, river, sea, and air travel.



—SUSAN WATKINS

Established a Record

MISS JOAN MCKENNA, Perth's youngest woman barrister, who is engaged to the youngest member of the Upper House in the State—Mr. Eric Heenan, (also a member of the legal profession), hopes to take on double-double harness when she marries. Wants to make it a business as well as a romantic partnership.

Established a record when she became the youngest Bachelor of Arts of the W.A. University.

LOIS FAR LOVELIER



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ONE HOUR of LOVE, Then—

In the hour of danger men find their true selves, and women, too.

To this girl and boy there was all the poetry and strife of life in the sight of a square-rigged sailing vessel running for port before a storm. They loved the sea in all its moods.



THE tiny island of rock was a change from the sleek opulence of the White Lily. Lady Parlow and the others could appreciate an hour of its sunny barrenness as a comfortable adventure. It was less than a hundred yards across, a mere speck in the shining water, and about a mile from the high, black wall of the mainland.

She said: "It was a splendid idea of yours, Mr. Gail. I feel almost like Robinson Crusoe."

Gail, the financier, smiled. "This bit of the picnic was luck."

The picnic had been his suggestion. The White Lily had anchored off Muscat to give its guests the chance to watch the pearl divers. This morning Gail had proposed borrowing the ship's motor-launch, taking a well-filled lunch basket, and cruising along the wild coast.

"Certainly, old man," said Lind, the owner and host, "certainly." His guests on these pleasure cruises were always welcome to enjoy themselves in any way they liked.

So the chief steward had packed up a meal that included cold chicken and champagne, and Gail had made up a party of six. Besides himself, there were Lady

Parlow, Devinson, the explorer, and Eleanor Vaize, the film star. Then, out of patronage towards two young nonentities, he had added Paul Millard and Peggie Lester.

Gail steered. He kept the launch fairly close to the shore, following the curve of the rock-bound coast. The water rippled faintly and the sky was an infinite blue. Once they had a glimpse of a dhow far off, light and graceful as a gull.

Apart from that, the world was their own, a place of warmth, pleasant idleness, and shining, serene sea. True, an occasional sharp fin cut the surface, to remind them that the gulf teemed with sharks. But in their complete security, that was rather an exciting asset to the trip.

It had been Gail's idea to land somewhere for lunch, but the sheer, smooth cliff seemed unbroken. It rose straight up out of the water, black and glossy, mile after mile of it, offering not even foothold to anything less active than a monkey. There was no hospitality about these shores of Araby.

The tiny island had revealed itself unexpectedly, a very miniature of an island, a pancake of rock only a few feet above the surface. It proclaimed itself as the ideal spot for lunch.

They tied up the launch to a projection that had been shaped by

Nature into the semblance of a mooring-post, carried the lunch basket ashore, and found a shallow dip in the centre of the island, where there was shade under a rock.

"I should have liked a palm tree or two," Eleanor Vaize had drawled.

However, she reclined gracefully on a smooth stretch softened by dry seaweed, accepted chicken and

somebody ought to establish a mission for them."

"Not much chance for the missionary," said Devinson. "I remember—" He recounted a Central African adventure of appalling danger, in which his bravery—apologised for by a deprecating smile—had saved the situation.

"What splendid nerves you must have," said Lady Parlow. "I confess I am afraid of danger, though

"All right," Gail stepped out of the dip, proffering a hand to assist Lady Parlow.

Then he stared and shouted. His eyes were wide, and he was pointing out to sea.

"The launch has gone! Look, it's drifting! Miles away!"

Never had Lady Parlow and Eleanor Vaize moved so fast before. They were on their feet as quickly as the others.

The launch had drifted off, right enough. It was not miles away, but perhaps half a mile, broadside on and moving with the current.

LADY PARLOW turned pale. Eleanor Vaize laughed, not too easily.

"Well, what are we doing?" "Darn it!" burst out Gail. "I tied it up all right. The loop was well over that spur."

Devinson grunted. "Seems we shall have to stick here all day until they get worried about us and start searching. We'll probably be penned here until dusk. They wouldn't expect us until about five."

Millard smiled at Peggie. They were young, and the situation struck them as amusing.

"A dhow or something might spot us," Millard suggested.

"Might!" said Gail, his head slowly turning. "At the moment there's not a speck on the horizon."

"Really?" said Lady Parlow. "Really, this is most inconvenient."

"I'm terribly sorry."

"Never mind," she said unbending. "we must make the best of it. We really are Robinson Crusoes for a few hours. But how extraordinary that the launch should have got loose like that."

"Beats me," Gail walked to the edge of the island, the others following.

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By
DUDLEY HOYS

champagne from the attentive Devinson, and languidly indicated that she was not quite bored.

Millard and Peggie were enjoying themselves tremendously, and made no attempt to hide the fact.

"This teaches one to appreciate the elemental," said Lady Parlow. "Were you ever in a wilder or more empty spot, Mr. Devinson?"

He nodded, and mentioned a string of outlandish names.

"How dreadful!" She settled her amplexes more firmly, took another sip of champagne, and accepted a cigarette from Gail.

"That coast looks quite bleak enough for me. No wonder these Arabs are crude. Poor things,

concern for my fellow beings would be a kind of stimulant."

"I'm sure it would," said Gail. He had been paying a good deal of attention to this titled widow of forty-five, well known in society for her charitable activities.

She seemed to purr at the compliment Gail, she thought, was a charming man, and marvelously clever as a wizard of finance. She liked the clipped, convincing way he talked, and the impression he gave of a cool, perfectly-controlled brain.

Eleanor Vaize yawned. "What about wandering off now?"

"Yes, we may as well," said Devinson.

THE Long PATROL

A gripping tale of
a merciless man-
hunt in inland
Australia.

By
ALBERT R. WETJEN

Illustrated by WEP



All sorts of men and all sorts of rumors drifted into the little police post at Marree, some four hundred miles inland from Adelaide, and in the heart of the Never-Never. Half-wild blacks in the police secret service added in

with news of tribal killings and corroborees, or native dances that might be harmless celebrations or workings-up for a massacre. Irate station-owners tramped by with reports of stock thefts. Dingo-wild dog-hunters dropped in to ask of friends who had come out of the Never-Never months before. And occasional prospectors, like as not half-crazy from loneliness and intermittent bouts with thirst and starvation, came to ask of conditions toward the ranges and to get the latest maps of the waterholes.

Sergeant Rainse, of the South Australia Mounted, took all these in his stride; for, after fifteen years of the long patrol, little could disturb him any more. With one white constable to help him, he was supposed to keep law and order over a district as large as many European principalities, and when Bannock, the mailman, lounged through the office doorway, looking even more melancholy than usual, Sergeant Rainse sighed.

"Well," he said wearily, "who's complaining now?"

"Sarge," stated Bannock, "there's two things I want to tell you."

Rainse inspected the tips of his riding boots, replying on his desk, and barely stifled a yawn.

"There's only one thing I want

My Favorite Poem

THE COTTAGE

Mine be a cot beside the hill;
A bee-hive's hum shall
soothe my ear;
A willow brook that turns a
mill;
With many a fall shall
linger near.

The swallow oft, beneath
my thatch,
Shall twitter from her clay-
built nest;
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the
latch,
And share my meal, a wel-
come guest.

—S. Rogers.

(Sent in by Mrs. R. Taylor.)

to know," he said. "What's going to win the Melbourne Cup?"

Bannock lighted a cigarette and frowned.

"Seriously, Sarge. Old Man Brown didn't get his supplies last week. You know, he's prospecting out toward the Flinders Range."

"Maybe he wasn't hungry," Rainse suggested; but he unclasped his hands from behind his head and looked interested. "Where'd you usually leave them?"

"Half a mile this side of Home Wells Station, in the fork of that old gumtree beside the road. I usually make the north trip Wednesdays, and before he went bush, Brown arranged things. Said he'd come for the tucker every Thursday. Well, this is Monday, and I just got back and the supplies is still there. You know what that means in this country. Brown's either sick or dead."

Bannock nodded and blew smoke from his nostrils, squinting through his haze. His long, melancholy eyes grew longer and he stabbed the incident sergeant with a bony finger.

"But that ain't all. Black Joe



SERGEANT RAINSE spoke to his tracker: "Ask them if there's a water-hole between here and Coward Springs."

"What's the matter with me's right! Black Joe around and Brown not showing up for his supplies. All right, Bannock. And thanks." Bannock nodded and lounged out.

Rainse moved fast. He wrote a note, in case the inspector should drop by; phoned Farina and Beltane to tell the posts there where he had gone and why, and, picking up his hat he jammed it on and left.

Outside, Baldy Bill held his horse. Baldy Bill was Rainse's head tracker, proud in the possession of a ragged khaki shirt, a discarded police hat and the authority that went with the rifle in the crook of his arm. A full-blooded native, mission raised and won over to the white man.

Rainse glared at him. A head tracker was supposed to know all that went on in the district, getting information from personal contacts, and, more important, from the mysterious thing known as bush telegraph.

"You savvy fella Black Joe in this fella country?" he demanded.

Baldy Bill rolled his eyes and scratched his mop of fuzzy hair with his rifle muzzle.

"No savvy," he confessed, un-
easily. "Maybe soon. You savvy?"

find them. It was a matter of routine.

"This might be a terrible mess," Rainse told Burks as they rode together, with the three trackers trotting behind. "No one knows where Brown's claim is. It was a secretive cove, so we'll have to figure that out first. And if Black Joe's linked up, we'll have a lot more grief."

Burks nodded. Black Joe was notorious through all the States and the territories. A quarter-caste black, he had been raised by a horse-breeder in Queensland, whom he had repaid one day by knocking him on the head, taking his weapons and the best stallion in the herd, and setting out on a career of sheer devilry. Combining knowledge of both the whites and the blacks, he was correspondingly the more dangerous.

IN the Northern Territory, where he had joined a wild tribe, he had killed two men, and had been arrested, but since the killings were tribal, and the Australian Government was particularly careful to interfere as little as possible with the curious native customs, Black Joe was let off with a five-year sentence, of which he served two. He was in gaol again a year later, for horse-stealing once more, and made a sensational escape, and shot to death a constable of the Queensland Mounted, which definitely sealed his end. It had taken the patrols fifteen months to run him down again; principally because he had sworn to eat the kidney fat of any tracker who aided the police, and most of the trackers were afraid of him. He had been taken, as it was, only by accident, when he had one day visited the camp of Old Man Brown—ostensibly to beg supplies.

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busted outa Wyerloo gaol a month back."

Rainse unfastened another button of his khaki drill shirt and yawned openly. It was January, midsummer, and beastly hot, with a dry wind that was blowing across a thousand miles of desert and desolation to the north.

"I got the report," he said wearily. "He crossed to Central Australia with a Queensland patrol after him, but he got away. What about it? It's not my district."

"AND that," drawled Bannock, "is just where you're wrong. The station blacks up at Mulareena claim they've seen him."

Sergeant Rainse's riding boots hit the floor as he came upright. That was his district.

"Burks!" he roared, and to Bannock, "Why the Devil didn't you say so in the first place?"

"I was worried about old Brown mostly," Bannock explained, and then Mounted Constable Burks came in from the stables, fanning himself with his hat.

"Patrol!" said Rainse crisply. "Get the trackers. Baldy Bill, Sammy Boy, and Ambrose. Saddle the horses and pack supplies."

"How long?" Burks inquired. Rainse frowned.

"Make it a month. Black Joe's in our district, or was." Burks nodded, adjusted his hat, and went out. Bannock leaned forward and tapped on the desk.

"About Old Man Brown—" he started.

Rainse waved him aside as he got up and buckled on his gun belt.

"I'll send a tracker to see what's happened to him. Black Joe's important. He's killed three men already. And a quarter-caste black as smart as he is, armed with a rifle, like as not, is going to raise havoc until he's caught."

A Long Complete Story

"And Black Joe hates old Brown!" snapped Bannock. "What's the matter with you, Sarge? It was Brown who turned him over to the police after the Massey killing, and Black Joe swore he'd get him. You know—"

Rainse stared at him for a moment and then reddened.

"I don't know," Rainse growled. "But get that bush telegraph of yours to work and find out. . . All right, Burks!" He swung on his horse and led the way. A week's patrol? A month's? Six months? It made no difference at all. If Old Man Brown was still on earth and if Black Joe was in that district, the South Australia Mounted would

The PASSION YEARS

A charming story, in an Australian setting, of a man who had no money; a girl who had too much.



THEY sat on the bed-edge, all pink and white in their robes-de-nuit, and they looked pretty enough to eat. Midnight had long since sounded but on, on, they chattered like the race-old daughters of Mother Eve.

"Yes, Mary, they just worship each other, and now they've got the loveliest baby in all the world. And yet it all began to happen only just a year ago to-day. Jim had never seen Della until then, and I was the only one of our family who had spoken to her.

"It seems just like a tale one reads and, of course, it's a very sentimental one, too. Oh, no dear, you take it from me sentiment is not all sickly, and only those say it is who are getting old and sickly themselves. Sentiment's the most beautiful thing in all the world, and when you're first in love, well, the sentiment there is just too holy and too sacred to understand.

"I tell you, when Harold first kissed me it was the most wonderful moment of my whole life, and Mother says one of the next most wonderful will be when they first put Harold's baby in my arms. "Oh, you goose! You needn't blush! Of course, you'll be married yourself, some day, and a baby's only what every girl who's really in love looks forward to. So, you needn't pretend to be shocked at all.

"Well, about Della and Jim. We were on the racecourse at Flemington, and Jim had plunged on his filly, Rose of Dawn, to win a tremendous lot of money. Yes, it was awfully stupid of him, I know, and I was as angry about it as anything. But then, what can a sister do? I had told him how wrong it was of him, and he had admitted to me that morning how foolish he had been.

"IF he lost, it meant quite the end of everything for him as far as racing was concerned, for he would have to sell up all his horses and never own any more again. And you can imagine what that would have meant to him, dear, when all our lives we have had horses about us and racing is in our very bones. You remember it was Father who bred the great McAlpin, whose children are now scattered all over the world.

"Well, it was just before the race and we were sitting in the members' stand and I was telling Violet Carmichael something of what Jim had done. I didn't tell her everything, by a long way; but I let her know poor Jim would be very hard hit if his filly lost, and that he would have to give up racing altogether and go into a bank or be a curate, or do something like that.

"I had just finished telling her, when I turned round to find that Della Charter was sitting exactly behind us and must have heard everything. "The little cat!" I thought, and I was furious. I knew she was the only child of the rich old John Charter, who had made millions of dollars in the wheat pit in Chicago, and I disliked her because she was supposed to be proud, with all the money they had got. I just hated to think she had heard all about Jim's money affairs. So I pretended not to have noticed her, and then, be-

fore she could get any opportunity to speak to me, Jim came up and the starting-bell rang for the horses to be sent away.

"Oh, Mary, it was an awful race, and it will haunt me as long as I live! Rose of Dawn should have won easily, but through no fault of hers she was beaten in the very last stride. She got off all right and, coming round the bend, was well up and only just behind the leaders, running on the inside of them all.

"She'll win," whispered Jim exultingly. "She'll leave them standing still, the moment she's called upon."

"I felt my heart bursting with excitement. We could see them all so plainly, as they came thundering into the straight, and nothing was going as effortlessly as Rose of Dawn.

"But then, suddenly, the awful thing happened!

"**L**ORD RAYLEIGH'S great horse, Leviathan, swerved right in and drove Rose of Dawn almost on to the rails. It was simply ghastly! Her jockey had to snatch her up to prevent a most dreadful accident. He had to pull her up, almost dead, and then, when he brought her round again on the outside, she had lost her good position and was lengths and lengths behind all the other horses.

"I shut my eyes and felt as if I were going to faint, but then, almost instantly, a perfectly thundering shout came up from the crowd and I opened them again to see what had happened.

"Rose of Dawn had been sent after the field again, and she was galloping like the wind. She had her beautiful head low down and was coming with a withering rush that was simply glorious to see. Of course, it looked quite hopeless, for she was much too far behind, but, realising what she was attempting, the very courage of it appealed to everyone and the crowd just roared for her to come on.

"Then almost in a few seconds, so it seemed, she was again among the other horses. One after another she picked them up and passed them as if they were common hacks, until ten yards from home there were only two in front of her and she was close upon the heels of even these. For a moment, then,

everyone thought she was actually going to win, for she headed Wild Aster when three lengths from the judge's box, but with a fearful effort the other horse, Poisoned Berry, just managed to keep his head in front, and she was beaten in the last stride.

"Mary, I nearly wept, and poor Jim went white as death. But I saw him draw in his face, as a proud man always does when he meets defeat, and then he looked down and gave me a quiet, brave smile.

"It's all right, little woman," he whispered. "It's all in the game, and it was a great race, anyhow." Then before I could say a word to try and console him, the voice of Della Charter broke in.

"Say, Miss Bevan," she said in that quiet, slow drawl of hers, in-



Illustrated by FISCHER

Della found Jim in the garden by the fountain. He smiled gravely as she approached him.

roduce me to your brother, will you? Sure, that was the most wonderful race I've ever seen, and I guess I've lost more on it than I'll ever lose again."

"I turned round in a perfect spasm of fury. I would snap her head off, I determined. The tactless and bad-mannered little minx! To break in at a dreadful moment like that, when we were both of us

his courage, would have fought out in dreadful bitterness those next few hours, for there seemed no silver lining anywhere to his cloud.

"But Della stepped in and took all the sting out of everything. She brought him back to common sense and hope. Indeed, in a very few minutes he was looking at her as if he had somehow, miraculously, something in the world even more interesting than his beloved filly, Rose of Dawn.

"And I don't wonder she fascinated him. She looked so beautiful that afternoon. Excitement had given her a most lovely color, and, with those big grey eyes in that Madonna face of hers, she looked the picture of a very beautiful woman.

"She asked Jim to take her down to tea, and then, to the great envy of all the men, she kept him by her side all the rest of the afternoon. She introduced him to her father, and Jim made such a hit there that the old man insisted we should both dine with them that night at their hotel.

"Then things began to move very quickly.

"They invited us up for ten days to a house-party at their gorgeous place at Melton Bay, and there we mixed with some of the most wealthy people in Australia. We had a glorious time, and Della, to the great amusement of everybody, made a dead set at Jim.

"**T**HERE was no doubt about it. She singled him out, and the two of them were always to be found together. Jim, of course, was soon hopelessly in love with her, and, as the days went by, he could not help seeing she was not indifferent to him, too.

"But Jim is proud, and suddenly, to everyone's surprise, he took to avoiding her and keeping as much out of her way as possible. I knew what it was at once. He was thinking of Della's money and wasn't going to have it said that he had run after her because she was rich. Then poor Della began to look unhappy, but she's quite as proud as Jim and wasn't going to try and lead on any man who didn't want her. So she, in turn, became distant and everybody wondered what had happened and if there had been a quarrel.

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A Short Story By ARTHUR GASK

so strung up with emotion that even Jim's voice, as she must have heard, was half-broken in his distress! Yes, I would be downright insulting to her! I turned round, I say, and then—I saw that with all her quiet drawl, her eyes, like mine, were wet with tears.

"I introduced Jim, like a lamb, "O H, Mary, do you ever realise what angels we women can be?"

There was Jim in a perfect agony of disappointment and remorse. He was deep down in the depths, and left to himself, with all

MARCH OF THE MODE by *René*

TRI-COLOR Schemes for MID-SUMMER

● LEFT: A frock in blue French pique, the full-topped sleeves of which are set into a rounded yoke effect. The skirt, very much gathered on at the waist, is another version of the new, extremely full skirt silhouette. The collar does up at the back, flaring up in the front to show strings and bow knots of plum-red and white.

● BELOW: An oyster-grey evening frock, carried out in chiffon, has a high neck at front and a scarf drapery in emerald and daffodil-yellow. It folds across the shoulders, crosses at the back to wind round the waist sash-wise, knotting in front with two long, flowing ends.

● AT RIGHT: A model done in white pique, a frock for a hot day, with a cool, low V neckline, loose-shouldered short sleeves, and one of the new, very full-flared skirts. A hectic flower made of red, blue, and green linen, a matching belt and bag make a very gay color accent. The three colors are repeated on the large panama hat with grosgrain ribbon.

● LEFT: Two hats which stress the combination of three colors. The first high-crowned model is white grosgrain with banding and bows of violet and fuchsia grosgrain ribbon. The second is of the new turban variety, trying to make itself high in the crown for the sake of fashion, and this is also made of grosgrain ribbon in tiers of beige, mustard, rust and brown.



The Fashion Parade

DESIGNED for the DEVOTEE of BRIDGE!

But they are Delightful Frocks, also, for Formal Afternoon or Informal Evening Wear

Are you an ardent bridge player? If so, you will find the dresses sketched on this page suitable for your afternoon or evening bridge parties.

Not that it is necessary to have special frocks for bridge—except perhaps for the evenings, when you will require something between full evening dress and an afternoon gown.

AFTERNOON frocks that you wear to bridge you can also wear for lunches, teas, cocktail parties and the pictures, either day or night.

You will want something more dressy than the tailored linens and washing frocks that compose most of your summer wardrobe. Printed crepes, sheers, pastel crepes and dark silks will be the fabrics used. You can have a printed suit—flared or straight skirt, loose or fitted jacket accompanied by a chiffon or organdie blouse. You might choose a dress or a dress-and-jacket of printed sheer. These prints can have dark or light grounds with all-over or widely-

spaced flowers, dots or animal designs—not too large.

You can wear a large straw hat or a little hat with a veil.

Plain sheers make cool bridge dresses, and, in dark colors, are admirable for older women. Dresses, dress-and-jacket or dress-and-cape combinations are good. Popular trimmings for these are pleating, shirring, little covered buttons and light or colored collars and belts. On navy-blue or black sheers there is nothing so cool as white organdie or chiffon or pique—for becoming collars, pleated frills at the neck or soft flowers worn at the neck or in the waist.

After white there are all the pastels

and bright shades that can be used for collars, belts and flowers and matched up with your gloves or bag. Sheer frocks have rather wide skirts—either flared at the hem, pleated all round or in panels, or skirts with the fullness placed centre back. Sleeves should be rather wide, and either three-quarter or long. Necklines can be high or low and bodices loosely draped or swathed. A dark brown sheer ensemble would be smart, trimmed with dusty-pink, a wine-color sheer trimmed with powder-blue.

Pastel crepe frocks, or crepe frocks in any color, can be made in various ways. First in popularity is the tunic-dress. The tunic is slightly flared at its hem, which is about knee-length; the skirt beneath is always straight—either plain or pleated.

The tunic can have long or short sleeves; it is usually belted. Try a contrasting belt only if you are tall. In fact, I would advise you not to wear a tunic at all if you are short. They definitely cut your height. The tunic and skirt can be of one material or the tunic pastel or colored over a dark skirt.

Other crepe frocks, including black or navy ones, can be made with short, three-quarter or long sleeves, circular flared, pleated or plain skirts, high or low necklines and draped or shirred bodices.

● **NAVY-BLUE** and white spotted sheer. The edges of the cape and hem of the gored skirt are trimmed with pleating. White pique buttons and bow.

● **PASTEL** crepe tunic dress. The skirt is straight, the tunic flared. The raglan sleeves finish in a seam centre-back. Glass clips at neckline and waist.

● **BLACK SATIN** DRESS with circular skirt, tiny covered buttons, short sleeves with points below the shoulder and a narrow white kid belt.



● **EVENING** bridge dress in fine black or navy lace. The dress opens like a coat down the centre-front over a tight satin slip. White pique collar and violets.

● **PRINTED** crepe tunic over a pleated chiffon skirt. The skirt is mauve, the print purple, lime-green, and raspberry on a mauve ground. Mauve and green crepe sash.



Paris Snapshots

VERY large, plain, pastel felts can replace the usual summer straw. These have shallow crowns, banded with a simple grosgrain ribbon band in a darker shade. The felts come in white, dusty-pink, pale blue and lemon-yellow.

WORN with a cotton evening dress—a necklace, consisting of rows and rows of tiny shells strung thickly together.

FLOOR-LENGTH transparent evening coats are very smart for evening wear. They have full sleeves and skirts wide at the hem, and they fasten at the waistline. Over plain frocks the coat is in a contrasting color or a print—organdie or chiffon or coarse net; over a print frock the coat is plain.

JEWELLED clips are still the smartest evening earrings; they clip on to the lobe of the ear and follow its line upwards.

MANY of the new, small brimmed hats are worn on the back of the head, framing the face like a bonnet. The crown fits the head, and if the brim continues round to the back it turns up sharply from the nape of the neck. These hats are in pique or linen, straw, satin and taffeta for evening wear.

FASHION highlights, seen on a Paris racecourse—mauve and pink linen tailored suits, large straw hats trimmed with lilac or hydrangeas, all-white dresses, printed crepe-de-chine suits with frilly organdie blouses, black and navy frocks with short or three-quarter white jackets, simple pastel crepe frocks trimmed with drawn thread-work: flowered tunics, tunic coats or short basque jackets—these in every possible material, taffeta, pique, linen, satin and crepe—and are worn with dark skirts of crepe or sheer wool.

Complete Short Story

The COURAGEOUS AGE

Grandfather was a man of the old school. He hated soft jobs and modern ideas. And Kerry had infuriated him by falling in love with a film actor.



He was only an old man, but when he was angry his blue eyes would flash fire and his tongue was like a shaft of icy wind. He was angry now.

"Film actor! You, Kerry Marlow, a sane young woman to have fallen in love with a film actor and expecting me to have this young nincompoop as a grandson!"

Across the room from him sat Kerry, chin cupped on hands, eyes scarcely less blue than grandfather's, her hair brushed back in a little dusky cloud, and caught, before it swept right away, in curls behind her small pink ears.

Very small, very beautifully-made, Kerry sat there pensively, the only one of the family to be unafraid of grandfather. Her sister, her brothers, her cousins as well as Kerry herself would all benefit at his death, but while the rest of them flattered him, fussed him, spoiled him, Kerry behaved towards him with a fearlessness that caused a fluttering in the family dovecote, and a prophecy that she would be cut out of his will.

Kerry loved Peter, and she was determined to marry him whether there was opposition or not.

"How old is this young man?"

"Twenty-seven."

"Then why," snapped grandfather, "hasn't he found a job of decent work to do before now?"

"He volunteered for five years' service in the Air Force," Kerry explained patiently. "Last year his term was up, and he was dismissed. He isn't trained for anything else except flying, and there are so many more men who can pilot aeroplanes. He's an orphan, too, so that he hasn't got any people to help him a bit."

Kerry was seeing Peter. Talking about him had conjured up a picture of him in her imagination, tall and fair, and grey-eyed, gay, quick-tempered, proud.

"And what, may I ask, do you propose to marry on?"

Kerry shook her head, but a small, sweet smile curved her mouth.

"Peter went in for film work in a kind of desperation. He knew one of the directors of a film company, and he hinted that Peter might get a chance to do stunt flying. He has only done crowd work as yet, but one of these days I'm sure he will make a name for himself."

"You seem to think that life is like a fairy tale, Kerry, where you just rub a lamp or call on your fairy godmother to grant your wish. Believe me, my child, it isn't at all like that." His voice, which had softened, grew hard again. "By the way, does this Peter know that one day you will have money of your own?"

"We haven't discussed it," said Kerry, haughtily. "And even if he knew it wouldn't make any difference. Peter isn't like that."

"No man is to the woman who loves him."

Kerry started to her feet. "Since you have never seen Peter, grandfather, it isn't fair to judge him."

"I've always found my own opinions right."

She swung round, her eyes deep, dark with resentment. "I think you must have forgotten very completely what it is like to be young and in love, grandfather."



Kerry thought of this grandfather of hers. Back here he returned to the ways of his forefathers. He was the farmer taking his ease, in the surroundings he loved best.

She looked across at this grandfather of hers. What a strange old man he was! He was rich—very rich. He lived like a reigning prince in this lovely old house of his—this farmhouse which was the show-place of the district, but he hadn't changed from the old days of struggle. Back in this special den of his he returned to the life of his forefathers. Back here he was the farmer taking his ease. The man of the land taking his rest after the day's toil. Comfortable chair, but not too comfortable—the blue working-shirt he loved to wear when pottering around the farm, his book and his pipe.

On the table was the kerosene lamp he always read by. No new-fangled electric lights for him, although the farmhouse and the property was run by electricity. Looking at the picture he made in that old-time setting Kerry thought proudly of him as an old pioneer—a man of indomitable spirit. That was the trouble, grandfather lived in the past. Soldier, sailor, farmer he had worked hard for his money. He couldn't understand why Kerry should love a softie—a man who acted in films.

Suddenly grandfather spoke as though following her line of thought. "Bring him to tea next Tuesday, and don't be late."

"You mean—Peter?" She stared at him, unbelievably. Grandfather's teatime was usually a luxury he preferred to indulge in alone.

"Of course—Peter." He picked up a newspaper and peered at it, which was his way of dismissing her.

Kerry's parents were dead. She acted as secretary to her grandfather, writing his letters for him, watching the stock market pages of the newspapers, doing all kinds of little things for him. She found that there was plenty of time also to

enjoy herself, for grandfather needed nobody to entertain him, or keep him company. He was an old man living in the past.

Thus Kerry managed to see her friends in town, go to parties, to dances, and then one day she met Peter. Love at first sight wasn't Kerry's way, but after three weeks of seeing him almost every day she was quite certain that it was Peter or nobody for her. It wasn't his good looks that made her love him, nor his grand, exciting beliefs that one day he would make a lot of money, nor the fact that he was one of those men upon whom, inexplicably, glamour hung like an aura of light. It was because of the things he did, little tiny things that were so many links strengthening the love between them. Peter laughing down at her from his lean height, calling her name gently, shurring it a little, "Kerry—Ker-r-y." Peter getting

night at your door. We'll be walking together into some house where we've both the right to enter."

One day. But when?

Her eyes clouded. Peter was still only doing occasional crowd work, and in between he spent shillings a week on stamps and fares answering advertisements, trying for jobs in offices, in factories, on the road. He had been given a lump sum of money on his dismissal from the Air Force, which had enabled him to live during this lean year, but when that money was exhausted and he only had his crowd work pay, what would happen?

Kerry knew that he still believed that one day he would be given the stunt-flying role he had been promised when he first entered the film world, and that he was quite certain he would make a name for himself with his daring in the air, but Kerry had her doubts as to

"Hullo. This is Kerry speaking. Can you come to tea on Tuesday? Grandfather wants to meet you."

"I'll be very nervous."

"He'll like you, Peter."

"Think so? Well, Kerry, darling—there's a very important question to be asked first. Do you love me? Oh, as much as that?" She heard his laughter, soft, teasing a little, loving. "Right, then, I'll come to tea."

ON the day that Peter was coming to tea the clouds were low and greyish with flecks of blue, and grandfather said, blinking at the sky: "There's not enough blue to make a man a pair of trousers, my dear, so it won't keep fine. We'll have tea in here."

The richly-furnished corner room looked out on to the river path near the house. Peter was coming at four. At half-past three Kerry put on her sapphire-blue frock of jersey cloth, slim-fitting, square-necked, with an aquamarine clip catching the side of it; brushed her hair, put powder, lipstick, rouge on her face lightly, carefully, and then went down to await Peter.

Grandfather felt the minutest whiff of cold air, so that a small fire burned in the grate, giving out over the room a vague, soft scent, faintly incense, and faintly forest. The river was like a rippling steel blade, and the branches of the gum trees swung a little in the breeze, like cradles upon which the birds rocked. The clock struck four, and a log slipped on the fire. Suddenly a sound came to them through the slightly open window. Kerry sat up. Grandfather jerked up his head, heaved himself out of his great carved chair, and with the aid of his stick came and stood by Kerry's side.

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By
ELIZABETH ASTOR

all tender over a little blue-eyed kitten, or feeding an old bearded cat with chocolate caramels. Peter helping an old woman across the busy street, giving her of his smiles and his charm so that she did not walk with quite such a bent back when he left her. Peter kissing Kerry when he saw her home, standing with her under the dark wings of the cedar trees and saying "I love you, Kerry. One day I won't be kissing you good-

whether he would ever now receive his chance, and even if he did, she dreaded the day. Cleverer men than he died through daring. Flashing across her mind was a picture of a burning plane she had once seen—a flaming, roaring monster nose-diving to earth. She hid her face in her hands, and turned from the window. Suddenly, as though she must hear Peter's voice for reassurance, she went down to the telephone and rang him up.

CALISMAN RING

Illustrated
by
FISCHER

Continuing our
brilliant serial of adventure and
old-time romance.

Sir Tristram is betrothed to Eustacie, a lovely French girl, who does not love him. She flies from the house where they are both staying and meets her cousin, Ludovic, the charming scapegrate of the family. Ludovic is wounded by Excitemen, who are trailing smugglers. Eustacie takes him to a nearby inn, where they both shelter. Now read on:

LUDOVIC shook his head.
"Curse the horse, it's a nuisance! Oh, I have it! When I was shot the brute threw me, and made off home."
"Mon cousin," interrupted Eustacie suddenly, "do you think it is Tristram who has you ring?"

The laugh vanished from Ludovic's eyes.
"I'd give something to know!"
"Well, but I must tell you that I thought of a very good plan last night," said Eustacie. "I will marry Tristram, and then I can search in his collection for the ring."

"You'll do no such thing!" snapped Ludovic.
"Nye said roughly: 'For shame, Mr. Ludovic! What's this unaccountable nonsense? Sir Tristram's no enemy of yours!'"

"Is he not?" retorted Ludovic.
"Will you tell me who besides myself was in the Longshaw Spinney that accursed night?"

Nye's face darkened.
"Are you saying it was Sir Tristram as did a foul murder all for the sake of a trumpery ring, my lord? Eh, you're crazed!"

"I'm saying it was he who met me in the spinney, he who would have given his whole collection for that same trumpery ring! Didn't he always dislike me? Can you say he did not?"

"What I wish to say," interrupted Miss Thane, in a calm voice, "is that I want my breakfast."

Ludovic sank back on to his pillows with a short laugh. Nye, reminded of his duty, at once led both ladies down to the parlor, apologizing as he went for there being no one but himself and Clem to wait upon them.

MISS THANE reassured him. He set a coffee-pot on the table before her and went out.

Eustacie ate a hearty breakfast and returned to Ludovic's room, leaving Miss Thane in sole possession of the parlor. Miss Thane finished her meal in a leisurely fashion, and had gone out into the coffee-room, on her way to the stairs, when the sound of an arrival made her pause. An authoritative, not to say peremptory, voice outside called the landlord by name, and the next moment the door was flung open and a tall gentleman in riding dress strode in, carrying a somewhat battered bandbox in either hand. He checked at sight of Miss Thane, favoring her with a hard stare, and putting down the bandboxes took off his hat and bowed slightly.

"I beg your pardon; do you know where I may find the landlord?" he asked.
Miss Thane, one hand on the banisters, one foot resting on the bottom stair, looked at him keenly. A pair of stern, rather frowning grey eyes met hers with an expression of the most complete indifference. Miss Thane let go of the banisters and came forward.
"Do tell me!" she said invitingly. "Are you my cousin Tristram?"

Sir Tristram's worried frown lightened. He stared at Miss Thane with an arrested look in his eyes, and his stern mouth relaxed a little. "Oh!" he said slowly, and seemed for the first time to take

stock of Sarah Thane. He saw before him a graceful young woman, with a quantity of light, curling brown hair, a generous mouth, and a pair of steady grey eyes which held a distinct twinkle. She looked to be a sensible person and she was obviously gently born. Sir Tristram was thankful to think that his betrothed had (apparently) fallen into such unexceptionable hands, and said with a slight smile.

"Yes, I am Tristram Shield, ma'am. I am afraid you have the advantage of me."

Miss Thane saw her duty clear before her, and answered at once:
"Let me beg of you to come into the parlor, Sir Tristram, and I will explain to you who I am."

He looked rather surprised.
"Thank you, but as you have no doubt guessed, I am come in search of my cousin, Mademoiselle de Vauban."

"Of course," agreed Miss Thane, "and if you will step into the parlor."

"Is my cousin in the house?" interrupted Sir Tristram.

"Well, yes," admitted Miss Thane, "but I am not at all sure that you can see her. Come into the parlor, and I will see what can be done."

Sir Tristram cast a glance up the stairs, and said in a voice edged with annoyance.

"Very well, ma'am, but why there should be any doubt about my seeing my cousin I am at a loss to understand. Nor do I know why my cousin should leave her home at dead of night and undertake a solitary journey to London."

"She was wishful to become a governess," explained Sarah.

He stared at her in the blankest surprise.

"Wishful to become a governess? Nonsense! Why should she wish anything of the kind?"

"Just for the sake of adventure," said Miss Thane.

Sir Tristram said with asperity: "Her thirst for romance is likely



"Oh, is that all?" said Miss Thane in rather a hollow voice. "I expect they have come to see what Nye keeps in his cellars. My brother fancies it is all smuggled liquor."

He looked at her in some perplexity.

"They won't find anything. May I remind you, ma'am, that I wish to see my cousin?"

Miss Thane, having watched one of the Excitemen dismount and go into the inn, was straining her ears to catch what was being said in the coffee-room. She heard the landlord's deep voice, and wondered whether he had succeeded in per-

suading Ludovic to descend into the cellar. She looked at Sir Tristram, reflecting that he could not have chosen a more inopportune moment for his arrival. She ought to get rid of him, she supposed, but he did not seem to be the sort of man to be easily fobbed off. She said confidentially:

"Do you know, I think it would be wisest if you were to leave your cousin with me for the present?"

"You are extremely good, ma'am, but I mean to carry her to my mother in Bath."

"She won't go. In fact, I hardly think it is worth your while to remain here, for she is set against seeing you."

"Miss Thane," said Sir Tristram dangerously, "it is quite evident to me that you are trying to prevent

"Tell me," said Sarah, "who are these men in uniform?"
"Excitemen," said Tristram, after a casual glance.

my seeing my cousin. I have not the smallest notion why she does not wish to see me. But I am going to see her. I trust I have made myself quite plain?"

"Yes, quite," said Miss Thane, catching an echo of Eustacie's voice joined with Nye's in the coffee-room. It seemed as though Shield had heard it, too, for he turned his head towards the door, listening. Then he looked back at Sarah, and said:

"You had better tell me at once, ma'am; what scrape is she in?"
"Oh, none at all!" Miss Thane assured him, and added sharply: "Where are you going?"

"To find out for myself!" said Shield, opening the door and striding off to the coffee-room.

Miss Thane, feeling that as an accomplice she had not been a success, followed him helplessly.

In the coffee-room were gathered the landlord, Mademoiselle de Vauban, an Excise officer, and the tapper. The Excise officer was looking suspiciously from Eustacie to Nye, and Eustacie was talking volubly and with a great deal of gesticulation. When she saw her cousin on the threshold she broke off, and stared at him in consternation. The landlord shot a look at Sir Tristram under his jutting brows but said nothing.

Miss Thane turned to Sir Tristram.
"The truth is, my dear sir, that your cousin fell in with a band of

smugglers last night upon the road here, and had a sad fright."

"Smugglers?" repeated Shield.
"Yes," averred Eustacie. "And I am just telling this stupid person that it was I who came here last night and not a smuggler."

"Begging your pardon," said the riding-officer, "but the young lady's telling me that she rid here last night to catch the mailcoach." His tone inferred that he found the story incredible, as well he might.

"I'll have you know," growled Nye, "that the Red Lion's a respectable house! You'll find no smugglers here."

"And it's my belief I'd find a deal you'd like to hide if I knew just where those cellars of yours are, Mr. Nye!" retorted the Exciteman. "It's a fine tale you've hatched, and nix knowing no better than to back you up in it, but you don't gammon me so easily!"
"Yes, but you do not understand. I was making my escape," said Eustacie.

"Making your escape, miss?"
"Yes, and my cousin here will tell you that what I say is true. I am Mademoiselle de Vauban, and I am the granddaughter of Lord Lavenham, and he is Sir Tristram Shield."

The Exciteman seemed to be a little impressed by this. He touched his hat to Sir Tristram, but still looked unconvinced.

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BY GEORGETTE HEYER

to lead her into trouble. In fact, I was very much afraid that she had already run into trouble when I found her bandboxes upon the road. Perhaps, since she appears to have told you so much, she has also told you how she came to lose them?"

"To tell you the truth," said Sarah coldly, "she had a fright and the bandboxes broke loose."

Sarah, whose attention had been caught by the sound of an arrival, peeped over the short window-blind. What she saw made her feel uneasy; she turned her head and requested Sir Tristram to come at once.

"Tell me," she commanded, "who are these two men in uniform?"

He came to the window.

"Only a couple of Excitemen," he answered after a casual glance.

ONE HOUR of Love, THEN—

Continued from Page 3

IT was Devinson who made the horrible discovery. He leaned down to look at the spur to which the launch had been moored. An hour ago it had been three feet above the water. Now it was no more than a foot. The water was rising. The angle of the rope had been lessened, and the launch had gently eased the loop free. The sea was creeping up over the edge of the island.

"Oh, my goodness!" he cried. "We never thought of the tides!" He could have bitten his tongue off for that, but it was too late. Everybody realised the truth.

Eleanor Valze was no longer languid. She said sharply: "You mean that—this may be submerged? At low tide it's an island, dried by the sun? At high tide it's underneath the water? That's what you mean?"

It was no use denying the obvious. Devinson kept silent, and mopped a sudden sweat from his forehead. "But—but—" Lady Parlow looked ready to faint. "We can't stop here! We must do something! We can't stop here and be drowned. We must do something!" she said, almost hysterically, and caught at Gail's arm.

Millard whispered to Peggie: "There's only one thing I can think of." Aloud he said: "I'm a pretty fair swimmer. I might overtake the launch."

"Do you know what you're talking about?" demanded Devinson.

"Yes." His voice was quiet. "If you mean sharks—"

"Man, man, they'd have you before you'd done twenty yards! Not a ghost of a hope! It's swarming with them here! You've seen for yourself. You'd be chucking your life away to no purpose."

Millard's hand touched Peggie's. Instinctively they smiled encouragement at each other.

Close to the island the shimmering smoothness was broken by a fin. It rose, cut the water like a gigantic razor, and slid beneath.

The six stood there, staring at it, and the water rippled in the silence.

THE silence continued. It even checked Lady Parlow's budding hysteria. Every one of the six was searching the empty horizon with frantic eyes.

Peggie was aware that Millard's arm had curved protectively around her shoulders. As is often the way when crisis rears up its head, monstrous and imminent, the past began to flow through her mind, unbidden, like a film.

She saw herself leaving school at seventeen, when her mother died suddenly. There were those four years when she kept house for her father, who seemed eternally worried about money affairs.

He, too, had died suddenly. There was nothing out debts left behind. She was penniless, and up against an ugly world.

She remembered her father had mentioned reverently the name of a man he had met once, Felix Lind, a power in the financial world.

Somehow she had secured an interview, and Lind had been casually kind, like a passer-by patting a stray dog.

"I'll fix you with a job in some office," he told her. "It will be up to you to keep it."

She had kept it. Her world became a place of packed trains, typewriters, cheap lunches, and bed-sitting rooms.

Then, early this summer, had come the invitation. She had heard about his great steam yacht, the White Lily. He was taking a party

of guests for a cruise, he wrote, and perhaps she would like to be one of them. He could arrange with her office people about leave.

From a poky office five floors high over London to the White Lily was an almost dazzling contrast. For the first few days afloat she could only marvel, and not think.

As the novelty wore off she began to consider the guests. Here she was aware of a very distinct sense of difference. They were not of the world she had been living in. Somehow their conversation jarred her. Their enthusiasm was too tempered, their manner unreal. The only one like herself seemed to be Paul Millard, a slender, fair-haired young man with a wide and humorous mouth.

"All this is a fairy tale to me," he told her. "I'm certain I shall wake up and find myself back in the old attic."

Millard, it turned out, was a struggling artist. He lived on about a hundred a year. He had met Lind at an exhibition of water-colors, and the great man had bought one of his pictures.

That the two would be more and more drawn together was inevitable. Unlike the others, as Millard pointed out, they had nothing to keep up.

"We're nonentities. We can enjoy ourselves to the nth. Fancy having to be like the elegant, languid Eleanor! She's a slave to the pose she's adopted. If somebody showed her a blue moon, she'd only be bored."

So together they paid homage to magnificent evenings in the Mediterranean. They watched Stromboli

streaking the night with fire, while the rest played contract below.

By the time they reached Aden there was the isolation of lovers. Peggie had to face the fact of his poverty. But she would rather have married him and lived on bread and water than married Gail and owned palaces. It was not a question of blind romance. With Paul, plain bread would be appetising.

So the enchanted days had passed, and brought the White Lily to Muscat.

"WATERS" rising," said Devinson hoarsely. "His unsteady hand pointed downwards. A crevice that had been above the surface was now beneath the glassy level.

Lady Parlow had sat down, her face in her hands.

"Oh, what are we going to do? What are we going to do?"

Eleanor Valze turned on Gail. There was fear in her eyes, and bitterness in the twist of her mouth.

"You were in charge of this trip. You've got us caught like rats in a trap."

A throbbing shout came from Devinson.

"Look! look! Something there! It's a boat. I tell you, it's a boat!" They crowded round him, followed the direction of his pointing hand.

Low in the water, its distance impossible to judge, was something small and dark. A wisp of paleness above it suggested a tiny sail. Nobody spoke for a while, until doubt became assuring certainty.

Lady Parlow made an inarticulate sound.

Gail let out a huge breath of relief.

"It's a sailing boat of some kind.

We'll be seen as it gets nearer. We're safe."

The boat approaching was close enough now for them to discern every detail. It was a bellum, a long, slender cockle-shell, light and frail, with a tiny mast and a strip of sail. Apparently it had no tiller.

The Arab had lowered the sail. With the paddle he was steering the bellum towards the island. It looked absurdly frail, scarcely fit to be employed anywhere but on a shallow stream.

Devinson shouted. The man called back something unintelligible. He was broad-faced, and very dark, of the marsh Arab type. A grubby strip of rag served as his keffiyeh.

Instead of paddling right up to the island, the Arab kept the bellum stationary, rocking gently. He was watching them with a calculating air, and calling out a stream of unintelligible sentences.

GIRLIGAGS



"THEN there was the girl who thought she was wearing a Scotch tweed, because the coat was so tight."

"Can you understand him, Devinson?" asked Gail.

"Not a word of it. Must be some local dialect. But why the blazes is he jabbering like this? His job's obvious." He beckoned and called out: "Come on!"

Eleanor Valze yawned. "What a stupid and ugly person he is."

The babble of words continued, accompanied by gestures. The man held one hand high, then low. His manner was urgent.

"Really," said Lady Parlow, "do you think he's asking for money before he takes us off?"

Paul touched Gail's arm. "You've guessed what he's driving at?" he said in a low voice.

He heard Gail gulp. "Yes. Can't take the lot of us. Boat's too light."

THE Arab had stopped talking. His dumb pantomime was more eloquent. He held up four fingers, pointed at his bellum, and moved his hand smoothly through the air. Then he held up six, shook his head vigorously, rocked his hands, and dropped them as if they were sinking into the sea. There was an expressive significance about it, clear even to Lady Parlow.

Her plumpish cheeks turned pale. "He—he can't mean that he won't take us all!"

"The black devil!" Devinson had gone stiff. "We'll make him, we'll make him!"

"Would that be any use?" Paul pointed at the boat. "He ought to know what it can take. One extra would probably sink the thing. A couple of us will have to stop here until he can make the return journey."

Gail spoke with a shaky harshness. "Return? Where's he going to land the first lot? Return! Good Heavens, man!"

"Four would be safe, at any rate. And there's no other way."

Devinson could not speak. His jaw was working. Eleanor Valze had the look of an alert and vicious cat.

Paul said: "There'll be a place for one man. We three can toss for it."

"It's mad! It's murder!" Devinson seemed beside himself. "I don't believe he can only take four! He could take a dozen!"

Lady Parlow was stepping carefully into the bellum. There was no benevolent complacency about her. She had reverted to the elemental, her eyes challenging anyone to dispute her right to be first.

Eleanor Valze followed. The bellum was perceptibly lower in the water.

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"I'm giving useful gifts this Xmas"



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OPERA STAR WANTS TO Have Own Sheep STATION

Australian Marjorie Lawrence Has Secret Urge to Get Back Home

By Air Mail from JOHN B. DAVIES, Our Special Correspondent in New York

"I would love more than anything to go back to Australia, and some day I shall return and satisfy my lifelong ambition of owning a sheep station in my own country."

This was the surprising confession made to me by Miss Marjorie Lawrence, Australia's brilliant young operatic star, whose lovely voice has won her acclaim in the leading musical centres of the world.

Few artists have enjoyed the meteoric rise to fame which has characterised Miss Lawrence's career. Since her Paris debut in 1932, the beautiful and highly-talented Australian soprano has sung leading roles in the theatres of Berlin, Vienna, Milan, London, Monte Carlo, New York, Chicago, Buenos Aires and other cities of Europe and North and South America.

AS I talked with Miss Lawrence in her suite at the Astor Hotel in New York, it seemed difficult to imagine that this charmingly-attractive girl with the soft, melodious voice had already won her place among the foremost operatic stars of the world.

It is seven years since Miss Lawrence left Australia and it was in answer to my question about when she expected to return that the youthful star revealed her hitherto secret urge to become a station-owner.

"It has become a goal in my life for me—just as at one time my chief aim was to sing in opera," said Miss Lawrence, and added, with a smile, "I almost think of my engagements now in terms of how many sheep they will mean."

"You see, while I adore singing and am absorbed in my career with all the excitement and glamour attached to it, the past seven years have meant almost continual work."

"I have loved every minute of it. But the contrast of my childhood memories of home has made me look upon Australia as the one and only perfect haven of rest and tranquillity. It may be some time before I can satisfy my desire to have my own sheep station in Australia, but I feel I have been away from home long enough and am hoping at least to make a trip out there next year. If that isn't possible, then I am definitely going to break away and do it in 1938."

A hectic time faces the young Aus-

tralian in the next three months during her stay in the United States. She has been re-engaged with the Metropolitan Opera for the coming season, which will be opening on January 4. There she will sing her famous Wagnerian roles.

Immediately after her last performance with the Metropolitan in the latter part of February, Miss Lawrence must leave for Europe, where she has an engagement to sing at Monte Carlo on March 3. Following that, another European tour has been arranged for her.

Likely to Marry

THIS crowded programme is typical of the arduous life which has been Miss Lawrence's during the past five years, and perhaps explains her rather unique desire for the comparative quiet of the Australian sheep ranch.

Miss Lawrence's multitude of admirers in Australia will be thrilled to learn that there is a possibility of her being married in the not-too-distant future. There is every likelihood that some announcement may be expected after Miss Lawrence returns to Paris—and by a process of elimination I gathered that the fortunate groom will probably be an Englishman.

The Australian singer was not exactly loquacious on this subject, which, so far, has been kept a complete secret. Our conversation went something like this:

"Do you think, Miss Lawrence, that marriage and an operatic career can be successfully combined?"

"I certainly do. It hasn't worked out in some cases, but I feel that

with love and mutual understanding—and a minimum of artistic temperament—it can be done."

I told Miss Lawrence that her remark sounded as if she had given the matter some consideration, and asked her if she was contemplating matrimony.

"Well, I can't answer definitely 'yes' or 'no' to that question," she said laughingly, "but there may be some more positive news when I return to Paris in February."

"Is he an American?" I asked.

"No."

"Is he a German?"

"No."

"A Frenchman?"

"No," said the singer emphatically.

"Well, I think he must be an Englishman," I said—and Miss Lawrence remained smilingly silent.

The fact that Marjorie Lawrence reached the top of the ladder in New York should be very encouraging to two other young Australian singers over here at present—Miss Nora Hill and Mr. Robert Nicholson.



MISS MARJORIE LAWRENCE, Australian operatic soprano, who hopes to return to her homeland and take up sheep-farming.

They are both studying with Frank La Forge, who is the teacher of Richard Crooks, one of the most famous musicians in America today. Nora Hill has been with Mr. La Forge for two seasons. Mr. Nicholson has just arrived. He was recommended by Richard Crooks to place himself under the

guidance of Mr. La Forge. Mr. Crooks told him that he would need at least two years' solid work before he would attain anything like New York standard.

Miss Nora Hill realises that the New York standard is terrifically high; also that it is well worth the time and experience to try to reach it.

AUSTRALIAN NURSE Spanish Heroine No. 1

Margot Miller Tells of the Terrors of Civil War

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Correspondent in London

"I've been living in the midst of stark and terrible drama," said Miss Margot Miller, 24-year-old Australian girl, who was wounded while serving with the British Red Cross in the Spanish Civil War.

She received a nasty wound in the left leg, and while convalescing in London I had a long chat with her.

AFTER I was shot, Spanish newspapers made me Public Heroine No. 1 for a day. They published photographs and extraordinary stories. One introduced a romantic touch by saying that when the war was over they would plant a rose tree on the spot where I fell—ignoring the fact that rose trees did not exist within a hundred miles.

"Shot, shell, blood, sabotage, ruined church towers, intrigues,

plots and counter-plots, suicides, midnight operations by lamplight, stolen convoys, lost ambulances, and wailing voices which cry, 'The Moors are coming—evacuate all women!' All these have been part of my daily life.

"Seven weeks ago I was wounded while going out with a field unit to the front line. We were crossing an open space behind the line when rebel machine guns opened on us. I felt a terrible crack on the leg and stumbled into a ditch, which was much too shallow for comfort.

"Multis men from the front trench crawled over with a stretcher. They rolled me on to it and ran back in a hail of bullets. Death seemed so inevitable that I was too numb to be frightened."

"The bravery of these fine, simple men deserves the highest homage."

"Conditions at Granen, a tiny village four miles from the front line where we had our base, were made difficult by the local dictator, named Pancho Villa, obviously after the Mexican rebel, who controlled the war committee. His primitive mind was suspicious of foreign doctors and the glittering array of surgical instruments."

Hostile Patient

"TACT eventually overcame prejudice, but we spent several days of terror when Pancho Villa himself was a patient."

"He was in a ward with several lung patients, so we forbade him to smoke. He dragged a revolver from beneath his pillow and threatened to shoot us if we didn't permit him rank 'cigarros'."

Miss Miller said she had seen many dreadful things in the Hueaca sector, but one of the most piteous was the struggling line of mountain peasants coming into Granen with torn and bleeding feet after a frantic flight across the mountains. They had heard the cry "The Moors are coming!" and fled before the onslaught of these hereditary enemies of Spain.

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HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE . . .

LIFE STORY Of Our NEW QUEEN

Vivid Human Romance By Lady Cynthia Asquith BEGINNING NEXT WEEK

Next week, The Australian Women's Weekly will begin publication of the fascinating, romantic life story of Queen Elizabeth, our beloved first lady of the Empire.

It is a lovable, intimate account written by Lady Cynthia Asquith, famous English writer, giving a vivid character study of the charming Scots lass, who, through an extraordinary crisis, now shares the Throne of the greatest Empire under the sun.

This interesting, moving record of her birth, her childish escapades, her youth, romance, world travels and intimate family anecdotes will stir all hearts. It is a wonderful, fairy-like story of the little girl who became a Queen.

Human sidelights on the characters of the Queen and her little daughters are given below.

NURSE TELLS About the Queen's BABY DAYS

By Beam Wireless from ADELE SHELTON SMITH, Our Special Representative in England

THIRTY-SIX years ago a daughter, Elizabeth, was born to Lord and Lady Strathmore, at St. Paul's, Waldenbury, Hertfordshire.

A month later, fine-looking, twenty-year-old Nurse Clara Cooper Knight, living on her father's Easthall Farm, on the estate, became the baby's nurse. She has been with the family ever since.

She nursed Elizabeth, then brother David, then five children of the Queen's elder sister, Lady Elphinstone.

When Margaret, youngest daughter of Lady Elphinstone, was a year old, the nurse was commanded by Queen Mary to look after the then Duchess of York's first baby, Elizabeth.

New she still remains the most important member of the household staff from the Princesses' point of view. Though they have governesses, Nurse Knight always accompanies them on their outings.

Princess Margaret Rose's little cot is still beside the nurse's bed in the nursery suite at Piccadilly.

Pets of Princesses

EASTHALL FARM is a lovely Tudor place with a red-brown brick, 500-year-old farmhouse, with blackened oak beams, low ceilings, huge fireplace and original red-tiled floors.

I stooped under the door-frame to meet Jane Knight, the younger sister of Nurse Knight and Mrs. Harold, wife of the son of the original Knight, who brought his family from Leicestershire 80 years ago.

They were extremely excited about the Accession, but have not sent a message to the new Queen because they expected their Majesties and Nurse Clara Knight at the Estate this week-end.

The Queen and the little Princesses are frequent visitors at the farmhouse.

Jane Knight told of little Princess Elizabeth's fondness for a scruffy farm dog, "Peter," her delight in feeding the turkeys and walking through the fields, wherein she is most interested in flowers, berries, and all the life of field and farm.

"Little Elizabeth was interested to see the bedroom where Aria (her pet name for Nurse Clara), slept as a young girl," said Jane. "She delighted to potter round the pantry and help draw water from the hundred-year-old well."

"They are the most intelligent and most determined girls."

"I remember when Margaret Rose was just a year old she snatched back her favorite matinee jacket, embroidered with daisies,

Art Calendar Free

Next week's issue will contain a beautiful calendar for 1937 in colored artgrature. Readers will be able to cut it out and use it as a wall calendar.

and insisted on carrying it herself, fearing it might get lost.

"Both children spoke beautiful English from the earliest. They never learned to talk baby-talk."

"My sister was most particular never to encourage anyone to speak the usual prattle towards the babies."

"Both children recently had pet lambs here named Gertrude and Daisy. We had a terrible time keeping from them the fact that the lambs were sold."

Jane said that her sister had many anecdotes of the Queen when a baby. She was a good baby, but a mischievous, merry little girl. The nurse thinks the daughters, particularly Margaret Rose, so like the Queen that sometimes she is carried back to the days when the Queen was a baby.

Clara, now in her fifties, having looked after nine children almost from birth, is still a remarkably well-preserved woman.

Picturesque Home

HER youthful mind makes her the trusted friend of children.

Though modernity crept into St. Paul's, Waldenbury, with the motor bus, cinema, and radio, the farmhouses are still conservatively and picturesquely old. They have no electric light or gas, and water is still drawn from the well.

The family, typically hospitable country folk, insisted that I stay for morning tea, boiled eggs, home-made bread and butter. A snowy tablecloth was laid in the big kitchen warmed by blazing logs in the great Elizabethan fireplace.

The Knight family were present at the wedding celebrations of the Duke and Duchess of York, and are excitedly looking forward to an expected invitation for the Coronation.

Another member of the Royal staff at Piccadilly in whom the district takes a personal interest is Catherine McLean, school-room maid when the Queen was a little girl, who has been with her ever since. She is now personal maid.

There are also two sisters from the nearby village of Whitwell, who are subnurses to the Princesses, and are known to them and the rest of the world by the joint name "Bobo."

Sweeping Changes at Court

WHEN the New Year bells "Ring out the old, ring in the new" next week, they will symbolise Londoners' thoughts of the sweeping changes now taking place at Court.

Necessarily, after every Royal reign there is always a reshuffle.

When the present transition period is over, the Court will be established closer to the

traditions of King George V and Queen Mary, but with a greater sprinkling of younger people.

Buckingham Palace is likely to resound constantly with the happy laughter of children, as the Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret Rose play with their little friends. They also have a swarm of child relations.

Pervading the Palace will definitely be a more homely air, in marked contrast to the "bachelor's quarters" feeling that existed during the brief reign of Edward VIII.



OUR SMILING QUEEN. A happy, informal study secured recently by The Australian Women's Weekly. How this charming Scottish lady rose from commoner to Queen is the most fascinating story of the age. Her life story begins in our next issue.

Exclusive New Pictures of Mrs. Simpson



Four new studies of Mrs. Wallis Simpson, the central figure in the Royal crisis that led to the abdication of Edward VIII. The pictures were taken just before she left England for Cannes.

Photos by air mail—Exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly.

An Editorial

DECEMBER 26, 1936

WE WHO LOVE CHRISTMAS



IT has been an exciting year. When we light our candles on the Christmas tree, are we ashamed of their pale flame compared with the great bonfires of world politics?

Perhaps we are sentimental, we who still love Christmas. But think of a world without Christmas.

Its religious and social significance is deeply embedded in the pattern of our lives. Its message of "Peace on Earth Goodwill to Men" is the supreme manifestation of our ideals and aspirations.

It is the time when our old friends remember us. It is the time when our family unites. We get Christmas cards. There are presents for everybody.

These are things that are remembered when armies and dictators are forgotten.

Perhaps if the nations of the earth could follow the simple human motives that move us to make our Christmas gifts there would be less talk of war; politicians would clash less, and the struggle to win a livelihood would be less strenuous. It would be a happier world.

The world over, Christmas is being celebrated in such a manner as we celebrate it here.

In the shadow of Westminster Abbey, in the arctic wastes of Canada, among the skyscrapers of America, in the backblocks of Australia, the spirit Christmas fosters is the same.

It is in this spirit of Christmas that we find its beauty, the simple humanity of its gesture of peace, and fellowship, and love.

For the sake of our happiness, long may Christmas live, for it would be a sad world without the urge of peace, and friendship, and love.

It would be a sad world without Christmas, for then we find these emotions surging to the surface, as perhaps they should more often in our everyday life.

—THE EDITOR.

POINTS OF VIEW

CONDUCTED BY LESLIE HAYLEN

Women Jockeys

FOR some reason, metropolitan racing clubs in Australia have refused to countenance lady jockeys at their race meetings.

In England, in the Newmarket Town Plate run recently, all the riders, with one exception, were women, two of them married.

At all the big annual shows a feature of the ring events is the performance of women riders in hunting and jumping events, in which many country girls demonstrate that they are just as expert in the saddle as their brothers.

Likewise, in country race meetings, particularly in Queensland, there is invariably a ladies' hack race, which often proves the most interesting event on the programme.

No Test Matches

THE Australian women cricketers to tour England have decided on the advice of the English team that the big games of the tour shall not be called Test matches.

It seems a good idea. The four competitiveness of Tests is not necessary for women's cricket, particularly at this stage of the sport's development.

There is nothing wrong with the playing of Tests; in fact they are the highlights of cricket, but the English women's idea of non-emphasis on the Test atmosphere should make the tour a memorable one for the Australians.

More Money

SINCE the lifting of the depression, police records show that there have been more thefts of money than in the bad years. Statisticians point out that this proves wrong the old idea of poverty breeding crime. On the other hand it might only prove that the depression is over for pick-pockets, now that there is a little money about to steal.

Make-up Criticised

MAKE-UP by women has been criticised on various grounds and numerous occasions. Now, Dr. Upham, president of the American Medical Association, has something to say about the matter.

"In women," he said, "cosmetics usually completely disguise hair, fingernails, skin, and even eyes, the observation of which in illnesses could offer the proper diagnosis."

Not many women will decide to leave off make-up in view of the doctor's pronouncement. Surely something more than superficial examination is necessary in order to determine whether a person is sick or not. Face powder and an over-lavish use of the lipstick shouldn't defeat the diagnosis of a doctor who knows his business.

Lyric of Life

One Love

The wind whispers its love to a folded rose,
A wanton wind of the night . . .
But only the sun sees its petals unclose
Serene in their virgin white.

—Phyllis Duncan-Brown.

Five Reigns

HOW the slow march of history has been accelerated by the dramatic events of the momentous year 1936!

In the past we have been accustomed to the oldest inhabitant boasting of having lived under five sovereigns. To-day the events which led up to the abdication of King Edward VIII and the accession of King George VI mean that a man in his 36th year has lived in five reigns—Victoria (who died in 1901), Edward VII, George V, Edward VIII, and George VI.

So quickly has history been made this year that an infant born before January 21, on which King George V died, has already lived under three Sovereigns.



Bored with society "seasons," Miss FENEHOPE JANE MAFFEY (pictured above) has joined a London firm of dress designers as a fashion hostess. Her duties will be to help customers to choose sports garments and design clothes. She is the 22-year-old daughter of Sir John Maffey, Permanent Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies.

—Air Mail Photo

"Weep No More, Ladies"

THE admonition of the poet to "weep no more, ladies," has a very modern application. In fact, the ultra-smart woman cannot afford to weep, in case she loses her eyelashes.

Since the revival in London and Paris of long-fringed, artificial eyelashes for evening wear, womanly tears are emphatically not done. Women may scream and have hysterics, but tears melt the mixture which is used to fix the lashes; so tearful protestation on any subject is taboo, unless the lady wants to weep her eyelashes out and destroy the whole heart-breaking illusion of a "lovely lady dissolved in tears."

Poignant

AN Australian novel released by the publishers on the last day of the Brisbane Test is called "Test Match Murder." Sounds more like a newspaper headline of the sad occasion.

Pleads Cause of Younger Women

At what age should women retire from active leadership of women's movements in our public and social life? A delicate and provocative question, this, but Mrs. Linda Littlejohn, well-known Australian feminist, writing from abroad, traverses it in this article.

By LINDA LITTLEJOHN

IN discussing this subject I know I am treading on dangerous ground, but "Fools step in where angels fear to tread."

In the past 18 months I have visited congresses, become acquainted with the doings of several organisations, and with several welfare movements, and in so doing I have been struck by the great age of many of the leaders in these spheres.

At one international conference the average age of the leaders was 71, one being 80, another 78, and several over 70. Many prided themselves on the length of tenure of their office, one president having a record of 36 years!

These women have played a splendid part in their day, and probably still have some contribution to offer.

But the question arises, in spite of their experience, is it right and wise that women, and men, too, in such voluntary organisations, and social works should remain in executive positions after 65?

We demand that paid employees and officers shall retire at 65, evidently for some good reason—either because we believe they are past their best years, or because we wish them to make room for younger people.

Why, therefore, should we have a different measuring rod for unpaid workers?

Give Youth a Chance

SOME who disagree with me will say that older men and women have more time to give to such work.

Maybe, but the majority of these workers have been working for years in the various movements, and have even then been able to give the necessary time. More is not needed, and, anyhow, as we grow older we need to slacken rather than to increase our working day, even if voluntary.

Again, those who remain at the helm when advanced in years are legislating and planning for a world in which they themselves will not have to live. Their allotted span is nearly run.

Is it right that they should deprive a younger generation of the privilege of building for themselves, since they are the ones who must live under that plan?

I realise that many feel fit and alert after 65. Nevertheless, they should be prepared to hand over the reins to some younger women who must be more alert and more active than they.

As long as the younger people cannot get a chance to administer, how can they learn?

Work Lives On

WHEN I say "younger" I mean younger than 65. Women of 40-50 are frequently denied the opportunity to show their capabilities, the "plums" being all held by the over 65's.

It becomes increasingly difficult, too, to hold the interest of younger workers if they are continually restrained by age.

Speakers appeal continually to the young, but deprive them of office.

Perhaps some will say: What are the people of 65 and upwards to do if voluntary social service is to be denied them? Must they sit at home with folded hands? No, there is no need for that.

They can still be members and workers, but not hold the reins, and if they truly love the movement and the work more than they love themselves, they should be willing to do this.

I know it is asking a great deal of women who have served a cause nobly and well to hand over control, while they believe themselves fit and well.

But we all grow old so slowly that we do not realise that we are not as young as we imagine ourselves to be, and our friends and co-workers are too kind to tell us the truth.

Our work, if it is worthy to endure, will endure long after we have ceased to mother it.

So let us think seriously on that 65th birthday

BLONDIE

Stories Without Words

SCOTCH ... Unbottled and OTHERWISE



How to Pipe in the Haggis and Pipe it out Again

By L. W. LOWER

Australia's Foremost Humorist



Illustrated

By WEP

New Year's Eve is on top of us again, and I have only just succeeded in becoming more or less solvent after last New Year's Eve. The Scots have a monopoly of it, of course. It gives them an opportunity of ignoring Christmas to a certain extent.

My grandfather, Angus McLower, or he might have been Andrew McLower, or even Anguish McLower—you can't be certain about grandfathers—has left no records of how he reached Scotland after being exiled on a foreign strand. It was either a deportation order or else the inhabitants of the foreign strand had no more money.

The only certainty is that he took the low road. He would.

'ANGUS (we will call him

Angus) went and died some years later. He laid him down and deed for some woman called Laurie. One of the Balmoral Lauries. I think her name was Annie. Why he deed this I do not know, but he seems to have died on the spot.

This woman had a neck like a swan. How the blazes Angus fell for her I can't imagine.

His immediate successor as chief of the clan was Rastus McLower, who was living abroad. He took the Lower road, thinking to be in Scotland before Yee, a Chinese pretender to the chieftainship.

Recipe for Haggis

'ANYHOW, Rastus McLower triumphed, and arrived at the ancestral seat on New Year's Eve. How the sturdy Highlanders cheered! The haggis was piped in. Recipe for making haggis:

Get a sheep's bladder and stuff it with bread and glue and tripe and gravel, any cast-off clothing you have about the house, and add some all-spice. You then boil it.

What you do with it after that is your own affair, no responsibility being taken by the management.

Well, as I was saying, the haggis was piped in. The braw laddies marching in front with their sporans swinging (I might explain that a sporan is a purse worn in front of the kilt. The idea of the shaving brush arrangement attached is to dust the purse every three or four years).

Where was I? Oh, yes! It was fine to see them tramping round the great hall with the haggis following on behind. Sometimes the haggis would put a spurt on and get in front. Then the pipers had to run like mad to catch up.

There have been occasions when the haggis has escaped altogether, and has been found months later living in seclusion in a cave in the mountains.

The castle would be decorated with heather (what a girl she was!) and at midnight everybody who was able to stand up stood up and took a cup for the sake of old Lang Syne.

Lang Syne was a well-known local identity who successfully practised as a herbalist and S.P. bookmaker in the district for many years.

Naturally, with everyone taking cups away from the place with the excuse that it was for old Lang Syne, most of the family were drinking out of the wash-basin after New Year's Day. Rebecca McLower, the wife of Rastus, used to say that it was expensive, but it saved a lot of washing up.

It was on a cold wintry New Year's Eve that Lennie McLower first saw the world. "What a world!" he muttered, after giving it the once over, and bawled lustily.

As a matter of fact, he bawled so lustily that my father seriously considered sacking most of his pipers, as they seemed to be unnecessary. Furthermore, they couldn't work as late as I could and keep up the pace.

The McLower Tartan

ON such an auspicious day was born the present head of the McLowers. I was taught archery, butchery, billiards and fan-tan by my aged Scottish tutor, and soon grew to manhood's estate and was known as the young Laird by the peasantry and treated with great respect.

Unfortunately, this respect was to be weakened some time later when I designed a pair of pale blue kilts with polka dots, and wore them with a bowler hat. I'll admit that I offended a great tradition in doing this, but I was always a temperamental lad and the McLower tartan, the design for which was taken from the outside of a wax match-box, was distasteful to me.

I retired from public life and left Scotland with a woman called Bony Mary of Argyle and came to Australia, where I speedily made a fortune with my Scotch acumen.

My Scotch acumen, everybody reckoned, was the best stuff ever tasted in the Colony. I sold hundreds of gallons of it, and customers could scarcely wait for it to cool.

What has all this to do with the New Year, you ask?

Well, I've just remembered that I am faced with another New Year and there is not a drop of anything in the house in case of sickness. This must be seen to immediately.

Hopin' a's brawley wi' ye, the noo. Lochiel! (Scotch for "What ho!")

Piping out the haggis is a quaint old McLower custom always observed with due decorum and upturned noses. Truly (as will be seen from the illustration) the pipers are a hardy race.

You're right it's Bushells



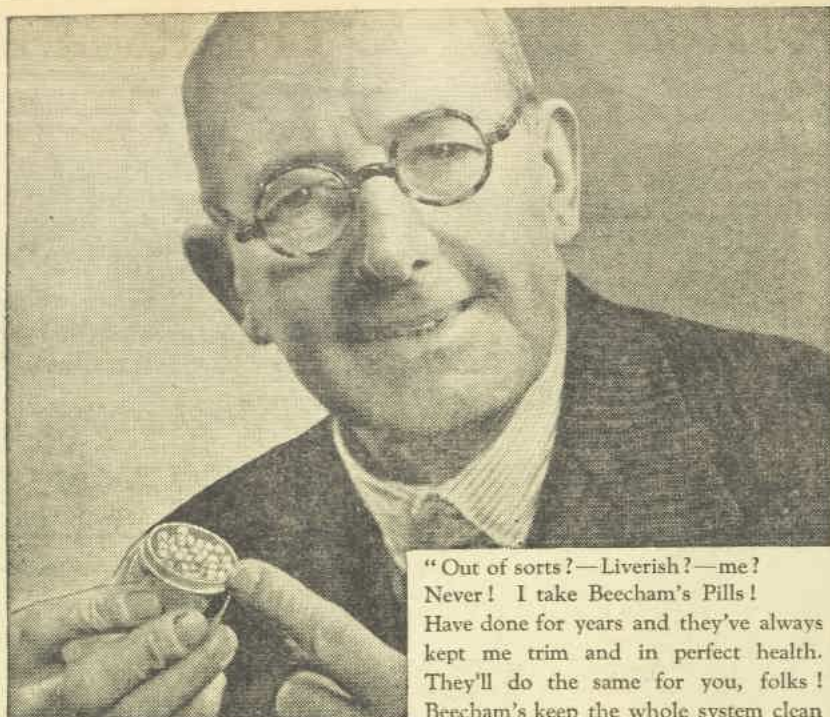
Yes, you know Bushells tea by its fine flavor.

Such flavor, such fragrance, comes from bud-leaves, picked while still tender with rich sap.

The freshest tips of four whole tea-plants are required for a single pound of Bushells Blue Label!



The Tea of Flavor



**"Out of
sorts?—
Liverish?
— me?**

NEVER!

I take

**Beecham's
PILLS**

Sold
Everywhere



**FOR INDIGESTION,
STOMACH PAINS,
LIVERISHNESS,
BILIOUSNESS,
HEADACHES.**

"Out of sorts?—Liverish?—me? Never! I take Beecham's Pills! Have done for years and they've always kept me trim and in perfect health. They'll do the same for you, folks! Beecham's keep the whole system clean and wholesome, and remove the cause of 90% of those annoying troubles you are always experiencing. Take these world-famous pills the next time you feel out of sorts and generally not up to the mark, and restore that internal harmony which is the secret of perpetual Health and Youthfulness. Take my advice. I know!"

THE Long PATROL

Continued from Page 4

BROWN had recognised him from descriptions, covered and disarmed him, and marched him to the nearest police post to claim a fat reward. Rainse knew it was entirely probable, the native mind being what it was and Black Joe having sworn his oath, that the quarter-caste would travel halfway across Australia to get even.

It was two days later before they found Brown's camp and claim.

They found what was left of Brown about a hundred yards down the stream, bound hand and foot and huddled beside a crude wooden rocker in which he had been washing his pay dirt. And there was a bullet hole through the back of his head. Rainse bent over the body and shuddered.

"He wasn't killed right away," he said at last. "You can see that. He was badly tortured. And the kidneys—" He said no more.

"Black Joe?"

Rainse nodded. "Who else?"

Two days' journey to the north, Black Joe squatted by a small fire and tore at a roasted goanna lizard. He was a Hercules of a man, chocolate-colored, with a frizzy black moustache and hair and savage, intelligent eyes that kept furtive, instinctive watch through the thin timber while he ate.

He got up, grunting, and painstakingly obliterated every trace of the camp, burying even the remains of the fire and drawing over the surrounding ground the heavy branch of a gum tree.

He took a pipe from his loin-cloth—he was travelling black fashion, save for a water bag, a few supplies, a rifle and revolver—and smoked as he padded ahead, casting aside the branch he had used to blot his soft-ground trail. And that was his first mistake.

BALDY BILL broke into the thin timber three days later and stopped and looked around. It was as if he could, by some uncanny sense, detect the recent presence of humans.

Baldy Bill came trotting back to the horses, his face glowing with pride.

"Black Joe fella stop here," he announced. "Me good fella tracker, huh?"

"How'd you know he stopped here?" demanded Rainse practically.

"Make um fire here," he announced, unearthing several pieces of charred wood. "Make um camp five six day maybe."

Rainse nodded. "This was his base then. Has he horses?"

"No got um horses," declared Baldy Bill positively.

"All right. Try and cut his track again."

Baldy Bill spoke to his assistants, but they answered sullenly, and Baldy spat.

"Them black fellas no good. Too much like little fellas. They too much 'fraid Black Joe. Baldy Bill ahow um. Me big good fella, huh?"

"You're the best tracker I've ever had," said Rainse feelingly. He said to Burks, as they prepared camp, "I'm sending you back, Burks."

The constable looked surprised. "You don't think of going after that devil alone?"

"Got to," Rainse told him shortly. "Figure it out. It'll have to be a question of speed. Anyway, Sammy Boy and Ambrose are no good now and we'll be getting low on supplies."

It was another half day before Baldy Bill discovered the discarded gumtree branch that had been used to obliterate tracks. Burks had gone back by then, and Rainse set his jaw. It was up to him, as a matter of pride, to land Black Joe before he passed out of his district, and the quarter-caste had a long start.

"WE'VE got to plan a jump ahead of him," he told Baldy Bill when they discussed the matter. "From the look of things he's heading for the Stuart Range. Probably going to make a wide swing and fool everybody. Maybe he's even going to jolt the desert blacks instead of the northern tribes. And water will be his problem."

Baldy Bill grunted agreement. "So we go straight to Craddock's Well, and take a chance," Rainse went on.

Six days from the start they came to Craddock's Well, a sunken hollow in the rock, and Craddock's Well was dry. Rainse cursed. He had been counting on getting water there, if not Black Joe, and his map said the well never failed. Well that was the Never-Never. Anything could, and more often than not did, happen.

Baldy Bill circled the dry hole and cast farther out, while Rainse turned the horse loose to get what nourishment it could from sparse parched grass, and gloomily ate a can of sardines and some hard biscuits. Two hours later, Baldy Bill called. He had found the remains of a kangaroo rat, eaten raw, and evidently in haste. What was more important, the remains were comparatively fresh.

"Maybe one day," observed Rainse, tightening. "And probably less. By George, we guessed right and we're right behind him." But was it Black Joe? It might be any wandering black who had killed and eaten that rat.

And then there was another problem. The water.

"Which way that fella go?" he demanded. If it happened to be toward Coward Springs, everything solved itself. But Baldy Bill, when he picked up tracks, pointed north, and Coward Springs lay to the east. "That black's either carrying his own water or he knows of a hole I don't," Rainse ruminated. He inquired of Baldy Bill, and the tracker squatted without replying, filled his pipe and smoked for a long time, racking his memory. Finally he nodded.

"Long time before I hear small fella hole sometimes that way. I think Black Joe hear, too, maybe, huh?"

"But we're not sure it's Black Joe."

"Him Black Joe," said Baldy Bill confidently. "Big fella toe turn that way. Same tracks where we find um old white man with kidney gone."

BLACK JOE lined the sights of his revolver upon the two men who were slowly approaching the rocky overhang that sheltered the water hole. So they had trailed him all right. He had discarded his heavy rifle more than a day before, during that last desperate effort to reach this place, but instinct had made him preserve his revolver, if only to kill food.

In a spasm of savage rage he squeezed the trigger, and the roar of the .38 flattened the still, hot air.

That was an error, for he should have waited and made sure of the range. Sergeant Rainse pulled up sharply as the slug bit into the parched earth ten yards ahead of him, and he unslung his rifle. Baldy Bill already worked his bolt and slipped a cartridge into the chamber. It was lucky, thought Rainse, that he and Baldy had had at least one canteen of water to help them through that grueling three-day march along Black Joe's tracks, or else they too, would have had to discard their rifles. Black Joe had obviously had no water at all, and it was a matter of life and death for him to make speed.

Please turn to Page 18

Little Jack Horner, sat in a corner,
Neglected and shunned by the hearty.

TIME FOR MUSIC PRACTICE AGAIN

1. AW, WHAT'S THE USE—I'M NOT MAKING ANY PROGRESS

MISTAKES & DISCORDS—ALL THUMBS

2. MISTAKES & DISCORDS—ALL THUMBS

BECAME MORE & MORE HOPELESS—

3. GET OUT, YOU KNOW I'M TOO NERVOUS TO PLAY IN PUBLIC!

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4. UNTIL ONE DAY JACK SAW "A GAY AD."—THE VERY THING—I'LL WRITE TODAY!

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When we are old and mellow, they'll still be evergreen."



"She told me she paid five guineas for that bathing costume."
"Well, she's certainly got plenty to show for it."



FIRST A.B.: Are they inviting us to dinner?
SECOND A.B.: Yes, but we'll have to take pot luck.



HOUSEWIFE: My lodger's
language is quite exclu-
sive.
NEIGHBOR: Yes, I've
heard him saying words
no one else would dare to
use.



"How did his family take his marriage with Flossie?"
"The happy couple left the church with arched eyebrows."

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—Mrs. G. H.

—Mr. T. S.

Brainwaves

A Prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

"JAMES, dear," the young wife pouted, "when are you going to buy me a new fur? This one is so old."
"But, my dear," protested her spouse, "I only bought that one for you last year."
"Yes, I know; but think how long the fox had it before I got it!"

A MAN who had had business experience in a large city was left a small village shop. He decided to run the shop himself, and was anxious to keep abreast of city business.

It happened that a prospective customer asked: "May I see some of your pipes?"

"Gas, water, drain, tobacco, or bag, sir?" asked the shopkeeper in business-like tones.

"YOU'D better marry me—eligible men are scarce."

"I suppose I could offer that as an explanation."

JUDGE: Why did you shoot that man?

Gunman: He was laughing fit to kill so I shot him in self-defence.

AVIATOR (rushing into hangar after bad crash): Do you do repairing here?

Mechanic (after brief look at fallen plane): Yes, but we don't do manufacturing.



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NEW BOOKS

Conducted by LESLIE HAYLEN

Miles Franklin's Fine Novel of Australian Progress Lovable Old Pioneers

If people still read stories of the pioneers, they must find enjoyment to the full in Miles Franklin's "All That Swagger," the Prior Memorial Prize for 1936.

It's a single narrative broad enough in sweep for a trilogy, but presented, not as a loosely-written epic, but as a close-packed chronicle of Australian family life.

TOO often in the studies of the early days, authors are inclined to let the march of historical events submerge the characters of their tale.

Thus it is that the humanities are forgotten, and while the stories may be fine expositions of the historical background of the period, characters are mere puppets dangled before the colorful screen of history.

Miss Franklin, is too fine a craftsman to make this mistake. Her story is first and foremost a story of people, real people, who live, and who, living built for us our first tradition—the tradition of the pioneers.

Danny Delacy and his numerous and delightful family; Johanna, his wife, the Fulwoods, the Urquharts, the Henessys are all vital figures in this brilliant story.

Hand in hand with the simple story of their lives marches the glorious panorama of Australian progress. They are the stuff which nations are made of. Their heroism is not of the spectacular kind; in fact, the author has under emphasised this in a vivid sense of proportion, which must place her book very, very high in Australian literature.

The Monaro, with its Scotch, English and Irish settlers in the Earlies, was the melting pot for a courageous Australianism which a later generation produced. Miss Franklin shows us this material in the making, and contrives at all times

with the aid of humor, insight, and smooth and sonorous prose, to give an accurate and edifying picture of the pioneers.

The author has a theory concerning the development of Australians which is rather fascinating. That there are no peasants in this country, she says, is due to the fact that our farmers rode everywhere on horseback, and on horseback man is king of the world. A pretty conceit and probably nearer the truth than many other estimates of the Australian character.

(Published by the "Bulletin" Newspapers. Price, 6/-.)



MRS. DARYL LINDSAY, of Melbourne, or to give her her correct penname, "Beckett Lindsay," is the clever author of what the critics call "The funniest book of the year," "In Darkest Pondeleyo," her clever skit on "furrin' travel," promises to be a best seller.

THE Long PATROL

Continued from Page 16

BLACK Joe gave in then, weak and beaten as he was.

"Me come! You won't shoot Black Joe!" To make sure of his captive Rainse put the neck chain on him. At night they shared the watch over the prisoner.

He was awakened suddenly by the rattle of the neck chain and a curious feeling of apprehension. He sat up, blinked and looked around. And then he sucked in his breath sharply. It was full daylight. Black Joe was sitting up and grinning at the end of the chain. Baldy Bill still held the other end, but his face was literally grey.

In a semi-circle about the three men stood just what Rainse had feared might come—a wandering wild tribe of aborigines. There were, perhaps, a score of them, men, women, and children.

They were all silent, their fierce, sullen eyes questioning. Where they had come from and where they were going no white man could tell.

"Well," he said to Baldy Bill, "what the devil do they want? Ask them if there's a waterhole between here and Coward Springs."

Baldy Bill licked his lips and stammered out gutturals, but they paid little attention. They were mainly concerned with Black Joe, as if they were curious to view such a notorious man. Black Joe squatted and talked to them swiftly.

One man, evidently the leader, answered shortly and pointed to the west. Rainse began to sweat. If they decided to help Black Joe, anything might happen. He hauled Baldy Bill to his feet, took the neck chain from him and urged him forward.

"You talk um black fella. What fella Black Joe talk?"

"He say take um Black Joe fella with um. Kill white fella and black fella. No good. Big black fella master say no kill um. He say more white fella policeman coming."

Rainse rubbed the palm of his hand over his pistol butt and wondered. More police coming? Maybe they meant that the patrol he had asked Burks to send out from Oodnadatta to cut off Black Joe to the north was heading this way. Black Joe was on his feet, talking desperately. But the black chief was obstinate. He did not mind trying to effect Black Joe's release, but he wasn't mixing in any white killings.

Quick as a snake Black Joe whipped about and ran in, flinging the slack chain in a loop that fell about Rainse's throat. A jerk and Rainse was on his knees, his gun falling, and then Black Joe had him by the throat. Baldy Bill lifted his rifle, but an excited young buck in the tribe flung a boomerang. It struck Baldy Bill on the head and he went down.

The tribe drew closer in, eyes gleaming. If Black Joe killed the

white man, that was none of their business.

Rainse knew he was not only fighting for his life, but for the prestige of the South Australia Mounted.

He came up hard with a knee to the groin and slammed a right under Black Joe's heart. The quarter-caste grunted, but clung to the chain loop about the policeman's throat. Rainse began to strangle, but he backheeled the other and they both fell. His hand closed on his dropped gun at that moment and he slammed it full force against the quarter-caste's skull, and slammed it again and again. Black Joe went limp, and Rainse, choking, got to his feet and swung dizzily to face the tribe.

"Close," Rainse muttered. "Too damned close for comfort."

He leaned back, against the rock until he felt better, then took a drink from the canteen and went to revive Baldy Bill.

The tracker was not badly hurt, only stunned.

Together they hauled Black Joe to his feet, and slapped some consciousness back to him. He spat curses but they paid no attention.

"We'll take no more chances," said Rainse grimly. "And I wish I hadn't left the handcuffs behind. I should have remembered that loop trick with the chain. Tie his hands behind him. We start for Coward Springs right away. And I hope to heaven we run into that Oodnadatta patrol before it's too late."

HE sent Baldy Bill ahead, jerked Black Joe to a start, and followed behind with the chain in one hand. Late in the afternoon he shot a rock wallaby—a little kangaroo—which they roasted, and that was the last game they saw.

Mounted Constable Sloan and Constable Wainwright, with three black-trackers of the Oodnadatta patrol, cut Rainse's trail seven days later, and when it was scarcely twelve hours old. Riding hard, they came up with three staggering ghosts late one afternoon, and Sergeant Rainse, in his half delirium, thinking it must be the wild blacks again, swung about with his gun drawn.

"Hold on, old man," said Constable Sloan soothingly as he swung off his horse. "You're all right now."

Rainse blinked from sun-sore eyes and tried to speak, but his tongue was dry as sand. Sloan held a canteen to his lips, and after a while Rainse managed to croak: "So it's you at last. Damned near time. I've got Black Joe."

"We can see that," said Sloan appreciatively. That was all. But behind it was all the pride of the Mounted.

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IT'S YOUR PAGE!
Letters on this page reveal the things our readers are talking and thinking about this week. Read them. Then write your opinion on the topic that interests you—or on some new topic of your own.

COMPETITION TO-DAY

IS there not too much of the competitive spirit nowadays? From armaments to beauties and babies there are contests.

People forget that this spirit is the antithesis of co-operation and real friendliness. Competition, especially where children are concerned, only creates ill-feeling, envy, and uncharitableness!

£1 for this letter to Mrs. Brian, 3 Prospect St., Carlton, N.S.W.

NECESSARY FACT

DISCUSSIONS are always taking place regarding those qualities of charm necessary to ensure success for women in business and social life. Beauty of form and figure; grace and poise; a pleasing voice and ready wit; all claim their supporters.

An attribute which I think is due

Are Boy Babies Still Preferred?

WE hear much these days about the advance of civilisation and the equality of the sexes, but the old custom of displaying disappointment at the birth of a daughter, and jubilation at the birth of a son, persists.

Many people, otherwise quite sensible, behave like this, though men, particularly, are the worst offenders. Why is this? Is it because men want sons to carry on their names, or is it just a die-hard superstition from the "grand old days" when women were regarded as "inferior"?

Mrs. J. M. Baker, Innisfail Rd., Millaa Millaa, Nth. Qld.

for a little publicity is tact, the absence of which can be dire in its consequences.

The girl who lets her tongue run away with her is a menace to society, and very little excuse will be found for her if she continues to flout the social laws by her tactless remarks.

Mavis Bird, 89 Pitt St., Sydney.

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If you have been using an imitation of this original Aspirin (discovered by Bayer and introduced to the medical profession in 1900), note the difference after the very first dose. Bayer Aspirin costs no more than the uncertain imitations and loudly advertised substitutes, which physicians would not think of prescribing.

All Chemists sell boxes containing 12 Bayer tablets, also bottles of 24 and 100 tablets—the Bayer Cross trade mark appears on every tablet. Say Bayer and insist because Bayer means Bayer.

Michel
The King of Lipsticks

Where Matrimony Scores Off Spinsterdom

I AM afraid Mrs. Corby is an idealist when she claims that marriage scores over a career, because of the companionship it affords (5/12/36).

But does it? The dictionary says that a companion is one who is often at another's side. Now, even in successful marriages, the husband finds his pleasure in one direction and his wife in another. In comparatively few cases do they find it together. The "companionship" is limited to meeting at meals and living in the one house.

This may be all for the best. It will prevent one partner dominating the other, and they are less likely to bore each other.

Admittedly, in the perfect marriage there would be this close companionship. But while human nature is what it is—

Mrs. J. R. Cress, Campbell Street, Bowen Hills N1, Brisbane.

True Marriage

I AGREE with Mrs. Corby. No woman who has experienced the happiness of a true marriage, in which interests are one, where perfect understanding exists, and where both can confide their smallest troubles to each other, would give it all up for a career.

Married women only take up a career because they have not found this perfect union in their marriage.

Mrs. Whalen, East Street, Brompton, S.A.

Disadvantages Outweigh

MARRIAGE always scores over spinsterdom and a career when that marriage is a true love-match. Mrs. Corby is considering it, however, as a friendship, and here the disadvantages for the women stand out.

The married woman loses her independence, her freedom of action and spirit. This far outweighs any advantages of companionship—which, by the way,



Sharing common interests!

many unmarried women get from other women, to their complete satisfaction.

J. Anderson, 272 Carrington Road, Randwick, N.S.W.

Women "Fed Up"

DESPITE Mrs. Corby's disclaimer, I still think that the business woman has the advantage over her married sister.

Doubtless, marriage does afford companionship, but many women are "fed up" with such.

The business girl has her friends to look to in times of adversity, and I have yet to learn that a husband is more interested in his wife after marriage than he is before.

J. Riley, 4 C.B.S. Buildings, King William St., Adelaide.

Marriage is Best

MARRIAGE is a lottery. It all depends on how a couple look on life. If they make up their minds to pull together, and subordinate their own interest to their partner's, in short, make a success of marriage, then marriage for a woman is a far better thing than a career.

Afterwards, when the family arrives, even greater happiness results. In age, there is the past to look back on and talk about.

The couple who put their best into their marriage can have no other than a happy ending.

Mrs. M. Christie, Norbury, Sturdee St., Wentworthville, N.S.W.

Too Many Parties Account for Modern Boredom

I HEARTILY agree with Mrs. Penna (5/12/36) that too much entertainment leads to boredom, and think the idea of a "diet of fun" particularly good.

Nothing is more depressing than to encounter those young things who are so sated with pleasures that they get no real enjoyment out of anything.

Youth should be a time of freshness and enthusiasm, and if young people find themselves losing this, a rest cure is indicated, lest they find themselves old and disillusioned before their time.

Mrs. W. A. Stanley, 41 Strathalbyn St., East Kew E5, Vic.

Doesn't Apply To-day

MRS. PENNA is only looking at one side of the question. I would suggest that a "diet of fun as well as of food" is being well catered for. The majority of today's people balance their fun with a good steady job of work, if there is one to be had, and if there is not, then Mrs. Penna's caution is still less necessary, for obvious reasons.

Mrs. W. E. A. Marks, 28 Bolsover Street, Rockhampton, Qld.

Boredom a Pose

WITH lots of the younger generation, this boredom is a pose; they think it smart to be blasé and sophisticated and a breach of form to appear enthusiastic over anything. It is a phase that will die out and youth will triumph over sophistication.

J. G. Paynton, Garden St., Hawthorn E3, Vic.

Serves Its Purpose

YOU are probably right, Mrs. Penna, when you say that a surfeit of pleasure frequently results in boredom, but what of the good old maxim: "Enjoy yourself while you are young"? In my opinion, it is the young girls who enjoy themselves who, in later life, make the best wives and mothers.

These girls, by the time they marry, have had their pleasures, and so are prepared to settle down to a quiet life. The other girls, who have had very little pleasure in their youth, are always looking for one last fling, and consequently their husbands and homes suffer.

Let them be bored with pleasure, then they will gladly settle

Women Drivers Should Not Be Allowed

WHY must women be allowed to drive motor cars? Certainly I agree that there are some good drivers among the sex; but they are few and far between.

Women don't bother to learn the traffic rules and regulations, and very few know what is meant by slowing down when going past stationary tramcars. Also they expect to be queens of the highway, getting furious if a mere male driver refuses to give them the right of way.

Mr. Derek Miels, 14 Old St., North Adelaide.

down to the quiet content of home-life.

Miss Betty Dumas, 143 Payneham Road, St. Peters, S.A.

No Use Talking

CONGRATULATIONS, Mrs. Penna, but I'm afraid your letter will have little effect. Young people live for pleasure, take extraordinary steps to get it, and the more bored they become, the more pleasure they seek.

Everybody has to learn from their own experience.

Mrs. Clinton, Renown Avenue, Claremont, W.A.

Snobbish Attitude Towards Boys Entering Trades

IN reply to Mrs. Randall (5/12/36), who remarks on the false pride in parents that forces a boy into a clerical position rather than into one in which he uses his hands.

I am not speaking snobbishly, but a professional or business man definitely has more opportunity to make interesting social contacts than has the tradesman. Furthermore, the boy in the clerical position may, if he is lucky, command more money than the boy in trade is ever likely to.

Doreen Pinehurst, Stone Street, East Perth, W.A.

Dead-End Jobs

IF more lads were apprenticed to skilled trades and fewer to dead-end occupations in offices, there would be a greater number of happier homes.

Too many parents, attracted by larger initial wages and easier conditions in white shirt occupations, fail to look into the future, and so we have such a huge number of unskilled workers—jobless, after they reach maturity.

Grace Maynard, 33 Hampton St., Croydon Park, N.S.W.

Points Against Trade

I DON'T quite agree with all the arguments in favor of training boys for a trade.

The wages for each trade are fixed by a union, and all engaged in that particular trade, whether good, bad or indifferent, receive the same money.

Nor can they always find work. Not all the unemployed are unskilled.

Mrs. F. E. Thomason, 75 Leinster St., Paddington, N.S.W.

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THE Courageous AGE

Continued from
Page 8

"SOMEONE is in the water!" he cried, "and there's a man on the bank. Why the devil doesn't he do something about it instead of standing there?"

They both watched. There was a man in the water striking out to reach some struggling object, and the man on the shore was gesticulating. The man in the water grabbed the struggling thing, and with a few powerful strokes, reached the bank again. They could see now that in his arms were three wriggling, streaming, shivering puppies. They couldn't hear what was being said, but they saw the young man put the puppies down on the grass and land a beautiful blow at

the other man. Suddenly, forgetting grandfather, Kerry flung up the window. The wet young man was talking, and although she could not hear, she could guess what he was saying. He would be reminding the other man that there were veterinary surgeons who put unwanted animals painlessly to death. He would be telling him, too, in no soft language. Then he bent down, recaptured the puppies, and stalked off.

"Well," grandfather burst out, "That was as good a punch as I've seen for a long time! I wonder who he was?"

"He," Kerry stammered a little with excitement; "the wet young man I mean was Peter."

Grandfather stared at her for a full moment, and then stumped back

to the fire. Kerry shut the window. The room relaxed.

When Peter arrived, half an hour late, immaculate, a little shy, but thinking he was hiding it so cleverly, he said: "I'm sorry, sir. I was delayed by something quite unforeseen. If you knew—"

"I do know," said grandfather. "I saw. Sit down." Then, as Peter sat down the old man demanded, "What have you done with the puppies?"

"I'm keeping one, a ripping little brown youngster, my brother is having another, and the third I shall give to a little girl who is having a birthday soon."

"Ring for tea, Kerry," said grandfather, and then in the moment's silence Peter said, with a deep, genuine curiosity: "I hear, sir, that you've been all round the world in a windjammer, years ago."

"Three times round Cape Horn," chuckled grandfather, "sailing before the mast, with a pig on board as mascot, and sails that were ripped up by the wind as soon as you mended them. Those were days for men!"

Afterwards Kerry could not make up her mind whether the afternoon had been a success or not. Grandfather was pleasant and cool in turn, and neither then nor afterwards could Kerry discover by any careful questioning whether Peter had made a good impression or not.

One afternoon a few days later grandfather asked Kerry to take some magazines over to old Major Saunders, an old army officer turned grazier, who lived alone on the opposite bank of the river. Every fortnight, Kerry went to the red



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OLD DUTCH

makes short work of
Holiday Cleaning

I'M TAKING THE CHILDREN TO THE ZOO THIS AFTERNOON WHY NOT BRING YOUR KIDDIES - WE'LL MAKE A PARTY

WHY DON'T YOU USE OLD DUTCH? IT SAVES SUCH A LOT OF TIME AND WORK

GRACIOUS! I CAN'T. I'VE ONLY DONE HALF MY CLEANING UP AFTER THE WEEK-END

YOU'RE ABOUT THE FIFTH PERSON WHO'S PRAISED OLD DUTCH TO ME - I REALLY WILL BUY SOME AND TRY IT



TRY THIS CONVINCING TEST

Sprinkle a little Old Dutch on the back of a plate and rub with a coin. You'll hear no harsh grinding sound because Old Dutch contains no grit. Try the same test with an ordinary cleanser and notice the difference.

At holiday times you appreciate the wonderful cleansing power of Old Dutch. It cleanses floors, kitchenware, porcelain, glass and painted walls with a minimum of time and effort, and makes everything spotless, sweet and sanitary. It is kind to hands, too, won't clog drains, is odourless and removes odours. Old Dutch never scratches. It's made with pure Seisnotite, which has flat, flaky particles quite unlike the wasteful, destructive grit in ordinary cleansers, sandsoaps, scouring-bricks and pastes. Apart from giving you more leisure—at holidays and all the year round—Old Dutch costs less because it goes further. Date a tin when you buy it. Look at the calendar when it's empty. You'll be astonished how long it lasts and how much cleansing it has done.

Tested by Good Housekeeping Institute of Australia and granted their Seal of Approval.

OLD DUTCH OFFERS GUARANTEED A1 SILVERWARE AT AMAZING PRICES

IDEAL CHRISTMAS GIFTS!



Send to-day for some of this lovely "Old English" pattern Silverware and Cutlery. A1 Heavy Quality Silverplate, and Hand-ground Stainless Knives made by Viner and Hall Ltd., Imperial Works, Sheffield—the world's premier cutlery and silversmiths. Every piece is Guaranteed for long life service. Choice of 10 units. What splendid gifts they would make for Christmas, for birthdays or bridge parties.



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No. 7
PAIR OF
FISH EATERS
for
2/6 and
2 Old Dutch labels

HOW TO GET THE SILVERWARE

Send 2 windmill panels from Old Dutch labels and 2/6 Postal Note for each unit listed. You may order one unit or as many as you wish. They are all A1 Silverplate or Stainless Steel. Guaranteed 20 years.

1. 4 TEASPOONS (value 12/- per dozen).
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7. 1 FRUIT SPOON, gold-lined bowl (value 20/- per dozen).
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Please turn to Page 26

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"The Air-cooled
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17/9
Tan & white,
navy & white.
Half, 2/7.

"Sandals"
swagger velvet
White with
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Summer 2-tones, whites or sandals

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The new craze! You can embroider your own name or initials on a fine-wire mesh ground finished in chrome or gilt. Simple and fascinating. See the demonstration in our Buckle and Button Dept. Only at Farmer's, the first in Australia

1/6

Complete with instructions, Buckles and Buttons — Ground Floor.



Presents for
men, from Farmer's

"Gift Ark"

Farmer's rescues seekers of men's gifts from their sea of troubles. Ground Floor, Market Street Corner—and it's full of bright gifts selected by men for men. You can get good advice there.

25 "Teofani" Cigarettes, 3/3. A neat cellophane covering gives the box a Christmas atmosphere. Manufactured in London by the famous "Teofani" Company. *Gen. Flr.*

Gift Burlington Ties, 2/11. They positively refuse to crease. In striped, checked or figured designs. Blue, grey, brown or green colours. "The Gift Ark"—Ground Floor.

Irish Linen Hankies, 10/6. Half or one-inch hemstitched borders. Of pure Irish linen. Gift box of six. *Gen. Flr.*



22/6
Dull grain
Calf.

13/9
Seal
morocco.

Leather handbags will make super Santa gifts

Large soft calf envelopes, double-opening morocco styles, plain and grained calf in a huge selection of shapes and colours. Many have zip-fastening inner pockets. All with change purses.

Ground Floor



17/6
Dull grain
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calf.

22/6
morocco.

21/6
Navy calf
envelope



69/6 silk
undie
sets,
36/10

Imported hand-made
four-piece set. Slip,
nightie, knicker, bras-
siere. Pure silk crepe
de chine. Pink or
white. In sizes SW,
W, OS. Fourth Floor



Striped Surf Suit

Last season saw the self-same models taking the water at Deauville and Florida. Farmer's brings them to Palm Beach and Bondi. White back-ground with Peasant stripes. 27/6

THE CAPS were imported from abroad. White ribbed rubber or silver caps. Both priced at only 5/6

Surf Wear — Fourth Floor

Hurry! 2ⁱⁿ the £ DISCOUNT ENDS DEC. 31st
GRACE BROS.
Special Values in Holiday Wear!



10!
 Less 2ⁱⁿ the £

Tremendously important is the fabric that will wash, and this snappy garment will both wear and wash perfectly. Made of PURE SILK SPONGE CLOTH the correct weight for Summer Suits. Shaped Coat, wide revers, jigger button, short puff sleeve. Skirt has inverted pleat. Delightful linings of Blue, Apricot, Pink, Nil, Lemon, White. All good washing shades. Sizes: S.S.W., S.W., and W.

"4 PRICE FROCK SHOP" SPECIAL ... **10/-**
 (Less 2/- in the £)



Pique jackets

5/11
 Less 2ⁱⁿ the £

MC (A) PIQUE JACKET, cool and fresh for the sunny days, showing "Gibson Girl" sleeves, wide revers, and two buttoned front. WHITE ONLY. Sizes: S.S.W., S.W., and W. USUAL VALUE, 12/11.

SPECIAL VALUE ... **5/11**
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SPECIAL VALUE ... **5/11**
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2/6
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Special Purchase! GIRLS' ALL BRITISH CAMBRIC FROCKS in dainty attractive sprig designs in all wanted shades. Sizes: 24, 27, 30in. 33, 36, 39in.

PRICES: **2/6** **2/11**
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GIRLS' FROCKS IN BRITISH "BONNIE PRINCE" in all attractive designs. Two styles to choose from in every wanted shade.

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 PRICES: **2/11** **3/3**
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Betty's "Racey" Narratives

Why can't Bookies call for Christmas Presents like the Postmen?

By BETTY GEE

If you've got a Christmas present or a New Year gift to give to the bookie, why not hand it over instead of going to all the bother of running a race and letting a rank outsider win it so that the afore-said bookie simply keeps everything the punters have put in his bag, and pays out nothing?

The garbage man gets his bottle of beer and the postman two bottles. Why doesn't the bookmaker call round for his present during Christmas week instead of waiting till the Villiers is run to collect the lot?

At least a person would know where she stood as to Christmas finance, instead of putting unlimited money on a race that has always been a Christmas gift for the "bookie," and a bottomless pit of despair for the poor punter.

You take last year! Golden Chance won it at 10 to 1, and Windbird the 6 to 4 favorite, was only second.

And the year before, with Bachelors a Queensland horse, the winner at 16 to 1. And the year before that, when Closing Time landed the turkey and champagne for the "bookie" at 14 to 1.

Rank Outsiders

I COULD take you back, year after year, on a round tour that would break your heart, but suffice it to say that Queen Alwyne won at 50 to 1 in 1926—and don't I know something no good about her, the hussy—and Balbus at 25 to 1 in 1925, and Wish Wynne at 25 to 1 in 1922 and Bull On (1921) and Anyhow (1919) at 100 to 1 each. Real Wotan odds.

Yes, the Villiers is the last big race at Randwick before Christmas Eve, and never in all the history of the Turf has the result been otherwise than to provide the bookies with Christmas dinner, double and treble de luxe.

Still, punters don't grumble. It's just Kismet. They're the elect, those bookies, so why shouldn't racegoers put up the Christmas stocking for the kids, and the champagne and turkey for the whole family?

For the Cup

SUMMER Cup day isn't a bad sort of day, though. You may go to this Boxing Day carnival, bloated with food and pudding, your judgment distended by over-eating, but there's always a chance of landing on your feet.

That's why I'm picking Jovial Son, now that our other First Son, my early pick, broke down in the attempt to train for the Summer Cup.

Fred Williams has got Jovial Son ready for "a killing" in this race, and there is none better at timing a horse's training to the split-second.

But I've got a real "sitter" for another Boxing Day race, and that's Lynch Law. Mind you, the odds might be short, but my advice is to keep back whatever you can when you're filling the Christmas ladder and your hubby's stocking, and lay it by for Lynch Law. It's money for now!

And here's one for the Christmas Trial—Poi Bounce. That comes straight from the lips of a friend of the sweetheart of a boy in the stable of Jim Abbs, who trains it.

By the way, I don't want to put a damper on the Christmas racing, but this is just a warning not to back Jovial Son if it's wet on Boxing Day.

GRACE BROS., LTD., — BROADWAY — SYDNEY — 'PHONE M6506

Mandrake the Magician

THE CHARACTERS IN THIS THRILLING SERIAL ARE:

MANDRAKE: An amazing magician, and
LOTHAR: His faithful Nubian servant, who are trying to capture
SAKI: Master of disguises, who has stolen the Star Sapphire from
SIR OSWALD: Sporting Englishman, and
JANE: His lovely daughter. After many adventures, Saki

manages to elude his pursuers, and, dressing up as Jane's chauffeur, kidnaps her, and takes her to a house, reputed to be haunted by a hermit's ghost. Mandrake follows, determined to teach him a lesson, changes himself by magic into a fearsome ghost. Terrified, Saki flees from the house. NOW READ ON.



TO BE CONTINUED.

Friday night is AMAMI night!

Blondes: and before-hand gifts should be AMAMI, No. 1. This perfume is the most popular of the line and is especially for the most delicate perfume.

Brunettes: should use AMAMI No. 2. This perfume is the most popular of the line and is especially for the most delicate perfume.

Continued from Page 10

ONE HOUR of Love, THEN—

Continued from Page 10

IT was then that Gail let the mask slip. He became a weakling. He looked as if he were going to be sick. But he retained enough cunning to plead his point.

"Listen," "Get in, Peggie," said Paul. "Listen, listen! I am not saying this for my own sake, I swear I'm not! But don't you understand—If—if anything happened. If I died, there'd be smashes, people would lose their money—oh! You've got to understand!"

"You can't! You rotten cad!" shouted Devinson. "I've as much right to live as you, more right. My mother's dependent on me. I've nothing put by. If I died, she'd be without a penny. I will get it's only fair."

Peggie had not got into the bellum. She was standing at Paul's side.

He said: "Get in, my dear, and I'll make them toss up with me."

Lady Parlow raised her scared, fat face. She tried to sound judicial.

"It is a question of value. If my charities were not dependent on me I would give up my place to anyone."

Eleanor Vance spoke, and her teeth were showing. "Yes, that's it. I've got to think of my husband and little boy."

It was the first time there had been any mention of them since leaving England.

"Get in, Peggie," said Paul sharply.

In that moment Gail slipped and fell on the ground while Devinson took his chance. He gave Paul a violent shove and, as Paul sprawled over, both he and Gail darted for the bellum. Decency, civility, everything but the instinct of self-preservation had been drained out of them by fear.

Their feet thumped almost simultaneously into the bottom of the boat. Very low in the water, the bellum swung off from the island.

Paul was on his feet, dumb with a white fury.

Peggie whispered: "I'm glad I was left. If I had to go without you—My dear, don't look like that! I tell you, I'm glad. We're dependent on each other."

There was nothing to be done. A reaction had come over Paul. His fury with Devinson and Gail had subsided to contempt. He sat with his arm round Peggie and watched the receding bellum.

"I'm sorry, dearest," he said gently. "I ought to have got you into it immediately, but I never guessed they'd—"

"You're not to talk about it. It won't help—and I'm glad I'm with you. In a few hours we'll be back on the White Lily."

"You're magnificent!" Paul was watching the distant bellum.

He said: "Why doesn't the man hoist the sail? By the time he's landed them—"

"We'll be rescued all right." "Of course, of course." They dared not doubt.

"Seems to me, Peggie, they're badly balanced, and he doesn't stick up the sail. The thing's awfully fragile. The slightest movement—"

He finished his sentence with an appalled in-drawing of breath, and Peggie gave a little cry and sprang up.

The bellum had been overloaded. They saw the mast describe an arc, and a horrible, smooth lurching.

Scrambs reached them through still warmth. The boat had capsized.

A GREAT black edge, glistening, cut through the water—another—

"Don't look! Don't look!" Paul held her very closely, with her face against his shoulder. The sea was so smooth and golden, the sky so immaculate, it seemed that what had happened had been an evil mirage.

She was quite calm now. "If only one of them had stayed here—"

"Yes. Just that extra weight. But—I can't talk about it."

She said quietly: "We're left, but I wonder how long it will be?"

He glanced at his wrist-watch. It was two o'clock.

"They won't be getting anxious in the White Lily much before five. By then—"

"Three hours." She smiled faintly. "I wonder where we shall be then!"

"I can't believe it's the end of things," he said passionately. "If only you were safe. I—"

"No. We're together. Remember that, Paul. We're together. What would safety mean to me if you were here?" She raised her face, and there was a strange, almost ethereal, peace about it. "I'm not brave. With anybody else but you, I should be screaming with terror. There's more in love than I ever dreamed," she added simply. "I can understand now why the old martyrs never flinched."

"Yes, it's the spirit." His bleak eyes caught the strength from hers. He kissed her reverently.

They sat with their backs towards the mainland, facing the open sea, the shining space that was to be their death. They did not speak.

Three hours of the world went on, and the sun was sliding down the sky, and the glitter had changed to a mellow glow, and the heat was lessening.

Paul stirred. It was as if he had been in a serene trance. The world claimed him with a suddenness of awakening.

"Dearest, how long—?"

His watch said five o'clock. He stared at it, not daring to believe his eyes. Then he sprang up, shouting.

It must have been the turn of the tide about two, because the island was much higher out of the water, and an irregular black line connected it with the shore, a rocky causeway that had been submerged. And below the dark wall of the mainland glimmered a ribbon of yellow beach.

They could walk from the island.

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SEVENTY POUNDS OFF HER WEIGHT

"Hateful Fatness" Has Disappeared

It sounds almost incredible that anyone could lose as much as seventy pounds of fat without discomfort and without an adverse effect on their health. Yet this nurse has reduced herself by that amount, and is actually in much better health than she was before. In the following letter Nurse tells us of her startling reduction—

"Patients often ask me what has reduced my weight from 15 stone to 10 stone, and I tell them Kruschen Salts. Fatness is hateful and a great hindrance when one has a busy life. I originally took Kruschen for rheumatism and found that I was losing weight and improving in health generally. So continued with the Salts, and kept on losing weight until now I am 10 stone, and in much better health." (Nurse, N.S.)

Kruschen fat is mainly due to improper working of the internal organs, which allow waste material to accumulate and clog the machinery. Taken every morning, Kruschen Salts effect a regular, gentle, and perfectly natural clearance of this poisonous waste which clogs the system.

"She'd be a better tempered kitten if she'd been Pulvexed"

Pulvex kills fleas stone dead and keeps others away. Unlike other powders Pulvex does not make a cat sick from licking itself. Pulvex keeps your cats clean and keeps them warm free. All chemists and stores 2/6 tin, double size 4/6. Postage 3d. and 4d. Wholesale: William Cooper & Nephews (Australia) Limited, Sydney

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KILLS FLEAS OFF—KEEPS THEM OFF

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Norah was Horrified—



BUT WENT AWAY CONVERTED

"I don't know how you can risk spoiling that lovely frock," cries Norah, as Molly says "It will soon need washing!" "Spoil it!" replies Molly. "Of course I shan't spoil it!"



Fashions by courtesy of David Jones Ltd.

SHE EXPLAINS that she uses Lux. "I never use ordinary cake soap for my dainty summer frocks," she continues "because rubbing soon weakens the fabrics. Lux contains no soda to harm delicate threads."

"SINCE YOU told me how to wash my daintiest frocks safely, I've always washed them in Lux," laughs Norah. "My friends look surprised when I tell them that the frocks I wear have been washed over and over again. But I advise them to use Lux"—she continues "to keep dainty frocks like new—as I do!"



Summer Frocks—and all dainty things
- ARE SAFE IN LUX

6-37635

What Women Are Doing

Amateur Toymaker

MRS. E. LLOYD, of Goodwood, a member of the executive of the South Australian Housewives' Association, has not had an idle evening this year. She has made dozens of toys, dressed dolls in every conceivable way, and collected children's books and presented them all to the Adelaide Children's Hospital for Christmas.

Conducts School For Child Widows

MISS F. THOMPSON, a missionary nurse from East Bengal, who arrived in Adelaide recently to spend her fifth five-year furlough, after being for 29 years a missionary in Bengal, is an addition to a number of interesting women doing the same kind of work who have gone on furlough to Adelaide this year.

Miss Thompson has conducted a school for child-widows for the past 26 years. Her charges range in age from eight to eighteen. Some have babies which are attended to at the clinic attached to the Mission. The primitive midwifery methods still practised in Indian villages are too dreadful to describe, she says.

At her Mission school, the young widows are taught midwifery and housewifery, as well as the ordinary educational subjects. She said there were still child-wives, some mere babies, in spite of legislation. She will spend a year on furlough before returning to India.

Promising Young Victorian Contralto

JOAN JONES, of Hecaham, Victoria, is considered by musical critics to be the most promising young contralto in the State.

She is a popular member of the Methodist Church choir at Hecaham, but next year she will study at the Melbourne Conservatorium of Music.

The Melbourne Philharmonic Society chose her as contralto soloist for its performance of Handel's "Messiah" on Christmas night.

WINNERS OF NEW DIPLOMA

THREE Adelaide girls are the recipients of an unusual honor as winners of the first diplomas for musical appreciation to be awarded in Australia.

They are Misses Mary Jolley, Enid Petrie, and Helen Magarey, who have completed the two years of the new course with Miss Heather Gell and Dr. E. Harold Davies, director of the Elder Conservatorium.

Miss Gell was awarded the Diploma for Musical Appreciation at the Royal Academy of Music in London several years ago, and with Dr. Davies drew up the syllabus on the same lines as that course. Awarded by the Australian Board of Music, the diplomas were conferred on the three students at the Elder Conservatorium this month. A boy student in Perth is the only other pupil.

Touring with Schoolgirls From the West

MISS E. HOOTEN, under whose charge a party of West Australian schoolgirls will make an Australian Christmas tour, is secretary of the Parents and Citizens' Federation in West Australia, with which she has long been associated.

An ardent worker in the Labor Women's Movement, she was responsible for forming the Carpenters and Cleaners' Union.

Miss Hooten's name has been submitted by the Labor Women's Organisation to the West Australian branch of the Australian Labor Party for selection as Labor candidate in the forthcoming elections, but the ballot will not be decided before her departure. She has organised several similar Christmas trips for schoolgirls.

Enthusiastic Artists Held Exhibition Together

TWO enthusiastic young artists who have studied and worked together are Miss Lorna Schiunk and Miss Shirley Scholefield. They have just held their first exhibition together. The collection of etchings and water-colors is their work in the last year since they completed the three years' course at the South Australian School of Arts and Crafts.

Nearly all their time, including holidays, is spent painting. Miss Scholefield has been art mistress at Slawell School for two years, and plans to leave early next year for England, but this time Miss Schiunk will not accompany her.

High Executive Post in Education Department

MISS JULIA FLYNN is the first woman to be nominated for the high executive post of Chief Inspector of Secondary Schools in the Education Department of Victoria.

She has had ten years' experience in the Department as inspector, and is now assistant chief inspector. In 1932 she studied overseas under the terms of a Carnegie Foundation travelling scholarship, and visited both America and Europe.

Miss Flynn was the first woman to hold an important administrative post in the Victorian Education Department, and one of the only three women to hold such a post in the Victorian Government Service.

Tasmanian Enjoys Her Life Overseas

MISS MARGUERITE SHARLAND, of New Norfolk, is one of the Tasmanians who is doing really interesting things abroad.

For some years she was principal of the New School and Kindergarten in Sydney, but for the past ten years she has been in Vienna where she has lived a life of varied activity coaching students in English, lecturing, and also broadcasting. Now she has gone to live in Berlin, and resumed her educational work and delivered a series of lectures on Australia and things Australian.

Like most Australians abroad she sandwiches all the travelling she possibly can in between jobs. One of her latest trips was a cruise down the beautiful Dalmatian coast, which is dotted with numerous lovely little islands. She has also flown from Vienna to Venice and has spent a long and most interesting summer in Italy. She has also travelled extensively in Austria and Bavaria, and has attended the famous musical festivals at Salzburg.

Pioneered Rental Libraries in Australia

THE enterprising spirit of Miss Mabel Foulkes has met with satisfactory reward. After conducting a library for some years in Sydney she appreciated the necessity for an exchange library, making it easier for those desirous of starting either stationary or travelling libraries.

Instead of having the Miss Foulkes, great expense to — Florence Muller, most of buying books right out, this hire system would make it possible to establish these libraries with a small capital.

Miss Foulkes went to London, and as a result, W. and J. Foyles, one of the biggest booksellers in the world, fell in with her scheme of establishing rental libraries in Australia.

They appointed her their sole agent, and she has successfully pioneered the establishment of the wholesale rental library system.

Helping With New Holiday Home

CHILD WELFARE is very nearly a full-time job with Mrs. F. Scarlett. She has been president

of the Ministering Children's League, Victoria, for more than twelve years, and is also on the Council of the Children's Welfare League.

Plans are going ahead by leaps and bounds for the new Ministering Children's League holiday home at Queenscliff and the committee is hopeful that the foundation stone will be laid by Lady Huntingfield in January, the day of the annual Bay picnic.

Already £5621 is in hand as a result of the recent appeal, and they hope to add considerably to this with a kiosk at the Lord Mayor's Coronation Fair at Earl's Court, Melbourne.

Worked to Beautify Grounds of College

VERY few people who visit the Methodist Ladies' College, Melbourne, know that the beautiful grounds are mainly due to the hard work and thought of Mrs. J. W. Grove, wife of the Principal.

She is a very keen horticulturist, and almost every flower in the gardens has been grown from a seedling raised by her.

It was Mrs. Grove who replanned the college gardens some years ago and also chose all the trees and shrubs.

Mrs. Grove says this is only a hobby. As the wife of the Principal of a big ladies' college her main interest lies in assisting her husband.

Earned Their Lamp Of Service

MISS KATHLEEN McBAIN, who has been secretary of the League of Women Helpers of Toc H in South Australia since its inception about six years ago, is very interested in the fact that South Australia now has three branches of the London body. For their work, each branch will receive the lamp of service in a dedication ceremony early in the new year.

These lamps were lit by the Queen, when Duchess of York, patroness of L.W.H., and brought to Adelaide by the girls who were South Australia's delegates at the conference of Toc H in London this year.

Dispensing Christmas Cheer to Needy

SISTER ALLIE, head sister at the Methodist Mission, Carlton, Victoria, for nearly 19 years, has done a tremendous amount of valuable work for the poor and needy of Melbourne.

At present, with the help of the Supt. Minister, Rev. G. F. Dyson, and a band of 20 honorary helpers, she is working hard for the success of the annual Christmas cheer appeal.

A fleet of motor cars leaves the mission headquarters daily for a week, not returning until late at night, distributing gifts of all descriptions.

A camp at Macedon is also included for the holiday season to brighten the lives of some 60 young people who otherwise would never be lifted out of their sordid environment.



—Brothara.



—Studio studio.

Back the winner!

FLIT

leads the way in insect killing-power

Now the most deadly to insects because it contains a killing agent found in no other insecticide in Australia

FLIT—the only insect spray that REALLY kills.

The "Home" Train

Work over for the day, man and maid, young and old, are intent upon "getting home." All day they have been concerned with business, mostly someone else's business, for the majority of the homeward-bound travellers are salary or wage-earners.

Have they—have you—found time for personal business?

The Commonwealth Savings Bank is open all day in City, Town, Village, and Country Post Office, and its convenient services are therefore easily available to all.

Opening a Savings Bank account—and using it—costs little time and no money, and it will pay you well in the long run.

Commonwealth Savings Bank of Australia

(Guaranteed by the Commonwealth Government)

Why not make sure of Enjoying Your HOLIDAYS

YOU can be certain of being in the best of health, at the top of your form, and ready to enjoy every moment of your glorious Summer Holidays if you just remember to take a couple of Bile Beans nightly.

Bile Beans are purely vegetable, they tone up the system, purify the blood and daily eliminate all food residue.

So make sure of enjoying life to the full, and getting the utmost benefit from your Holidays with the aid of your nightly Bile Beans

YOUR SUMMER HOLIDAYS

A complete change of air and diet is apt to upset one internally. A nightly dose of Bile Beans guards against all this. Bile Beans are purely vegetable and can be taken with perfect safety by young and old alike.

BILE BEANS

SOLD EVERYWHERE



4711
is
Santa Claus'
telephone number

To generations of men and women '4711' Genuine Eau de Cologne has always been the ideal Christmas gift, just as the delightful '4711' Perfumes, Powders and special Presentation Caskets.

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Genuine
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CLEVER IDEAS

SCORCH MARKS: If you are unfortunate enough to have scorched your linen, don't despair; just wring out a cloth soaked in peroxide and lay over the scorch mark, then iron

dry. You will then find all trace of the scorch has disappeared from the linen.

TO REMOVE THE CORK: When the cork becomes stuck in the neck of the bottle and cannot be removed, try this bright hint. Place the bottle in a basin filled with enough hot water to reach the top of the neck. The heat will make the air in the bottle expand, and also the glass, so the stopper which is out of the water can easily be removed.

THE Courageous AGE

Continued from Page 20

KERRY stood staring after him. She thought she cried his name, but as he did not turn round she concluded that she had not. Then she turned and dashed into the house, slamming the massive door behind her, snatching off her hat, and marched to the corner room where grandfather sat over the scented log fire.

"I've just seen Peter."

"I asked him to call and see me because I had some news for him." His blue eyes, levelled at Kerry, were cool and quiet before the flashing anger in hers.

"Why did you tell him that?"

"Because it was true. I have decided to alter my will. You are the only member of the family who has courage, and I admire that before all things."

"I don't want the money. I love Peter, and whatever you say to him, to me, to anyone, I'll marry him."

"Your Peter is proud. He won't marry an heiress."

"You can't make me accept that money, grandfather—"

"Nor will he allow a woman to give up a legacy for the little he can offer her." Grandfather went on, tapping his stick on the floor in quiet satisfaction.

"Why don't you like Peter, grandfather?" she demanded.

"I have already told you that a man who plays for a living is no good to any woman."

A week went by. Two weeks passed. In the garden of the old house the flowers opened to the sun, and the birds twittered and fluttered round the bird bath on the lawn.

Grandfather was very quiet, very absorbed in his farm and his newspapers, pretending not to see the silent misery in Kerry's eyes, but observing it none the less, and at a loss to know what to do about it, unhappy at what he had done, and yet believing that it had been for the best, and that men who played their lives away were no fit mates for a woman.

Then one evening grandfather came, leaning on his stick, into the room where Kerry sat mending a rent in a great brocade curtain. He held a copy of the evening paper in his hand for her to see, and, glancing half-heartedly at it, Kerry wondered why he stood over her watching her eyes travel from one column to the next. Politics—a foreign travel-income tax—a murder—an aeroplane accident. A name thrust itself at her from the printed page, the name of a stunt flier who was taking part in a new film and who had crashed rather badly. He was now, so the paragraph stated, lying in a hospital near the studios of the film company and his name was Peter Dane.

GRANDFATHER was watching Kerry as she read, and then he said quietly: "I've sent for the car for you, my dear. I thought you would want to go at once."

"He may not want me now—"

she managed to say through dry lips.

"One has to take risks in order to get the worth-while things in life. It was that which I had against Peter, but I was wrong. He risked his life for his job. You don't know whether Peter still wants you; well, risk your pride and go and see."

The Daimler, with Tom at the wheel, flew along the twilight roads, cut through lanes scarcely wide enough for it, hooted through small towns, and drew up at last at the great gates of a hospital.

It seemed an endless ago before Kerry was shown into the room where Peter lay, and then she could have cried with joy that, although a cradle was erected over him to take the pressure of the bedclothes

from his injured legs, his face and head were unhurt.

"Kerry!" His eyes lit up.

"You did want me to come, Peter, didn't you?"

"It was dear of you, Kerry—"

She dropped down by the bed, gently, laughing, persuasive.

"Say you love me, Peter; don't let's go on spoiling our lives."

He shook his head. "I was angry with your grandfather, Kerry, but when I thought it over by myself I realised that he was right. I haven't anything to offer you. The kindest thing to do was to go away and let you forget me—"

"I couldn't do that, Peter. I love you, and I'm glad you had that accident, because otherwise I might



CLAIRE TREVOR chooses printed chiffon velvet for this striking afternoon frock. Characteristic green coin dots are used on a velvet background of green and black pin stripes. Stitched green taffeta for belt and collar accents the color interest.

never have found you. And Peter, grandfather sent a message. He told me to say that every age has its courage, which is only another way of saying that he realised that your job was as much of a man's as his was. You see, even at seventy one can still learn lessons from life." She laid her cheek against his bandaged hand, and life flowed back into her numb mind, her heart warmed again, and her soul quickened. Kerry was a woman, and without love she was spiritually dead. She said softly: "Please, Peter, don't start arguing, will you, when I tell you that I'm going to marry you."

Before he had time to start the argument a nurse came in with a telephone message. Peter read the note and passed it on to Kerry. It was from grandfather, and it read:

"Kerry is on her way to you. I have discovered that she would not be happy if she were as rich a woman as I had planned she should be. It would make her much happier if you could afford to marry her. When you are better come and talk it over with me. I have business friends who might help you."

Peter lay watching Kerry. "I don't suppose they will take me on as a stunt flier again. I was a bit too daring, I'm afraid, but then you see I, too, hate soft jobs!"

Kerry laughed and put her lips against his. "I know a soft job you love as much as I do, Peter Dane!" she cried, and kissed him.

(Copyright.)

WASHES DISHES
3 TIMES A DAY
Yet always



her hands win compliments!

Her beauty care? Incredibly inexpensive. Simply LUX for washing up! LUX contains no harmful soda to dry and redden the skin—LUX lather keeps hands soft and white and lovely to look at. A Lever Product 5.27/33



Keep baby regular for safe teething

Every mother knows the real danger of constipation during teething. Keep baby's bloodstream cool and habits regular by Steedman's Powders... the comfort of mothers for over 100 years. Invaluable up to the age of 14 years.

"Hints to Mothers" Booklet posted free on request.
GIVE STEEDMAN'S POWDERS FOR CONSTIPATION
JOHN STEEDMAN AND CO.,
100 NORTH ROAD,
LONDON, ENGLAND.

EAT WHAT YOU LIKE—NO PAIN

Doctors know digestive upset can be serious. They know that hot burning acid can cause ulcers—risk of an operation. Simple to stop the trouble if you and the cause. For the nothing beats Harrison-Maclean Stomach Powder, a famous English formula. Harrison-Maclean Powder gives fastest, harmless relief, maintains normal "balance" required for healthy digestion, soothes raw ulcer conditions, and helps the bowels. Chemists sell HARRISON-MACLEAN Stomach Powder at 2/6—be sure to see the name HARRISON in front of Maclean if you want the real thing. If any difficulty, order (add 4d. Post) from Celi Pharmacy, Martin Place, Sydney. Eat what you like, when you want to—without fear.

Say "Good-bye" to INDIGESTION.
Harrison-Maclean STOMACH POWDER GIVES INSTANT EASE.

IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

Unless 2 pints of bile juice flow from your liver into your bowels every day, your movements become difficult and constipated and your food decays unhealthily in your 35 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over your body every 15 minutes. It makes you gloomy, grouchy and no good for anything. (Your friends notice this unpleasantness and call it bad breath. Laxatives and mouth washes help a little, but you must get at the cause. Take Carter's Little Liver Pills. They get those 2 pints of bile flowing freely and get them out of the "up and up." Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills on the red label. Sold in two sizes—regular size 1/4, household size 3/4. Dissent a substitute.

ASTROLOGY

LEO MOORE, Dept. A
BOX 3427R, G.R.O. SYDNEY

Please send me a Full Astrological Reading and an answer to all my questions, including . . .

Will I always be unlucky?
What are my future prospects?
Will I realise my ambitions?
What is my Lottery luck?
Marriage? Travel? Finance, etc.?

I enclose P.N. 9/6, Birthdate, and stamped addressed envelope.

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Happiness

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W.W. Campbells' EST. 50 YEARS

2 YOU MAY HAVE YEARS to PAY

Examples of general Furniture Orders
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£25 for 20/- deposit 5/- weekly. £50 for 40/- deposit 10/- weekly.
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BUY DIRECT from the
WAREHOUSE

TRADE IN your old RADIO



For a New All Metal Valve Dual Wave Set

You owe it to yourself and family to bring the world's best Radio Programmes to your home. We will make a liberal allowance on your old set, and you secure the latest in high-class Radio

SPECIAL CASH PRICE £21/17/6

Or On Easy Terms.

Other Dual Wave Sets (full size) from £13/19/6

Or On Easy Terms: £13/19/6

12/6 Deposit 3/- Weekly

LISTEN IN to 2UW

8.30 p.m., Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs.—"NOTABLE BRITISH TRIALS."
7.30 Every morning and 7.30 p.m. Saturdays—"DARBY AND JOAN."
GEORGE EDWARDS' PRODUCTIONS.

COUNTRY CUSTOMERS

Write for Free Catalogue, stating requirements. Reduced Deposits, with very low monthly instalments, are now available.



This new Lounge Suite is undoubtedly the most remarkable value we have ever offered. It has everything to commend it—charm of design, rich Genoa Velvet upholstery, five loose spring-filled cushions, large size sofas and chairs, and workmanship ensuring comfort and maximum service. Be sure to secure at This Week's Cash Price

£17/17/-

17/6
4/6

Breakfast Room Cabinet



This modern 4ft. 6in. Breakfast Room Cabinet has numerous compartments including Bread Cupboard and top drawer divided for Cutlery. Leadlight doors are particularly attractive. We have never offered a better bargain. This Week's Cash Price

85/- 5/- and 2/-
Or on Easy Terms DEPOSIT WEEKLY

Trousseau Chest



Every young lady needs a Trousseau Chest. This new design illustrated has beauty and distinction at a price within the reach of all. This bargain has Walnut Veneer fronts, shaped legs, cast-iron feet, and complete fittings (including 1 long tray). This Week's Cash Price is

79/6
Or on Easy Terms: **5/- and 2/-** DEPOSIT WEEKLY



OPEN ON FRIDAY NIGHT

Every lady desires a beautiful bedroom, and this new suite, with its artistic design and handsome Walnut Veneers, will satisfy the most fastidious. 4ft. 6in. Wardrobe, with bow centre door; 3ft. 6in. Dressing Table; and Double Loughboy are all fully fitted with sliding trays etc. Dressing Table has bow-front centre drawer and extra-large shaped mirror. Do not miss this at This Week's Cash Price (Incl. Extra) **£18/18/-**

18/6
4/-



This new Dining Room Set is another remarkable example of Warehouse value. 4ft. 6in. Sideboard has Oak Veneer Fronts and usual cupboards and drawers (one divided for cutlery); 5ft. Rectangular Table has played box-legs giving massive appearance; four chairs have upholstered lift-out seats and comfortable-shaped backs. Do not fail to inspect this wonderful value.

This Week's Cash Price **£12/19/6**
Or on Easy Terms

12/6
3/-

WAREHOUSE W.W. CAMPBELL

SPECIALLY REDUCED PRICES for this MONTH ONLY

NEW DESIGNS in LINOLEUM.

BRITISH LINOLEUM SQUARES

Size	2ft. x 7ft. 6in.	2ft. x 9ft.	2ft. 6in. x 9ft.	3ft. x 9ft.
Special Price	42/6	50/-	57/6	65/-

BRITISH INLAID LINOLEUM (3 YARDS WIDE) FROM **8/6** PER YARD

Genuine Cork Lino. Imit. Linoleum

	TWO YARDS WIDE	TWO YARDS WIDE
	5/3, 5/11, 7/6	2/11, 4/3, 4/11 yd.

AXMINSTER SQUARES

Size	2ft. x 7ft. 6in.	2ft. x 9ft.	2ft. 6in. x 9ft.	3ft. x 9ft.	3ft. 6in. x 9ft.
Special Price	£4/10/-	£5/10/-	£6/5/-	£7/5/-	£9/19/6

HALL CARPET BARGAINS

Size	2ft. x 7ft. 6in.	2ft. x 9ft.	2ft. 6in. x 9ft.	3ft. x 9ft.	3ft. 6in. x 9ft.
Special Price	£6/5/-	£7/10/-	£8/15/-	£9/19/6	£11/19/6

WILTON

Width	22" x 12"	22" x 14"	22" x 16"	22" x 18"	22" x 20"
Price	Now 6/9	Now 7/9	Now 8/9	Now 9/9	Now 10/6

AXMINSTER

Width	22" x 12"	22" x 14"	22" x 16"	22" x 18"	22" x 20"
Price	Now 10/6	Now 11/6	Now 12/6	Now 13/6	Now 14/6

249 CLARENCE ST. SYDNEY.

ONE DOOR FROM MARKET STREET

PHONE M 2345
6 LINES

Bicycle Built For Two

Even baby is thought of by the modern bicycle manufacturer. Here is the latest in stream-lined baby trailers, which costs only a couple of pounds, and can be attached to an ordinary bicycle in a few minutes.



WRITTEN IN THE STARS ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Astrological Research Society

What 1937 Holds for Sagittarians

Sagittarians—those people born between November 23 and December 22—are usually regarded as lucky. To some extent this is true, but as a general thing they have to fight for their good fortune.

The truth is that misfortune finds it hard to battle against the optimism, confidence, and good cheer with which most Sagittarians face the world.

THIS year was an unusually prosperous one for most Sagittarians.

Even those whose individual horoscopes indicated difficulties were helped over their troubles by the general planetary movements favoring all those born between November 23 and December 22.

The year 1937 will continue in this way to a certain degree. Not as spectacularly, perhaps, but more by way of helping the Sagittarian to stabilize his affairs so that they continue to produce desirable conditions in the years to come.

Be Cautious

YET, during 1937, all Sagittarians will find it pays to be cautious to the point of meanness. They will be subject to impositions and the ill-will of jealous people. There will be plenty to help them spend or lose their 1936 gains. They must be careful in giving confidence or in trusting those about them.

Above all, they must refrain from extravagances and excesses. Many Sagittarians who celebrate their birthdays on November 26, 27 or 28 may expect adventure and upsets. They must try to avoid impatience, rashness and unwise or hasty decisions and actions, especially during the second quarter when Mars will retrograde in their own sign of the Zodiac, and cause upsets and unwanted changes.

Those born on December 5 and 6 should guard their health against colds and chronic ailments or dull aches, and protect their finances and possessions against losses.

Those in positions of authority may have some hard moments. Conservation of funds is advised.

All Sagittarians, however, must be keenly alive to their star-shown possibilities, and quick to take advantage of every opportunity which comes their way. The year 1937 must be a year of action, not of waiting.

The Daily Diary

TRY to utilize this information in your daily affairs. It will prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): December 22 and 23 fair, but December 26 and 27 poor. Live cautiously this week.

Taurus (April 21 to May 21): A change for the better. Try to utilize December 24 and 25 to begin new ventures, make changes, and ask favors. Do not waste these days.

GEMINI (May 21 to June 21): Your difficulties will ease out from now on. December 26 and 27 should be fair.

CANCER (June 21 to July 21): It is your time to live quietly. Begin no new projects of importance. Be content with routine work. Make no changes, especially on December 22 and 23. Better on December 26 and 27.

LEO (July 21 to August 21): December 22 and 23 fair; December 24 and 25 poor.

VIRGO (August 21 to September 21): Be on watch for opportunities, be they large or small. Start new ventures, make changes, journeys, decisions. Improve your affairs. December 24 and 25 will favor you.

LIBRA (September 21 to October 21): Live cautiously, for delays, annoyances and difficulties may upset your plans. Avoid changes of any kind. Do routine work. December 22, 23, 26 and 27, very poor. Take no chances.

SCORPIO (October 21 to November 21): December 24 and 25 poor, but December 26 and 27 should be good.

SAGITTARIUS (November 21 to December 21): Fair on December 22 and 23. CAPRICORN (December 21 to January 21): It is your turn to get busy. Make plans and try to put them into operation on December 24 and 25 for best results. Be sure to use these days for making changes, asking favors, etc.

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 21): Fair on December 26 and 27.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Fair on December 26 and 27, but utilize December 28 and 29 for semi-important matters.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them.—Editor, A.W.W.]

RADIO CHARACTER is Man of FEW WORDS

John Appleton's Experiments with the Action Play

The art of writing drama for radio, so the aspiring radio dramatist is told, is to remember that character and situation must be entirely created by speech.

Just to show that there is an exception to prove every rule, John Appleton, of the B.S.A. dramatists, whose work is heard from 2GB, has created a character who has never yet been heard to say even one complete sentence.

HUGO BOWERS, the hero of "Just Pilcher," the popular comedy serial, has spoken no more than a few words—and then the most extraordinary words. Yet Hugo Bowers is a very vivid personality to his listeners, for his actions and his frame of mind are continually being announced by the crash of china, weird hurtling sounds of people and things being propelled rather forcefully through the air, or the growls of wild animals in pursuit of Hugo.

"Although radio is not so young an art as people generally suppose," says John Appleton, "it is the newest of the art forms and there is still an enormous field for experiment in production and presentation. For that reason I am rather proud of Hugo Bowers as an example of what can be achieved in spite of the limitations of radio."



JOHN APPLETON, young Australian radio dramatist of 2GB.

Born To It

JOHN APPLETON, like most successful radio dramatists, has been brought up in the atmosphere of the theatre.

"My mother and father both attended schools from which came such outstanding actors as Dame Sybil Thorndike, Lewis Casson, and the late Harry Dearth. They knew hundreds of stage people, and it was quite usual for them to attend the theatre six nights a week. I saw my first show at the age of five and a half."

John Appleton has been working in one or other branches of the theatre most of his life, as actor, producer, dramatist, and scene designer. "Believe it or not," he said, as he sat back in the midst of dictating an episode of "Radio Characters," "I have designed the settings for over 800 shows."

This young dramatist, however, prefers radio to the stage. In spite of its limitations, he explains, radio drama can achieve a vividness, a speed of action, and changes of scene quite impossible on the stage. Like the talkies, radio is the art of Mr. and Mrs. Everyman.

And here, John has a confession to make. His ambition, he says, is to produce the great Australian talkie.

For many years it was the ambition of young authors to write the great Australian novel, but, with

such works as "Richard Mahony," by Henry Handel Richardson, and "Boomerang," by Helen Simpson, already written, most young authors feel that their task is now to write another great Australian novel rather than the great Australian novel.

In the film world, however, in spite of the numerous films made in this country, most people feel that the great Australian talkie has yet to be made. Perhaps one of these days John Appleton will be the man to give it to the world.

Played in Films

HE has already played in several films, and helped produce others. He played the part of Dan Kelly in the banned film, "When the Kellys Rode." For the occasion he grew a long, flowing beard, which instead of making him look formidable, as the real Dan Kelly undoubtedly was, gave him the appearance of a Biblical patriarch.

"Anyway," concluded this young dramatist, from whose brain such popular radio dramatizations as "Just Pilcher" and "Radio Characters" seem to flow with such ease, "the big reward of writing for the radio is the knowledge that one is helping to entertain thousands of eager listeners."

John Appleton and his fellow dramatists certainly have that reward, as the success of the B.S.A. productions from 2GB during the year has proved.

No trouble to pack your Gibbs!

Off for a camping trip... and there's not much room in your kit. You are thankful then for Gibbs! Because Gibbs is a solid cake in a flat, neat tin—won't squash however tightly you pack it away!



Gibbs Guards YOUR IVORY CASTLES

The Gibbs Archer and his fairies give your Ivory Castles the very best protection. No chance of victory for Giant Decay when Gibbs fairies are about! Every night and morning they drive him right away; then polish up the Castles till they're white and glistening.

GIBBS FOR THE FAMILY, TOO!

Antiseptic Gibbs foam, swirling in and out of every crevice of your mouth, removes every trace of film, kills dangerous germs, makes gums firm and healthy. Gibbs gives this thorough cleansing safely—it protects enamel and brings up the natural polish of the teeth.

Your teeth are
IVORY CASTLES
Defend them with

Gibbs Dentifrice

IN THE HANDY, WASTELESS TIN

At all Chemists and Stores, small tins 1/4, large tins 1/6, large refills 1/3.

87,40,35

For dental plates use
GIBBS DENTURE TABLET
1/6 at all chemists.

Intimate Jottings

Did You Know—

That the uniquely beautiful antique Welsh furniture, a dresser and six chairs, now given pride of place in their new home by Al and Betty Gordon, was sent out to them as a wedding present by relatives of Lady Gordon, whose girlhood home (when she was Margaret Thomas) was in Wales?

That the Wentworth Perrys return to Double Bay this week after holidaying at Newport in that most modern of electrically fitted country houses, lent to them by Mr. Walker?

Still Another Frances

DEIRDRE FRANCES, tiny daughter of Dr. and Mrs. John Barriskill was not christened till her aunt, Joan Simpson, who had been delayed by the American shipping strike, arrived in Sydney.

Frances is a name much favored in her family. Her great-grandmother and her grandmother were both so called. Mrs. Barriskill's name is really Gwendoline Frances, though her petit nom of "Bubby" still seems to stick to her, despite her laughing protests.

Braemar, near Mittagong, will be Mrs. Reggie Broomfield's address for some time to come. English letters are reaching her there from her daughter Frederica (Mrs. Bill Childs), whose young husband has just routed a couple of hundred other applicants and landed a technical job to do with the combined defence forces of air, land, and sea.

"These Charming People"

RECENT sojourners at 52 Macleay St. Ltd. are Mrs. Levitt—though her looks belie it, the tall youth accompanying "Poppy" is her son; Mr. and Mrs. Midwood, their daughter, Mrs. Hector Clayton, flits in frequently for a bite with them; Beryl Collins, whose fondness for picture shows was fanned by Jerry Bannister escorting her to "Romeo and Juliet"; Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Willallsen, who brought their son Michael with them; Miss Maud Dangar, who is relieved that Mr. and Mrs. Norman Dangar escaped from that overturned car with a broken leg apiece. It might have been so much worse!

Word comes from "Busy" Gummo that she and her father—who make an annual trek to the "Apple Isle"—are safely installed in their usual eyrie, half-way up Mount Wellington, and thoroughly enjoying themselves.

Off to Country Races

AT the crack of dawn on January 4, Airlie Keep is starting off in her own car, with the intention of reaching Tumut before nightfall, making for Khan-Coban and the Toowong Picnic races.

Her brother, Captain Colin Chisholm, is president of the club, and this New Year's meeting is to be outstandingly good.

Airlie expects to be away for two or three weeks.

"There's a Reason"

WHEN one's future husband is a ship's officer, it is wise to synchronise one's plans with the company's sailing schedule. So thinks Wilma Baly!

She and Herbert Jones, of R.M.S. Orama, have decided to be married when his ship is in port next March. She will then accompany her mother and stepfather on their trip to England.

The trio expect to arrive in London a little ahead of the Orama. Then comes the really bright part of the scheme—according to present expectations. The Orama, breaking its usual routine, will have a "stop over" of six weeks, giving the chance of some much-desired "leave" to a newly-married young man!

"Welcome on the Mat"

CENTRES of hospitality at Palm Beach this summer will be the Chester Clarks' house, which the John Ralstons have taken for several weeks, Kendall Lodge, where the George Rayners are installed, and the cottage housing the Martin Justelius couple and their house-party.

"Welcome" is the inscription on all these thresholds!

The Ubiquitous Plumber

MRS. WALTER KEEP, who returned from England on the Otranto, has been staying most of the time with her daughter, Margaret (Mrs. Raymond Sturge), and says that her new home in Surrey is—or will be—perfectly lovely.

It stands in many acres of land, but is not by any means up to modern standards of plumbing yet, so Mrs. Sturge is kept busy supervising all the extensive alterations and improvements that won't be finished for some time to come.

to modern times with Cecil Rhodes; June Burnside even closer with Australia's Alfred Deakin; but it was left to Dorothy Nott to look no further than our own doorstep, her choice in that wide field being Miss Preston Stanley (Mrs. Vaughan).

Mrs. Walter Macneil has returned to Birtley Towers after spending a pleasant country holiday with her daughter, Mrs. George Osborne.

Well-chosen Itinerary

DECIDING that an itinerary that only includes ports is liable to convey quite a wrong impression of countries and peoples, Mr. Archie Bevan and his daughter Ann are going to visit Pekin and other inland cities in China and go "up country" in Japan.

The sea-going portion of their travels will be done aboard E. and A. liners, and they leave early next year.



Appropriately Decorative

ON the day of Helen Basche's departure for New Zealand her most intimate friends, Joan and Barbara Scott Fell, Dorcy Nott (Adelaide), Margaret Grant, Joan Mills, Amber Jacobs, and Joan Roberts were invited by Mrs. Percy Basche to a lunch party at her Edgecliff home.

A huge ship of red roses was a foil to yellow linen and amber glass, and the final item of a delicious menu was ice-cream moulded into little ships. The girls didn't separate till the Wanganelia sailed out in the late afternoon.

With the intention of spending three months at Moss Vale, Mrs. Wallace Robinson, of Bengarralong, Gundagai, has leased Mrs. T. Donkin's house there. Her daughters, Maud and Betty, are with her.

On the Crest of the Wave

PALM BEACH activities are once more in full swing. The traditional dance at Howletts, promoted by the Life-Savers' Club, takes place on December 26. This is an exclusive affair, the tickets, though paid for in hard cash, are only obtainable through members of the committee.

A week later crowds will gather at the Palladium to dance the old year out.

Many former Palm Beach regulars are giving it a miss this year during the ultra-festive season.

The Graham Prattens, with half a dozen "hand-picked" companions, are amusing themselves at Tun-curry, and expect to catch some fish. They'll be at Palm Beach later on.

The Douglas Levys have their brand new daughter to keep them at home.

Al Fresco Holiday

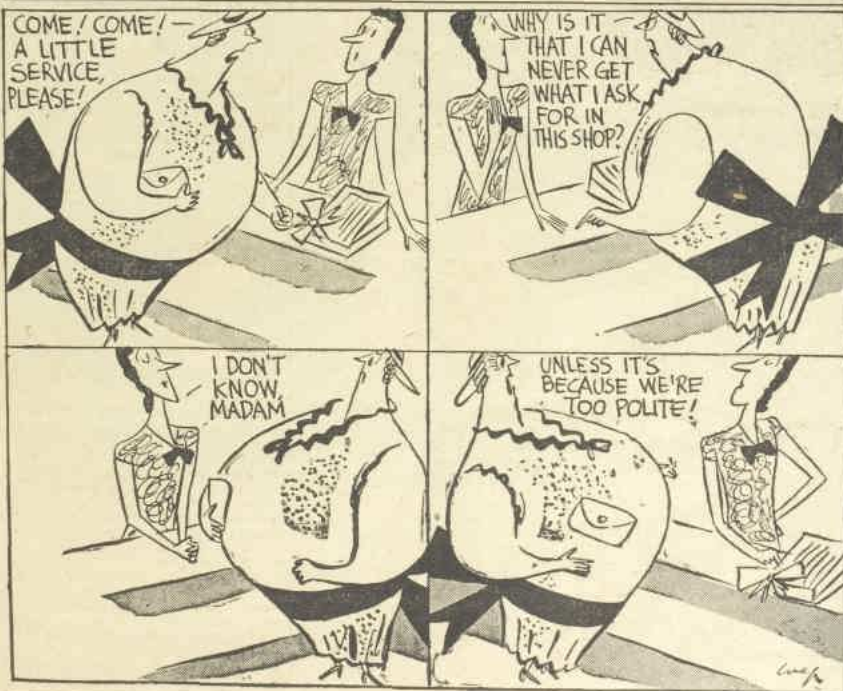
LADY McKELVEY'S cocktail party at her home in Tusculum Street this week was not only a cheerful opportunity for a crowd of her friends to exchange Christmas greetings, but also the psychological moment for wishing Sir John "good catchin'" before his departure next day with some equally keen fellow-fishermen for his annual expedition to Sussex Inlet.

They make a real al fresco affair of it, and regard fishing, camping, and generally roughing it as an all-glorious change from the common round and daily task.

Have You Heard—

That Joyce Beazley is making an intensive study of contract bridge, as that clever young barrister, her bridegroom-to-be, is a keen enthusiast of the game? Their future home won't be in the gloomy city of Leeds, where Neville Whittingham has his practice, but some miles out in the lovely countryside of heather-clad moors.

IN and OUT of SOCIETY . . By WEP



For the Woman of Personality

Lenthéric of Paris makes this special offer

You have a charming manner, your clothes and make-up are perfect, but something is amiss if the most intimate accessory of all—your perfume—does not suit your personality. Knowing this, Lenthéric of Paris has created specially blended fragrances for each feminine type, and is making a special offer to enable you to find your own.

Do you suggest a South Sea Island dream with a background of tropical flowers and star-lit nights? Do you love gardenias above all other flowers? Lenthéric's new and indescribable *Gardenia de Tahiti* was created for you!

Are you different? Do you love the adventure of daring something new? Do you feel you can't be classified? For you Lenthéric has made his captivating, provocative *Risque Tout* (Risk Everything)!

Are you gay, lighthearted, lovable, veiling your more subtle depths with an ever-joyous carefree mood? Then yours is Lenthéric's *Lotus*

d'Or—its golden fragrance is a complement to your delicate, natural beauty.

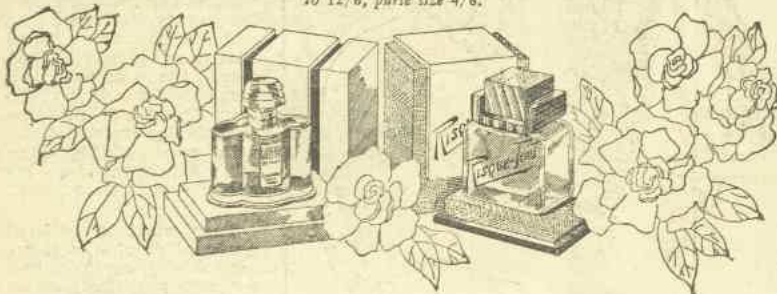
Are you more quietly poised—full of magnetic wisdom—modern—exciting? Are you a brunette or at least a statuesque blonde—unconsciously exotic? Then *Miracle* is your perfume, with its rich, almost Oriental bouquet.

And for the languorous one—the lovely, glamorous woman of intriguing charm—there is *Shanghai*, the fragrance that whispers of Oriental mystery.

SPECIAL OFFER

Lenthéric, desiring to introduce your own fragrance to you personally, is making a special offer of a trial size bottle of the perfumes described above, together with a sample of Lenthéric Face Powder, for 1/-. Only a limited number of samples are available, so be sure that you fill in the coupon below and post immediately.

All Lenthéric perfumes are imported direct from France and sold in sealed bottles only. Prices, 70/- to 12/6, per size 4/6.



Enclosed please find 1/- in Postal Order or stamps for trial size bottle of Lenthéric perfume, also sample of Face Powder. Check fragrance preferred: Lotus d'Or [] Miracle [] Gardenia de Tahiti [] Riské Tout [] Shanghai []; Check powder shade preferred: Rachel [] Rachel Rose [] Naturelle [] Mauresque (light tan) []. Important: Send Postal Order or stamps in a sealed envelope. Fill in your name and address below, and post to:—

LENTHÉRIC OF PARIS, DEPT. U, BOX 1131J, G.P.O., MELBOURNE

Name

Address

TALISMAN Ring

Continued from Page 9

"My grandfather is dead, and I am quite in my cousin's power," announced Eustacie. "And when I was on my way here I met the smugglers. And I was naturally very much afraid, and they were too, because they fired at my groom and wounded him, and he fell off his horse with both my handboxes."

Sir Tristram continued to preserve a grim silence, but at mention of the groom a slight frown knit his brows, and he looked intently at Eustacie.

"Indeed, miss?" said the Excuseman. "Then it queers me how there come to be only the tracks of one horse down the road!"

"The other horse bolted, of course," said Eustacie. "It went back to its stable."

"Maddened by fright," murmured Miss Thane, and encountered a glance from Shield which spoke volumes.

"And may I inquire, miss, how you come to know that the horse went back to its stable?"

Miss Thane held Sir Tristram's eyes with her own.

"Why, Sir Tristram here has just been telling us!" she said with calm audacity. "When the riderless horse arrived at the Court he at once feared some mishap had overtaken his cousin, and set out to ride to the rescue. Is that not so, dear sir?"

Aware of one compelling pair of humorous grey eyes upon him, and one imploring pair of black ones, Sir Tristram said:

"Just so, ma'am."

The look he received from his cousin should have rewarded him. Eustacie said:

"And then I must tell you that I took my poor groom up behind me on my own horse, but I did not know the way very well, and he was too faint to direct me, and so I was lost a long time in the forest."

The Excuseman scratched his chin.

"I'll take a look at this groom of yours, miss, if it's all the same to you."

"Just a moment!" said Sir Tristram. "If you suspect my cousin's groom of being a smuggler—"

"Well, sir, we fired on one last night, and I'm ready to swear we hit him. And it can't be denied that females are notably soft-hearted when it comes to a wounded man!"

"Possibly," said Shield, "but I am not soft-hearted, nor am I in the habit of assisting smugglers, or any other kind of law-breaker."

"No, sir," said the Excuseman, abashed by Sir Tristram's blighting tone. "I'm sure I didn't mean—"

"If the wounded man is indeed a groom from the Court I shall recognise him," continued Shield. "The affair can quite easily be settled by taking me to his room."

There was one moment's frozen silence. Sir Tristram was looking not at the Excuseman but at Eustacie, who had turned as white as her skin, and was staring at him in patent horror.

Nye's voice broke the silence.

"And that's a mighty sound notion, sir!" he said deliberately. "I'll lay your honor knows the lad as well as I do myself."

Eustacie said breathlessly:

"You cannot see him! He is in a fever!"

"Never you fret, miss," said Nye. "Sir Tristram's not one to go blaming the lad for doing what you ordered him to, nor he won't do anything to upset him. If you'll come upstairs, sir, I'll take you to him right away."

"Begging your pardon, but I'd as lief come too," said the Excuseman firmly.

"That's it, Nosey, you come!" replied Nye. "No one ain't stopping you."

Eustacie moved swiftly to the foot of the stairs as though she would bar the way, but before she could speak Miss Thane was at her side, and had swept her forward, up the stairs, with an arm round her waist.

"Yes, my love, by all means let us go too, in case the lad should be alarmed at having to face Sir Tristram."

"He must not see him! He must not!" whispered Eustacie, anguished.

"In my back bedchamber, sir," said Nye loudly. "I always house smugglers there to be handy for the riding-officers."

This withering piece of sarcasm made the Excuseman say defen-

sively that he was only trying to do his duty. Nye ignored him, and threw open the door of the back bedchamber, saying:

"Step in, Sir Tristram; I know I needn't warn you not to go for to startle a sick lad."

A small, insistent hand grasped Sir Tristram's coat sleeve. He glanced down into Eustacie's white face, saw in it entreaty and alarm, and shaking her hand off, went into the room.

Ludovic had raised himself on his elbow. Across the room his strained blue eyes met Shield's dark grey ones. Shield checked for an instant on the threshold while Miss Thane gave Eustacie's hand a reassuring squeeze, and the Excuseman said hopefully:

"Do you know him, sir?"

"Very well, indeed," replied Shield coolly. He went forward to the bed, and laid a hand on Ludovic's shoulder. "Well, my lad, you have got yourself into trouble through this piece of folly. Lie down now; I'll talk to you later." He turned, addressing the Excuseman: "I can vouch for this fellow. He does not look very like a smuggler, do you think?"

Please turn to Page Six Homemaker Section



"Look what I've got!"

SUNNY smiles soon take the place of tears when baby gets his "Ovaltine" Rusks. They are so delightfully crisp and crunchy—and so helpful at teething-time. They provide the natural biting exercise which brings each little tooth easily and comfortably through the gums.

"Ovaltine" Rusks are made from pure, unbleached wheat flour, containing all its nutritive elements. The addition of a proportion of "Ovaltine" makes them even more nourishing and delicious.

Always remember that healthy temporary teeth are essential to ensure perfect permanent teeth later on. That is why every baby and child should have "Ovaltine" Rusks.

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APPETISING • DIGESTIVE • NOURISHING
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GIVE YOUR CHILD SAFE Teething Powders

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Box of 20 Powders for 1/6 at Chemists and Stores. For Free Sample write to Phosphorine (Ashton & Parsons) Ltd., 131 Palmer Street, Sydney.

Mrs. Chandler writes:—

"I have given your wonderful Infants' Powders to my little boy almost since birth. When, during his teething, he would scream . . . but one of your Infants' Powders always soothed him and ensured a good night's rest for both of us."

Nothing, safe, reliable remedy used by wise mothers for generations.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY HOME MAKER

December 26, 1936.

A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers

Page One

You must have this ADORABLE COAT

...With its fascinating
decoration of English Quilting

SPECIALLY designed by Bertha Maxwell for evening wear, it has a smart simplicity of cut which gives it youthful lines, while the addition of the quilting gives it extra richness and beauty.

You can obtain the pattern for making this delightful coat together with the transfer for the quilting from our Needlework Department.

IN addition to its attractiveness, the coat pictured here possesses all those qualities which make it suitable for wearing at evening functions of every kind.

The collar of the coat, which turns up as a frame for your face or sets flatly out of the way, is reminiscent of the sumptuous wraps of the Medici beauties.

The beautiful stitching, which is the easiest of all needlework to do, turns a simple garment into a magnificent one.

The pattern for the coat comes in four sizes, 32-inch, 34-inch, 36-inch, and 40-inch, and costs 1/1 posted, from The Australian Women's Weekly.

The transfer measures 20 inches by 20 inches, and gives you eight large quilting motifs, specially designed for this pattern of coat; one for the collar, two for the sleeves, and five for fronts or round the lower edge of the coat. This transfer costs 1/6 posted.

Directions for making the coat are enclosed with the pattern.

The Quilting

FOR the quilting, which is done before the outer material and the lining are assembled for finishing, follow the directions given here carefully.

The Transfer: When you receive this, and open it out, you will notice that it is printed in a stitched effect to indicate its purpose, but you are not expected to follow these strokes for your stitching. You will develop a style of your own by merely working over the lines of the design, as explained later.

You will also see that one of the motifs is marked "Collar," and has two tiny extra bits of design as corner finishes. In the illustration, one of these corners is marked A, and shows what your stitching will probably look like when you are working on it.

Cut the motifs apart, and decide whether you will work only the collar and cuffs, or whether you will go on and add more quilting down each side of the front, or round the hemline instead. Both styles are equally good, and not at all tedious to do.

Three Materials

ENGLISH QUILTING: This is stitched through three materials. Thin muslin on which the design is stamped and which acts merely as a guide for the needlework, a middle lining of wadding or thin wool which gives the warmth and lovely bubbly appearance, and the rich outer silk of which the garment is made.

All the stitching is worked on the wrong side, on the muslin pattern. When finished, all surplus muslin is cut away, and the lining covers all the rough edges.

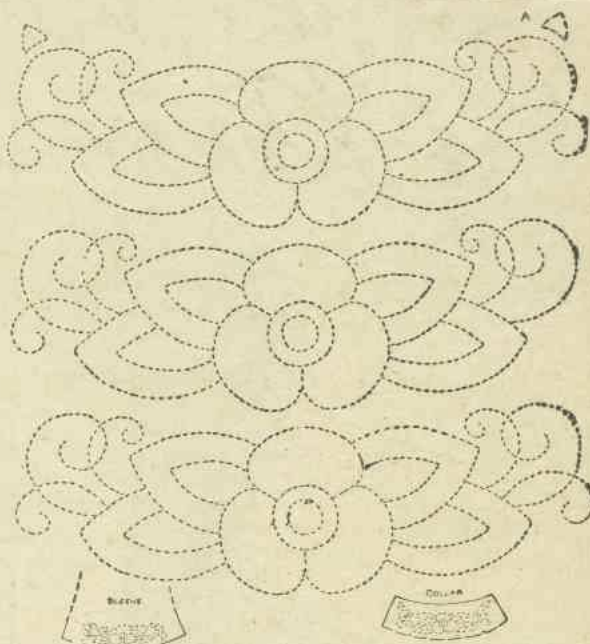
Stamp each motif on to a piece of white muslin, as thin as you can possibly get it, but stiff enough to keep its shape. If it is too limp, it will stretch on the bias and spoil the shape of the conventional flowers, leaves and scrolls in the design.

Next, put a very thin layer of wadding or extremely thin woollen



BELOW: Quilting gives the sumptuous appearance to this fascinating evening coat for which you can obtain pattern and transfer design.

RIGHT: Portion of the transfer for the quilting. The design is simple to follow.



produces the charming puffed appearance for which the stitching is done.

Complete each flower petal or leaf as you go; don't run the needle carelessly from one line to another without reason, or the work will have a muddled effect when finished. Work from each flower centre, outwards, to make everything set evenly.

Surplus Muslin

CLIP away all surplus muslin when the stitching is finished, add lining as directed, and finish off the garment. The collar, of course, is faced with a piece of the outer silk, turned inside out, and attached in the usual manner, with the quilted side to show when opened flat.

Materials: Taffeta is the ideal material for this lovely garment, either a real silk or a rayon taffeta.

Satin is also lovely, and if it were a washing satin the garment could be laundered if necessary. Crepe-de-chine is also very good.

Linings which suggest themselves are Japanese silk, China silk, crepe-de-chine, all the flowered silks made for linings, or brocades.

Colors: Oyster or off-white taffeta, stitched in gold thread, would be a lovely combination, with a pale gold lining. If gilt threads are unobtainable, a good yellow stranded cotton or flosselle would answer very well.

Black is also an effective stitcher, but requires neat work. Black material can be stitched in white or gold.

All the rose, blue, green and other shades should be stitched with matching threads or slightly deeper tints.

Charm follows

Good Health

Good Health follows the morning dose of—

SCHUMANN'S

MINERAL SPRING **SALTS**

"I cannot speak too highly of its purity and elasticity"—CLARENCE LIDDELL
Melbourne Style-expert

THIS luxurious evening coat in black velvet, designed by Clarence Liddell, Artist-tailor of Manchester Unity Buildings, Melbourne, is sewn throughout with Gutermann's Pure Silk Thread.

Mr. Liddell is only one of hundreds of leading couturiers who insist on the elasticity, economy and purity of Gutermann's Sewing Silk. His letter, below, tells you why! Read every word.

For home dressmaking, too, Gutermann's Pure Silk Thread is easily best.



CLARENCE LIDDELL
Business Firms and Couturiers in Ovens
Manchester Unity Buildings
Collins Street, Melbourne

Dear Sirs,

In appreciation of Gutermann's Sewing Silk, I cannot speak too highly of its purity, strength and elasticity. I always find that the use of this pure silk thread gives much greater satisfaction. Then, again, the great range of colours in Gutermann's Silks, makes choosing a certainty.

Yours very truly,
Clarence Liddell

Evening coat designed by CLARENCE LIDDELL

Gutermann's Sewing Silks



Savage loveliness for your lips
...a new, more exotic lipstick!

Warm, entrancing, exciting SAVAGE colour...tempered to the subtlety of sophistication for fascinating lips. SAVAGE...actually indelible...the clear, transparent colour clings, pastlessly smooth and tempting. As smart as the lipstick itself is the clever Savage case with its whirling, dancing figures. Know the thrill of savage-loveliness on your lips! One of the five stirring shades of SAVAGE Lipstick is your shade. See them all at your favorite store. TANGERINE...FLAME...NATURAL...BLUSH...JUNGLE.



2/6

The highly indelible
SAVAGE LIPSTICK
Savagely clings to lovely lips

RECOMMENDED BY THE MEDICAL PROFESSION
Approved by Doctors
RENDELLS
Famous for 50 years
WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET—
Jules Trepont—WARD AND WARD AUSTRALIAN LIMITED
222 CLARENCE STREET, SYDNEY

THESE WILL HELP With Holiday CATERING

Prize-winning Recipes in Our Best Recipe Competition

Soon the merry Christmas feast will be but another happy memory, which leaves housewives wondering frantically how they can again tempt family appetites.

BUT here's an interesting selection of dainties which should appeal to all.

Why not enter your favorite recipe in our popular weekly competition—you may help other readers, and win for yourself a cash prize.

Seven prizes are given each week, first prize of £1, and six consolation prizes of 2/6 each.

CHOCOLATE SUNDAY PIE

One and a half cups evaporated milk, 1 teaspoon grated nutmeg, 3 egg yolks, 1 cup sugar, 1-8 teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon gelatine, 3 tablespoons cold water, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, 3 egg whites beaten stiff, 1 cup sweetened whipped cream, 1 cup grated chocolate (or a little cocoa).

Heat milk and nutmeg in a double boiler, beat egg yolks with salt and sugar until light, pour hot milk over egg mixture, return to boiler and cook until consistency of thick cream, remove from fire, add gelatine, which has been soaked in the cold water, add vanilla, and cool. When nearly set, beat with egg-beater and fold in the stiffly-beaten whites. Now pour this mixture into a rich pie-crust, which has already been cooked. Put in a cool place to set. When cold, cover with whipped cream and sprinkle top with grated chocolate (or cocoa).

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. J. Halse, Bringo, via Narangulu, W.A.

APRICOT CRUTNEY

Eight pounds apricots, 2lb. brown sugar, 2lb. seeded raisins, 6 medium sized onions, 2lb. salt, 1 quart vinegar, 1 tablespoon ground cloves, 2 tablespoons mustard, 2 tablespoons ground ginger, 1/2 tablespoon cayenne.

Stone apricots and cut them into small pieces. Peel onions and slice thinly. Mix all ingredients well together before pouring on vinegar. Boil for 1/2 hour, then bottle. Consolation prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. Dunning, Vernades, Kettering, Tas.

ECONOMICAL ICE CREAM (4 FLAVORS)

Mix 1/2 pint milk with 1/2 cup of sugar. Heat to lukewarm, NOT HOT, stir constantly. Remove from stove. (Be sure sugar is dissolved). Add one-third of a bottle of junket essence. Stir a few seconds, and pour at once into a bowl, and let stand for 10 minutes to set. Whip 1/2 pint of cream, until just firm, then stir into mixture. Place in refrigerator tray at coldest temperature. When partly frozen (thick around edges)

Health and Beauty Diets

Hay Diet—Menus and Recipes

SEVERAL menus and recipes for the Hay diet so popular just now have already appeared in recent issues of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Here are further meals compiled on Hay principles:

MONDAY
Breakfast (Alkaline): One or two glasses of milk and fresh oranges, or bunch of grapes, or an apple, or any other acid fruits in season—unweetened.
Luncheon (Protein): Chicken, roast or boiled, or mutton, served with greens, beans and onions. Two or three cooked vegetables can be used. A lettuce salad with tomatoes and a sweet of sliced pears served with whipped cream. Black coffee with slice of lemon.
Dinner (Starch): Creamed soup. No meat stock must be used. A salad of potatoes, spring onions, tomatoes and radishes. Dressing of plain oil, sweet or sour cream. Vanilla ice cream or coconut tart. Small cup of coffee to which cream and sugar may be added.
Vanilla Ice Cream: One quart cream, 1 1/2 tablespoons vanilla extract, 1/4 cup brown sugar, pinch salt.
Mix all ingredients thoroughly and freeze.
Coconut Tart: Half-cup butter, 1/4 cup brown sugar, 8 egg yolks beaten, pastry, cream, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, 2 cups grated coconut.
Cream sugar and butter thoroughly and add beaten egg yolks, nutmeg, and coconut. Add enough cream to make mixture soft. Line small patty tins with pastry and fill with coconut mixture. Bake in moderate oven. Sprinkle with brown sugar.

scrape from sides and bottom of tray, thoroughly beating up contents quickly with a fork, then replace to finish freezing.
This makes approx. 10 servings of delicious creamy-flavored ice-cream.

Consolation prize of 2/6 to Mrs. R. Daly, 23 Foreman Street, Tempe, N.S.W.

SWEET PICKLED ONIONS

One pound of small young or white onions, 2 large cups of brown sugar, 1 1/2 pints of vinegar, a few cloves or pepper corns.

Slice the onions thinly and place in layers into large dish, sprinkle with salt. Bring vinegar, cloves and sugar to boil, and pour over the sliced onions, cover with close lid. They are then ready for use the next day. Eucalypts can be done the same way. Consolation prize of 2/6 to M. Simpson, 19 Eureka Street, Burwood, Sydney.

SAUSAGE LYNNANE

Half pound pork sausages, 6 large Spanish onions, 2oz. dripping, 1 rubber bacon, 1 sliced carrot, 1 sliced turnip, bunch herbs, brown gravy, salt and pepper to taste.

Peel onions, cut out centre with cutter or knife, chop up centres and mix with sausage meat, then carefully fill shells of onions with this. Cut bacon up small, put in a casserole with vegetables, herbs and dripping, salt and pepper, heat for 5 minutes, add onions carefully and bake. Cover casserole and cook 2 hours. Lift out onions on to hot dish, surround with vegetables; pour over heated gravy. Serve very hot.
Consolation prize of 2/6 to Miss J. Spiden, Thinsomba, Q.

RAW VEGETABLE SALAD IN JELLY

One packet lemon jelly, 1 pint boiling water, 2 tablespoons vinegar, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1/2 cup raw carrots, finely chopped, 1 cup raw cabbage, finely shredded, 4 tablespoons green pepper, finely chopped, dash of cayenne.
Dissolve jelly in boiling water. Add vine-



THAT favorite dish you make so often—why not enter the recipe in our weekly competition? You may win for you a cash prize.

EST. salt and cayenne and chill. We slightly thickened, fold in vegetables, mixing lightly. Turn into individual moulds. Chill until firm. Unmould on crisp lettuce. Garnish with mayonnaise. Serves 4.
Consolation prize of 2/6 to Mrs. G. La Roche Road, Nanango, Qld.

CORNISH POTATO CAKE

Half pound flour, 2lb. cooked potatoes, 3oz. meat, 4oz. stoned raisins, a little sugar or salt according to taste.
Rub shredded meat into flour, add potatoes, butter. Add other ingredients and mix up stiff dough with a little milk. Roll out one piece, about an inch thick. Put in a hot oven in moderate oven for half an hour. Serve hot, cut into squares, with butter.
Consolation prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Ridd, Warrandyte Road, Donvale, Vic.

It's BOVRIL you need



If you are easily tired and get that "middle of the morning" feeling, try taking a cup of Bovril daily. As soon as you drink Bovril you feel its invigorating action on the system. Bovril is quick to check fatigue and restore vitality.

BOVRIL

prevents that sinking feeling

BOTH "Regular" ... BUT BOTH CONSTIPATED
Don't let regularity deceive you. Most headaches, most fits of depression, and loss of "pop" can be traced to constipation. If your bowels are not THOROUGH as well as "regular" you're constipated—and need Chamberlain's Tablets.

CHAMBERLAIN'S TABLETS

they tone and strengthen stomach and liver.

... now for the NEW YEAR PARTY!

BY...
RUTH FURST
Cookery Expert to
The Australian Women's
Weekly.

A NEW YEAR'S EVE party... Isn't it just the most exciting one for the year? Everyone happy, feeling in their most festive mood... Lots of delicious things to eat... Music... Laughter... Dancing... and once more the song, "Auld Lang Syne."

PERHAPS you are planning to be the hostess at this year's New Year party. And you want to have the nicest party fare possible, for what is a party without lots of good things to eat?

Well, here are some recipes to help you—some old—some new—but all the most delicious.

As a guide for your catering these hints should be helpful: A 2lb. sandwich loaf makes 18 sandwiches, which, if cut in four, makes 72 small sandwiches (allow two sandwiches to each guest); 1lb. butter sufficient to spread 2lb. loaf; six hard-boiled eggs, mashed, sufficient for a 2lb. loaf; 1lb. loaf sugar contains 112 pieces; six gallons coffee sufficient for 100—small cups; one

A welcome for 1937 with some new recipes and some old favorites. Fare that will earn you big success as a hostess!



SAVORIES are great favorites at parties, and arranged attractively on dishes they add a gay decorative note to the supper table.

quart ice cream sufficient for 16 persons.

ROSE SAVORY

Large grapefruit or Seville orange, small square cheese biscuits, 1/2 lb. beetroot, frankfurts or cocktail sausages, gherkins, small wooden skewers.

Cut the gherkins into slices; cut beetroot into slices and with small plain cutter cut into rounds. Do the same with the cheese, using a cutter a size larger. Cut frankfurts into slices. Butter the biscuits. Take a wooden skewer or toothpick and put it through centre of gherkin, then beetroot, cheese, frankfurts, and then centre of biscuit. Stick firmly into the grapefruit. Do this till fruit is completely covered. Serve on paper d'oyley with leaves round the base.

CELERY SAVORIES

Small cheese biscuits, 1/2 cup fresh cream, 1 tablespoon finely-grated cheese, 1/2 tsp. salt, stick celery, cayenne.

Chop the white part of the celery very finely, whip the cream; add to it the celery, celery salt, cheese, and cayenne. Pile the mixture on to the cheese biscuits and garnish with green celery-tips or parsley.

SCOTCH MISTS

Five ounces of self-raising flour, 6oz. butter, 3oz. icing sugar, 5oz. cornflour, vanilla essence.

Cream butter and sugar, add flour well-sifted together. Roll into balls, place on greased Swiss roll tins, bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes (i.e., until they are just a pale fawn). When cold, ice with a dab of pale pink icing, and place a piece of cherry on each.

NOUGAT SANDWICH

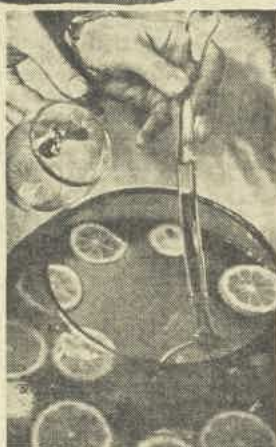
One sponge or butter sandwich, whipped or mock cream, 8oz. sugar, finely chopped nuts.

Put sugar into an enamel saucepan, place over gentle heat, allow to slowly dissolve, then become a golden-brown, add the nuts, pour into well-greased sandwich tin and leave till cold. Make sandwich. When quite cold, join together with cream, then spread top with cream. Turn nougat from tin carefully, and lay on the cream, or break up finely and sprinkle over the cream.

CLARET CUP

One pint bottle claret, 1 small bottle soda water, 1 small bottle lemonade, 2 tablespoons sugar, thin slices cucumber, thin slices lemon, nutmeg.

Put the claret into a jug, add the soda water, lemonade, nutmeg, sugar, lemon, and cucumber. Mix well. Let the jug stand embedded



FRUIT CUP or punch—it looks simply beautiful in a big ornamental witch bowl with pieces of fruit floating in it.

In ice for at least one hour before serving. Claret cup can be made using all lemonade and less sugar, or all soda water and more sugar.

ICE CREAM

One quart milk, 6 yolks eggs, 6 dessertspoons sugar, 1 dessertspoon vanilla.

Beat the yolks of eggs well. Add the sugar and beat well. When the milk is almost boiling, pour it gradually on to the beaten eggs. Mix well, then return to a double saucepan, and stir till it coats the spoon. Remove from the water and stand in cold water. When cold, add the vanilla, and freeze in the usual way. Always add more sugar and essence than required for a boiled custard, as it loses the flavor and sweetness in the freezing.

ICED COFFEE

Milk, coffee essence, or strong coffee, sugar, whipped cream. Mix the milk and coffee to the strength required, and chill thoroughly. Serve in tall glasses, placing a teaspoon of whipped cream on top before serving.

FRUIT CUP No. 1

One quart weak tea, half-dozen oranges, 4 lemons, sugar to flavor, wine to taste.

Make the tea very weak, and allow it to become quite cold. Add the strained orange and lemon juice, then the sugar, and sherry, or whatever wine preferred. Let the jug stand embedded in ice for at least one hour before serving. The juice of any fruit can be added, such as passionfruit or pineapple, and stoned cherries can be added, too.



FOR THE MOST exciting party of the year—the one to which in the New Year—you must have scrumptious fare—nice things to eat and the silliest of novelties, balloons, hats and crackers.

ASPARAGUS ROLLS

Thin slices of bread, butter, asparagus, salt, cayenne, frying fat.

Butter the bread and remove the crusts. Place a well-drained stalk of asparagus on the bread, and roll up evenly, fastening if necessary. Attach end with wooden toothpick. Wet fry till a pale brown. Drain on white paper. Remove the picks. Serve at once, piled high on a hot dish, garnished with sprigs of parsley.

Note: Any savory filling may be spread on the bread, rolled up and fried.

OYSTER PATTIES

Some puff pastry, 2 doz. oysters, 6 tablespoons milk, 6 tablespoons oyster liquor, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 dessertspoon flour, anchovy sauce, salt, cayenne.

Make the pastry. Cut into rounds with a plain cutter, cut half-way through with a small cutter. Bake in hot oven 15 minutes. Make the white sauce with the flour, butter, milk and oyster liquor. Add the salt, cayenne, lemon juice, and anchovy sauce to taste, then the bearded oysters. Remove the centres from the patties, fill with the oyster mixture, put the top on. Serve on a paper d'oyley, garnish with slices of lemon and sprigs of parsley.

If you get sunburnt

If you happen to get sunburnt go straight away and use the famous Creme Charmosan and you will be forever thankful for the magic way in which it relieves your pain and misery.

Not only does Creme Charmosan remove many faults and many signs of age from your skin, and make it look years and years younger and prettier, but it contains seven things for protecting your skin from the burning heat of Summer or the bitter cold of Winter.

Use the famous Creme Charmosan freely on a sunburnt skin—it always have a jar on your dressing-table and a tube in your handbag and you are safe.

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GLAMOROUS NEW COLOUR FOR YOUR LIPS...

gives the illusion of colour BENEATH the skin

Here's headline news for smart girls! Dr. Pacini, recognised cosmetic expert, has evolved a NEW principle of colouring for the Kissproof Lipstick. Clear, glowing shades that give the illusion of colour BENEATH the skin. This NEW Kissproof Lipstick keeps lips soft and smooth, prevents chapping and drying. Four vital shades—Natural, Theatrical, Raspberry, Orange.

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BEAUTIFY YOUR EYES with Delica-Brow. Makes lashes look longer, darker; encourages that fascinating upward curl. Black, Brown or Blue. A Kissproof product.

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Be you dark, auburn, fair or white, Camilatone will give your hair a new, fascinating brilliance. Camilatone is not an ordinary shampoo. Its gentle action not only cleanses the hair but nourishes it, makes it soft and lustrous. Just try it—you can obtain Camilatone at all good hairdressers and chemists at 9d. a packet, including special rinse to suit your shade of hair.

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And, if you want sport, there are lakes and streams where you can tempt the trout; fishing grounds where you can pit your skill against giant sword fish and make sharks; picturesque well-kept links for a round of golf; shooting; or hiking on scenic trails. Come this Summer.

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Displays

**Sweet-scented
STOCKS**

No garden can be dull
with such bright Heralds
of Winter.

... Says the
OLD GARDENER



AMONG THE MOST successful of all flowers for colorful display purposes are sweet-scented stocks. Grown in mass formation they can be depended upon to brighten up the garden in the early winter.

EVEN the most indifferent gardeners will rhapsodise over the glory of stocks. Last season proved a particularly good one for these old-world favorites, and with their exquisite coloring and delicate perfume they are now one of the most treasured gems of the garden.

FOR an early winter display of stocks you should start preparations now.

For your seed bed select a cool, semi-shaded position, where the young plants will receive plenty of morning sun, with shelter through the hotter part of the day.

And remember, plant them in poor soil and they will flourish, but if the soil is too rich, weak, spindly plants will be the result.

Dig the ground thoroughly and remove all weeds, then firm the soil with a piece of flat board, and sprinkle the seeds over the surface. Cover lightly with finely-sifted soil and water well.

In a few days the tiny plants will appear, and then the bed must be kept moist, but not too wet.

When the seedlings are large enough, prick out into boxes, spacing them one inch apart each way. When raising your own plants it is advisable to transplant them into boxes, thus giving the seedlings an opportunity to form a strong root system.

When the seeds are planted the next work is to select and prepare the permanent beds for your plants. Stocks love the sun (particularly the morning sun), but will not flower in shady spots. Good drainage, too, is essential.

Prepare the bed thoroughly by deep digging and the use of plenty of well-decayed stable or farm-yard manure, or leaf mould.

When stocks are transplanted from the nursery, be sure they have a good start in life by giving them plenty of plant food. At planting-time, a sprinkle of blood-and-bone, worked in below the surface, will be of great assistance.

The roots of the stocks go well down into the soil, so it is necessary to have the plant food several inches below the surface.

Stocks also thrive when there is plenty of lime in the soil.

For 1937 there are some new varieties of stocks, which should make your garden gay, than ever before. The Giant Nice, for instance, has been greatly improved, and now

reaches the pinnacle of perfection with its tall spikes of fragrant blossoms in every conceivable shade.

A popular new Australian-raised variety is the Glory-of-Keller, which is a biennial, but may be treated also as an annual. These plants grow to a height of 2½ feet, and the huge double flowers are a glorious shade of lavender pink.

**NEW STOCK
"GLORY OF KELLER"**

A new Giant Imperial Stock with large double flowers borne in huge racemes, with long stems. The best yet. An amazingly beautiful clear lavender-pink shade. A bewitching variety for vases and garden display. 1½-pkt. PEIDON OF KELLER is the well known purple variety at 5d. pkt.

GIANT IMPERIAL Stocks are head and shoulders over all other strains. Separate shades of Antique Copper, Yellow, Dark Blue, Royal Purple, Blood Red, Golden Line, Lavender, Old Rose, Deep Rose, Improved White, Canary, and Mixed. 1½-pkt. 6 paks. 3/-, 12 paks 10/-, post free.

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**FOR Young WIVES
And MOTHERS
Natural Feeding Best**

By MARY TRUBY KING

Following on last week's article dealing with the choice of a maternity hospital, comes a reader's query: "I have been advised not to feed my child naturally, as this will deprive me of the necessary strength to recover quickly from childbirth. How much truth is there in this, and what would you advise?"

THERE is no truth at all in the extraordinary statement that a woman should not nurse her baby from the beginning because it tends to weaken her. Nothing of the sort is at all likely to take place.

Mothers should know that one who breast-feeds will recover more quickly and more permanently from childbirth than one in whom lactation is never established.

Therefore, besides being best for baby, natural feeding from the

start is infinitely best for the mother. Failure to nurse baby at the breast causes more or less pelvic congestion, thus giving rise to displacements and other disabilities. Such displacements often undermine the health and call for operations later on.

It is a universal truth that complete fulfilment of the full cycle of motherhood (i.e., nine months carrying period and nine months at the breast) invariably tends to strengthen and not pull down the nutrition and physical fitness of mothers.



You can depend upon the permanence of Lenthéric's new Lipstick, for it's cocktail-proof and even salt water won't affect it! Obtainable in the black-and-white container, selling at 3/9, refills 2/6, or in the smart new Streamline container illustrated, at 10/6, refills 6/6.

**Lenthéric
Paris**

LITTLE HOME of GREAT CHARM

A woman designs a house . . . and achieves charm and comfort with many work-saving features at a limited cost

MANY practical and decorative ideas gleaned from pictures and articles which have appeared from time to time in The Australian Women's Weekly home decoration pages have been carried out in this extremely pleasant little home and give it unusual interest.

FOR once a woman has had her own way. This time, Mrs. C. F. Kelly, who designed the house in collaboration with her husband, has been able to include ideas that she specially desired.

The result is a home that cost less than £1000 to build and yet possesses charm, comfort, and convenience with a minimum of house-work.

The design of the exterior, the window-shutters, the lounge-room fireplace, the kitchen alcove, and the hall furnishings, for instance, were gleaned from our home decoration pages.

Spanish Style

THE house is built of warm, red bricks, and adapted in design from a Spanish style. Although

it not only supplies light, but acts as a decoration as well. A narrow, high-backed wood bench completes the hall furnishings.

An interesting feature is a three-cornered linen press, which fits into the corner where the hall and passage meet. It is fitted with mirror doors, and the effect from either hallway is quite delightful.

The living-rooms are all on one side, and the bedrooms and



bathroom on the other; while an entrance hall leading into the lounge-room and a passage to the other rooms obviate walking through one room to get to another.

In the lounge, the fireplace of russet-textured bricks, with a mantel which extends the length of the room, is outstanding. At either side there are bookshelves which give the room a friendly touch.

As you pass to the dining-room you notice that the doors, which are also fitted with gold Flemish glass, swing both ways—an excellent idea in a small house. You will also notice that the fascinating Saturn lights—big round globes of glass tinted pale gold, encircled with green glass rings—hang from chromium rods instead of from ugly cords.

Golden ray mirrors, one over the lounge-room fireplace and another

in the dining-room, repeat the color note of the Flemish glass and Saturn lights.

There is no sideboard in the dining-room. Instead, there is a cocktail cupboard supplemented with a specially-made traymobile which fits under the servery. The servery, in turn, opens into the kitchen, and thus not only eliminates the necessity for a sideboard, but saves work and time, as all china and glass are kept in one big cupboard in the kitchen below the servery.

Green Kitchen

THE kitchen would delight the heart of any woman. It was copied from a picture which appeared in The Australian Women's Weekly. Cupboards which extend from floor to almost ceiling height with working space between run the length of the room.

At the far end beneath the window is the sink with wide draining boards on either side.

At the opposite end is a pretty meal corner including a built-in table and a seat along the wall side. There is a window over the table which looks out into the hall. Its purpose is to provide light in the hall and act as a decoration for the meal alcove.

The entire color scheme of the kitchen is pale green with a little primrose-green linoleum on the floor, green lacquered woodwork with black wooden handles and green stove.

Delphinium Blue

THE bedrooms have also been furnished in a practical manner. In one room carried out in delphinium blue and fawn twin beds of chromium steel tubing are supplemented with two large loughboys (instead of wardrobes), a pier-glass on one wall, two matching chairs and a bedside table.

Just how attractive a color scheme in black and white can be is demonstrated in the bathroom. All fittings, bath, pedestal basin, etc., are white, the floor is done in black and white tiling and the white tiled walls are finished with black trimmings.

A cosmetic shelf of shining black carrara in front of a large mirror on the wall adds a smart touch.

—J.K.



ABOVE: An exterior view showing green shutters and door. The home, which is in Rose Avenue, Concord, cost less than £1000 to build and incorporates many ideas from pictures and articles which have appeared in The Australian Women's Weekly home decoration pages.

LEFT: A tall, narrow window at the end of the hall provides light and decoration. It is fitted with gold Flemish glass to match the eye-window in the door.

Needlework Notions

HOLIDAY NEEDLEWORK...

Pretty Crochet d'Oyley

To be worked in blue and cream cottons on linen centre.

Crochet-lovers will find this pretty round d'oyley in dainty lace pattern simple and quick to work.

IF you have any spare time while you are away on your holidays, this d'oyley would be an ideal trifle with which to while away the time. Just pack the cottons and crochet hook, together with the directions for making given here, into a corner of your suitcase.

Materials: Round linen centre 2½ inches in diameter, 1 ball Semco pearl cotton No. 12, blue, 1 ball linen, Semco crochet hook No. 8.

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; D.C., double crochet; T., treble; pic.,



CROCHETED in blue and cream cottons with linen centre.

picot. (5 ch. 1 D.C. into 4th from hook.)

Commence by working d.c. D.C. closely into linen centre, using the linen shade thread.

1st Row: 6 ch., miss 3 d.c., 1 t. into next. Repeat all round.

2nd Row: 6 ch., 1 t. into centre of loop of previous row. Repeat.

3rd Row: 6 ch., 1 t. into centre ch., 1 pic., 1 t. into same ch. 6 ch.

4th Row: 8 ch., 1 t. into centre of loop (not into picot).

5th Row: 8 ch., 1 t. into centre of loop.

6th Row: 8 ch., 1 t. into centre of loop, 1 pic., 1 t. into same ch. 8 ch.

7th Row: 9 ch., 1 t. into centre of loop.

8th Row: 3 t., 2 ch., 3 t. into every loop of previous row.

9th Row: 3 t., 2 ch., 3 t. into every 2 ch. loop of previous row.

10th Row: 3 t., 3 ch. 3 t. into every 2 ch. loop. Fasten off. Join in the blue cotton.

11th Row: 9 ch., 1 d.c. into every loop of 3 ch.

12th Row: 12 d.c. into every loop.

13th Row: 5 ch., 1 pic., 5 ch., 1 d.c. into centre d.c. on loop.

14th Row: 5 d.c. over 5 ch., 2 d.c., 3 t., 2 d.c., into pic., 5 d.c. on 5 ch. Fasten off. Join in linen thread.

15th Row: 10 ch., 1 t., 1 pic., 1 t., 10 ch., 1 d.c. into next loop.

16th and 17th Rows: Same as 15th row.



AN ideal garment for a tiny boy—a romper suit in strong jaspé cloth, cut ready for sewing up and traced for embroidery with cute little animal figures. The material is ideal for hard wear and launders well. The price at our Needlework Department is 1/1, plus 3d. for postage.

Air Can Now Be Washed to Keep Shoppers Cool

Modern stores are becoming summer resorts, by the installation of the new refrigerated system of air-conditioning. Not only is the air purified and cooled, but it is changed entirely every twelve minutes.

REFRIGERATED air-conditioning, which has been introduced into up-to-date stores in America, has now come to Sydney.

Merely by operating a switch, the human hand can control the atmosphere. A hot, sultry summer day can be altered, if desired, to a temperature to equal winter weather.

The unit installed by Farmer and Co., Ltd., of Sydney, has a capacity of 280 tons of refrigeration. This

is equivalent to the cooling effect of the melting of approximately 600,000 lbs. of ice over a space of 24 hours—a quantity sufficient to supply quite a large town.

These technicalities do not convey to the average woman reader the full advantages of shopping under ideal atmospheric conditions.

It means that refrigerated air-conditioning can now remove odors and dust from the air. This is done by a washing process that keeps the air alive and gently circulating.

2GB presents

"MICKEY MOUSE CHOIR"
Is young Australia musical? You will agree it is after hearing the splendid choir of 60 young voices conducted by Albert Reg in a grand half-hour entertainment from 2GB Tuesday, December 22, at 8.45 p.m.

"A CHILD IS BORN"
What more fitting programme for Christmas Day than this reverent portrayal of the first Christmas morning when for the first time the great message of "Peace on earth and Goodwill to men" was announced. Christmas morning at 9.00 a.m.

"SOLOMON THE SECOND"
No one can dispute his title as the wisest guy on earth, and the funniest. Three mornings a week he answers all sorts of queries and solves your problems for you in the most novel and ridiculous manner. Each Monday, Wednesday, and Thursday at 7.00 a.m.

"BROADWAY PIE"
Here it is, one of the greatest half-hour live talent shows on the air to-day—"Broadway Pie," featuring four old favourites, Dill and Daffy Dill, Susie and a host of live talent, commencing on Christmas Eve, December 24, and thereafter each Thursday night at 9.15.

2GB

"The Favourite Station"

Bookings were so Big at Xmas
that many were disappointed

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TALISMAN Ring

Continued from Page 30

"No, sir, I'm bound to say he don't," said the Excelsior man slowly, staring at Ludovic. "I'd say he looked uncommon like the old lord—from what I remember. It's the nose. It ain't a nose one forgets, somehow."

"It is a nose often seen in these parts," said Sir Tristram with dry significance.

The Excelsior man blinked at him for a moment, and then, as light broke in on him, said hurriedly:

"Oh, that's the way it is! I beg pardon, I'm sure! No offence meant! If you can vouch for the young fellow, of course I ain't got no more to say, sir."

"Then, if you ain't got no more to say, you can take yourself off!" said Kye, thrusting him out of the room. "It don't do the house any good having your kind in it. Next you'll be telling me I've got smuggled liquor in my cellar!"

"And so you have!" rejoined the Excelsior man immediately.

The door closed behind them; those in the little chamber could hear the altercation gradually growing fainter as Kye shepherd his unwelcome guest down the stairs.

No one moved or spoke until the voices had died away. Then Eustace caught Sir Tristram's hand and pressed it to her cheek, saying simply:

"I will do anything you wish. I will even marry you!"

Sir Tristram, ignoring this remark, said: "In God's name, Ludovic, what are you doing here?"

"Free-trading," replied Ludovic with complete sangfroid.

Shield's face darkened. "Are you jesting?"

"No, no, he really is a smuggler, Cousin Tristram!" said Eustace earnestly. "It is very romantic, I think. Do not you?"

"No, I do not!" said Shield. "Hasn't your name been smirched enough, you young fool? Smuggling! And you can lie there and blandly tell me of it!"

Ludovic said savagely: "You may be thankful I can do nothing but lie here! Do you think I care whether I'm hanged for a Free-trader or a murderer? I'm ruined, aren't I? Then, curse it, I'll go to the devil my own way!" He lay back, his right hand clenching on the coverlet.

Sir Tristram bent and grasped Ludovic's wrist, and lifted it, staring at the bare fingers. "Show me your other hand!" he said harshly.

Ludovic's lips twisted into a bitter smile. He wrenched his wrist out of Shield's hold, and put back the bedclothes to show his left arm in a sling. The fingers were as bare as those of his right hand.

Sir Tristram raised his eyes to that haggard young face.

"If you had it it would never leave your finger!" he said. "Ludovic, where is the ring?"

"Famous!" mocked Ludovic. "Brace it out, Tristram! Where is the ring indeed? You do not know, of course!"

"What the devil do you mean by that?" demanded Shield in a voice that made Eustace jump.

LUDOVIC flung off Miss Thane's restraining hand, and sat up as though moved by a spring.

"You know what I mean!" he said, quick and panting. "You laid your plans very skillfully, my clever cousin, and you took care to ship me out of England before I'd time to think who besides myself could want the ring more than anything on earth! Does it grace your collection now? Tell me, does it give you satisfaction when you look at it?"

"If you were not a wounded man, I'd give you the thrashing of your life, Ludovic!" said Shield, very white about the mouth. "I have stood veiled hints from Basil, but

not even he dare say to my face what you have said!"

"Basil—Basil believed in me!" Ludovic gasped. "It was you—you!"

Miss Thane caught him as he fell back, and lowered him on to his pillows. "Now see what you have done!" she said severely. "Harta-horn, Eustace!"

Sir Tristram obliged him to drink some water. He laid him down again, and handed the glass to Miss Thane.

"Listen to me!" he said, standing over Ludovic. "I never had your ring in my hands. Until this moment I would have sworn it was in your possession."

Ludovic had averted his face, but he turned his head at that.

"If you have not got it, who has?" he said wearily.

"I don't know, but I'll do my best to find out," replied Shield.

Ludovic was watching Shield intently.

"Tristram, you know something!" Shield glanced down at him.

"No. But Plunker was shot by someone who wanted the talisman ring, and only that. If you were not the man, I know of only one other who could have done it."

Ludovic raised himself slightly, staring at his cousin with knit brows.

"My God, but he believed me! He was the only one who believed me!"

"So implicitly," said Shield, "that he advised you to face your trial—with evidence enough against you to hang you twice over! Have you never wondered why he did that?"

Ludovic made a gesture as though brushing it aside.

"Oh, I guessed he would be glad to step into my shoes, but damme, to plan a cold-blooded murder just to dispose of me, and then pretend belief in my story—No, surely he could not do it!"

"I know that Sylvester mistrusted him," said Shield.

"Sylvester!" said Ludovic scornfully.

"Oh, Sylvester was no fool," answered Shield.

"Good heavens, he mistrusted scores of people, me among them!"

"So little did he mistrust you," said Shield, putting his hand into his waistcoat pocket, "that he bade me give you that, if ever I should see you again, and tell you not to pledge it."

Ludovic stared at the great ruby.

"Thunder and turf, did he leave me that?"

"As you see. He asked me just before he died whether I thought your story had been true after all."

"I dare swear you told him 'No,'" remarked Ludovic, slipping the ring on to his finger.

"I did," said Shield calmly. "You must remember that I heard that shot, not ten minutes after I had parted from you, and I knew what sort of humor you were in."

Ludovic shot him a fiery glance.

"You thought me capable of murder, in fact!"

To be Continued

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For flawless beauty of complexion, care for your skin as you would for a rare flower.

PERHAPS the most embarrassing of all complexion troubles are skin eruptions of various kinds—embarrassing because they are so noticeable, and the cause of much despair because they are often seemingly difficult to eradicate.

These unpleasant blemishes—pimples, blackheads, and acne—can be got rid of, but complete eradication can only be accomplished with unremitting care and attention.

FIRST your general health must be improved. Skin eruptions are merely an indication that your health is not what it should be.

The blood stream must be cleansed from impurities and this can be done by careful dieting. What is, not doing without foods, but selecting the proper foods and arranging your meals so that fruit and vegetables, both cooked and raw, form the major part of them.

Eliminate all starchy foods, sweets, puddings and pastry, and as far as possible cut down breads and cereals which are also starches. Eliminate also all greasy foods, such as fats, fried dishes, highly seasoned foods and sauces, and strong tea or coffee.

When you arise in the morning drink a tumbler or two of warm water, to which you have added the juice of a lemon. This is splendid for cleansing the blood and clearing the skin.

Health Diet

MAKE your breakfast one of fruit only, if possible, or if you are very hungry have also thin whole-wheat bread toasted with a scraping of butter, and weak tea or coffee, or preferably skimmed milk.

For lunch have a large salad of fresh vegetables and fruit and weak tea or coffee or skimmed milk. If this is not sufficient you may also have vegetable soup or lamb broth, one thin slice of wholewheat bread and cooked or fresh fruit.

For dinner at night have a moderate helping only of lean meat and plenty of cooked and raw vegetables, but eliminate potatoes and bread. Here again you may also have soup if desired and sweets of fresh or cooked fruit.

Special Treatment

THE next essential is absolute cleanliness. In addition to your daily bath or shower, cleanse the face thoroughly both night and morning.

For blackheads, which can be caused by too little or too much oil in the skin, there is a special daily treatment. Before cleansing the skin at night, hold several hot wet towels to the face and then put in pure olive oil that is almost hot.

After massaging with the oil, make a lather of pure olive oil soap and with a soft complexion brush thoroughly scrub the face; rinse and dry.

Follow this with an almond meal cream mask. To make this, add sufficient peroxide to one cupful of almond meal to make a thick paste. Thin out the paste with rosewater until it is of a creamy consistency and stir until smooth.

Before applying the paste, again hold two hot towels to your face, letting them steam for two or three minutes in order to open the pores. Then apply the mask and allow to dry for fifteen minutes.

Remove with cold water, rinse and dry the skin thoroughly and massage with a little skin food.



By...
Evelyn



A PERFECT combination of beauty, in which exquisite gardenias serve to emphasise the flower-like loveliness of a flawless complexion.

—Courtesy Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Houbigant

the name
that is a guarantee
of the highest
quality



PARFUM
MUELOUX FLEURS



PARFUM
MUELOUX FLEURS



PARFUM
PRESENCE

Made exclusively in Paris

WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

Drink Plenty of Water to
Keep the Kidneys Healthy

PATIENT: The doctor has advised me that I must be careful to keep my kidneys in a healthy condition. Can you give me some advice about these organs?

IN a summary way one might say that the waste products of the body—produced by the transformation of food into the tissues of the body through the process of oxidation—are urea, carbon dioxide, salts and water.

The main avenues by which these leave the body are the skin, the lungs, the bowels and the kidneys. The kidneys, however, take care of nearly all the urea, a large amount of water, a small quantity of carbon dioxide, and the greater proportion of the salts.

One can understand, therefore, how tremendously important the kidneys are in maintaining health. The kidneys are really glands made up of a very complicated system of tubes.

There are two kidneys, one situated to the right and the other to the left of the spinal column or backbone, and in the abdominal cavity.

In a short article such as this it would be impossible to describe in detail the marvellous network of tiny tubes and blood-vessels which make up the substance of the kidneys.

Suffice to say that it has been estimated that each kidney contains about fifteen miles of tubing.

Most persons do not drink sufficient water between meals. Water helps to flush the kidneys and aids the process of elimination.

The kidneys are most precious organs. How they are functioning should be investigated every now and then.

OUR FASHION SERVICE & CONCESSION PATTERN

DISTINCTIVE styles for summer wear. Patterns for all available immediately on application to our offices.

TRIM FOR BUSINESS

WW1440.—A very charming, modish style for the business girl. Tucked front and unusual skirt are special features. Bust sizes, 32 to 40 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

SWEET NIGHTGOWN

WW1439.—Attractive nightgown for cool summer nights. Crepe-de-chine or satin is our choice. Sizes, 32 to 40 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4 yards, 36 inches wide, and 2 yards lace edging. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

ww1440

ww1441

ww1442

ww1444

ww1443

ww1445

ww1446

Please **TO** ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: (1) Write **Note!** your name and full address clearly in block letters. (2) State size required. (3) When ordering a child's pattern, state age of child. (4) Use box numbers given on concession coupon. (5) When sending for concession pattern, enclose 3d. stamp.

TENNIS FROCK

WW1444.—Necessary item for every wardrobe, a tennis frock. Make it in linen or washing silk. Bust sizes, 32 to 36 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

DASHING!

WW1441.—Fascinating little frock incorporating the season's snappiest features. Square neck is smart. Bust sizes, 32 to 36 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

THREE-PIECE SUIT

WW1442.—Youthful bolero suit, comprising bolero, skirt, and blouse. Ideal for the holidays. Bust sizes, 32 to 40 inches. Material required: 34 yards for bolero and skirt, 13-8 yards for blouse, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

VERY APPEALING

WW1443.—An unusually smart mode with flared basque and becoming, modern three-quarter sleeves. Collar is a neat finish. Bust sizes, 32 to 36 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 5 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

OUR SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN

Fill in coupon and send in now!

Patterns for Attractive Sports Frocks—Price 3d.

THE three charming sports frocks shown at left may all be cut from this week's three-in-one concession pattern, which costs only 3d.

It is obtainable in three sizes, 32, 34, 36-inch bust. Fill in coupon below, enclose 3d. for each pattern in each one size, and send to our offices.

Material required, 36 inches wide:
For No. 1: 21 yards, 4-yard for collar and cuffs.
For No. 2: 21 yards.
For No. 3: 21 yards.

CONCESSION PATTERN COUPON

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a concession pattern of the garments illustrated at left, fill in the coupon and post it, WITH 3d. STAMP, clearly marking on the envelope "Pattern Department," to any of the following addresses. Be careful to specify which size you want. A 1d. STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. An extra charge of threepence will be made for patterns sent one month old. One following Australian Women's Weekly box numbers when sending in for all other patterns:—

ADELAIDE—Box 3084, G.P.O.
BRISBANE—Box 4097, G.P.O.
MELBOURNE—Box 185, G.P.O.
NEWCASTLE—Box 31, G.P.O.
PERTH—Box 4910, G.P.O.
SYDNEY—Box 43993, G.P.O.

If calling, 108 Castlereagh Street.
TASMANIA—C/o Andrew Mather and Co. Pty. Ltd., 160-162 Liverpool Street, Hobart.

Should you desire to call for the pattern, please see addresses of our various offices, which will be found on another page.
PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Name
Address
State
City Pattern Coupon, 26/12/36.

LITTLE GIRL STYLE

WW1445.—Delightful style for little girls aged 4 to 8 years. Make it in figured dimity or creaseless linen. Material required: 2 to 21 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

TAILORED BLOUSE

WW1446.—Simply it is the keynote of this tailored-looking blouse with its smart front and Peter Pan collar. Bust sizes, 32 to 40 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust:

21 yards,
36 inches
wide.
PAPER PATTERN 10d.

THE MOVIE WORLD

December 26, 1936

The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement

Page One

CALLING Australia!

Moviedom News As It Happens

By JOHN B. DAVIES and
JUDY BAILEY

from Hollywood and London

Chinese Enterprise

CHINA, land of surprises, has produced yet another. Young Chinese interested in the business of motion picture production are to have a four-year college course leading to University degree of Bachelor of Arts in Cinematography.

The University of Great China is thus blazing a way to a bigger

Australian Actress Signed Up

Constance Wood, the Australian actress, stopped off in Hollywood for only a day or two to look the town over with no thought in mind of an American movie career.

She was on her way home at her father's request when the seamen's strike broke out, and all sailings were called off. She could do nothing but wait, and during that time Sam Briskin, of RKO, spotted her as a beauty of talent, gave her a test, and signed her to a five-year contract.

and better movie reputation for the country.

Dr. Tni, Dean of the University, who is responsible for the school of cinematography, says:

"Theories, however important, will not make good actors, actresses, and technicians. Film aspirants must have practical experience of the tricks of the trade.

"The new course will include—in addition to acting—directing, scenario writing, designing, and photography."

As soon as the necessary equipment has been mustered, students will be put to work writing, directing, photographing, acting, and editing their own productions.



SHIRLEY TEMPLE, as she appears in "Poor Little Rich Girl"

Claudette Still Off

CLAUDETTE COLBERT'S recent accident has turned out to be far more serious than was first thought. The last two weeks of her picture, "Maid of Salem," she was under the constant attendance of a physician, who administered her sedatives to keep her going, and at the moment she is so completely incapacitated she will be unable to think of going back to work before January.

This is bad luck for this charming actress, who is always so full of life and vigor. Nevertheless, the enforced spell is very wise; acting under Kleig lights is no job for one who has not her full strength.

Bette Davis Furious

BETTE DAVIS is still in a state of fury, disgust, and scorn because she must come back for five years in Hollywood. She wanted to stay in England and make a picture for a British company, but Warners took her to court and won. The judge said her only apparent reason for breaking the contract was a yearning for more money.

Bette says her reason for challenging the contract was a purely personal one. When she made the contract, she says, "she was a young thing and not very wise."

Under her contract she receives £300 a week for 40 weeks of the year.

Of Possible Interest

MARY PICKFORD has not yet chosen her third wedding dress, but she thinks it will be blue.

Mr. and Mrs. Gary Cooper played roulette in the same place the other night for an hour without even saying hello to each other. It looks as if they will follow in the footsteps of the Errol Flynns any time now.

Eleanor Powell is a blonde now.

When Mae West goes out on a personal tour with her picture, "Go West, Young-Man," she will carry with her 20 trunks, which exceeds Marlene Dietrich's famous record by one.



Jantzen

**Dash away
on your Holiday—
but don't forget
your Jantzen!**

An Australian without a holiday? There's no such thing! A holiday out of the water or sun? Impossible! That's why a Jantzen's absolutely essential at this time of year—have you got yours yet?

Any swimming suit won't do, of course—it has to be a Jantzen. That is, if you take pride in your appearance, if you like to look smart. And it's not only a Jantzen's clever design, snug fit, slick tailoring and finish we're referring to, either. Jantzens have a quality of smartness that lasts. It keeps them looking fresh and gay and fitting perfectly, no matter how



Children's Jantzens are designed for long wear and practicality—and most of them are adjustable. Above, the "Babie" and the "Topper."



By the way—a Jantzen makes the perfect Christmas gift. And it's easy to get exactly the right size—just name the wearer's weight in street clothes.

Left, Convertible "Topper."



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PRIVATE VIEWS

By STEWART HOWARD

★★★ THE GENERAL DIED AT DAWN

Gary Cooper, Madeleine Carroll.
(Paramount.)

PERHAPS not quite as worthy of three stars as some of the few that carry this decoration, but still an excellent picture. It has a good story to tell, it is dramatic, well-acted, and well-directed; and it works up to a most effective climax. The story deals with one General Yang, military tyrant of a province in China. Acting as the representative of the masses arising under this despot's rule, Gary Cooper undertakes to get through to Shanghai with the funds to buy arms for an anti-Yang rising. Complications arise when Madeleine Carroll, forced to the job by a consumptive but cunning father, takes a hand in betraying him into Yang's hands after having made him love her, and falling in love with him herself.

Both Cooper and Miss Carroll do effective jobs, but Akim Tamiroff, as General Yang, runs away with the picture. Aided by a most realistic make-up, he turns in a performance that is worth seeing. As I remarked some time ago, after seeing him steal a picture from Gertrude Michael; this man is eligible for election to the ranks of the very few real actors Hollywood can boast of.—Prince Edward; showing.

★★ RANGLE RIVER

Victor Jory, Margaret Dare.
(Columbia.)

I DOUBT whether any picture produced in Australia, since the Quota Act, has made its appearance without being hailed as "the finest film yet made in this country." Well, despite the fact that the phrase is getting a trifle worn, not to say stale, I intend applying it to "Rangle River." This picture, in my opinion, is the best Australian picture to date. I except "The Silence of Dean Maitland," which I did not see.

But, stacking the Columbia production up against recent competitors, we find: (a) A much better story and continuity than seem to have been considered necessary in previous local films; (b) Acting that, on the whole, is up to the standard set by earlier offerings; and (c)

Week's Best Release

THE GENERAL DIED AT DAWN.
Paramount Feature Wins Hands Down.

Direction and photography distinctly above the average in Australian pictures.

The story deals with love and plotting on a Queensland cattle station. It is credible, coherent and a nicely-balanced mixture of action, romance and comedy. Jory does a good job; but, perhaps, the nicest surprise is Robert Coote, who comes to light with as enjoyable a piece of comedy playing as one would wish to see. On the feminine side, honors go to Rita Pancecoff, as Aunt Abbie. Margaret Dare is disappointing. She does the way of most Australian ingenues to date; absolutely unconvincing in too many of her scenes.

But, as a show, as entertainment, the picture, as a whole, is good. I advise seeing it.—Plaza; showing.

★★ ORPHAN OF THE WILDERNESS

Brian Abbot, Gwen Munro (Cine-sound.)

CINE-SOUND and Director Ken Hall have set a new standard for themselves with this picture. It is as superior to "Thoroughbred" as a modern English film is to one of the early "quota quickies."

Although marred in places by somewhat blatant appeals to what is thought to be popular sentimentality, the offering has a professional finish. The cast, taken in bulk, is very capable, while Gwen Munro emerges as the best, most natural, and most convincing local ingenue to date. Brian Abbot was another discovery; this lad would have been worth developing had that luckless trip of his not intervened.

The story, of only medium quality, deals with a kangaroo, one

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ Three stars—
excellent.

★★ Two stars—
good films.

★ One star—
average films.

No stars . . . no good.

Chut, who, adopted in babyhood by a bull family, becomes a boxer of note, and graduates to a travelling show. Here ill-treatment causes him to turn on his trainer, with results that come near to being as tragic for Chut as they are for his victim.

Best sections of the film are the early bush sequences, showing the 'roos in their natural state, with a koala and an emu giving comedy effects. This introduction is splendid—although the trip wires are rather clumsily apparent. Blemishes occur when humans enter the story, more notably when Gwen Munro lashes into the villainous Magee, who has been torturing Chut, and who, oddly enough, makes no effort to wrest the whip from her when Gwen speaks feelingly of Chut's sensitive heart; and, finally, when the old Keystone technique is adopted in a desperate effort to secure an effective ending.

But these faults aside, it is a good job. Oh, and Joe Vail gives another excellent characterisation. Cine-sound ought to tie that lad up with an unbreakable contract. "Lyceum; showing.

★★★ POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

Shirley Temple, Jack Haley, Alice Faye. (Fox.)

TO my mind this is one of the best films young Miss Temple has played in, the reason being that while the "world's sweetheart" is given ample opportunity to show what she can do, other people are given a chance as well, with, as a result, better entertainment all round.

Jack Haley and Alice Faye are the two principal offenders. The former is allowed to display his particular brand of humor (quite good, too), while Alice does creditably with that chesty crooner's voice of hers. Together, they make up a radio act into which strays the erring Shirley, whose inclusion in the team makes it, of course, an act that thrills a continent, to say nothing of Mr. Simon Peck, soap manufacturer, who sponsors the Dolan season. Peck, by the way, is played by that excellent old-timer, Claude Gillingwater.

Taking it by and large, this feature should meet with all-round approval. Temple enthusiasts will eat it up, while even ordinary folk will find plenty of entertainment in it.—Regent; showing.

★★ ONE WAY TICKET

Lloyd Nolan, Peggy Conklin, Walter Connolly. (Columbia.)

YOU'LL be liable to miss this picture unless you watch out, since, unless I miss my guess, it won't have too much spent on it in the way of publicity. And yet, while not an outstanding offering, it's good. Story, acting and direction have a good, honest ring about them. At any rate, I found it well above average.

The tale tells of a young convict, smarting under a sense of injustice, who falls in love with the daughter of the captain of the prison guard. She, in time, returns his love, and, through force of circumstances, helps him to escape. Later, he joins her, and they marry, while the police force of the country is still seeking him. I shall not say any more, since to do so would spoil a strong, dramatic ending.

Lloyd Nolan, as the young convict, does a thoroughly good job, as does, also, the veteran Walter Connolly. I can't recall having seen Peggy Conklin before, but I liked her work in this offering.

As I've said: Keep an eye out for this little picture. It's worth an evening.—Capitol and King's Cross; showing.



THE LION'S ROAR

[A column of gossip devoted to the finest motion pictures.]

What are Folks Saying About "Romeo and Juliet"?

Our inquiring reporter put the question to various people at the St. James, and opinions expressed show how popular is the story of "Romeo and Juliet," so excitingly filmed by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

"I'm still excited. It's the best film I've ever seen. I'm sure it will be the most popular picture in which Norma Shearer has ever appeared." (Miss L.R., Waitress, City.)

"My wife dragged me along like she always does! I never know what I'm going to see. I never have any choice. This time I'm glad she did, because I've had the happiest couple of hours of my whole life." (D.Y., Grocer, Manickville.)

"Twenty girls from the office went along—usually we have great fun giggling at the pictures . . . but at 'Romeo and Juliet' we sat spellbound . . . and at the finish quite a few of us were red-eyed and all of us were happy. It was grand." (Miss H.D., Stenographer, City.)

"When I'm through working I don't feel like pictures . . . but I just had to see 'Romeo and Juliet'. After standing as long I might have been pardoned for being cranky . . . but Norma Shearer and Leslie Howard carried me right away. It was like a good old dream. . . . It is a film that I think everyone will go crazy over." (Joan M., Shopgirl, City.)

Norma Shearer and Leslie Howard are co-starring in "Romeo and Juliet," a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture, with John Barrymore, Edna May Oliver, Basil Rathbone, C. Aubrey Smith, Andy Devine, currently screening at Sydney St. James.

Seasons will follow at Melbourne Metro and in Brisbane at either Cremorne or new Metro Theatre (in course of construction).

Yours for entertainment,
LEO, of M.G.M.

PROFITABLE PROBLEMS COMPETITION

Five correct solutions were received and they share the prize, each receiving £5. M. B. PHILLIPS, Day St., Croftville, C. KING, 6 Springfield Ave., Sydney. P. HUBBARD, 160 Macquarie St., Sydney. F. BUCKLEY, Queen St., Farnham. CHARLIE BICK, 204 City Rd., South Melbourne.

ANSWERS—1, 21, 2, 8, 3, 0. (Do not slip back after reaching top.) 2, 0. (Numbers have both positive and negative values which cancel each other. Encl. B. 1, 4, 5, 3, 1, 3, 5, 0. (Eleven days were dropped from year 1751.) 5, 156. Total result, 2721.

THEATRE ROYAL
FROM SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26
J. C. WILLIAMSON, LTD.
presents
COLONEL DE BARIEN
MONTE CARLO
RUSSIAN BALLET

HERE ARE TOKENS CG30 and WB8.	CG 30	WB 6
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She Danced Her Way to Stardom—Ginger Rogers



UNAPPROACHABLE

"I Have Attained Nothing," She Says in Interview Exclusive to This Paper

★ *IT IS with pride that The Australian Women's Weekly presents to its readers this exclusive interview with Greta Garbo, obtained by a representative in Hollywood—a personal friend of the Swedish star. This story reveals a Garbo who is unknown to the public; a great star speaking plainly.*



By Our Hollywood Correspondent — Exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly

YOUR era is one of clubs and associations. In England there exist societies whose sole aim is to fight against stiff collars, while in Sweden we have a club of the 'advocates of green tennis balls.'

"However, an organisation to defend screen stars against slander doesn't exist yet, nor is there a society whose aim would be to prosecute the blackmailing newspapers and those critics who exist solely because there are screen stars who are afraid of scandal."

THE woman speaking to me in this way, seriously but without ill-feeling, is Greta Garbo. I have known her for many years, from the time of her early appearances on the screen, and now we are chatting in a manner which I can describe, without any exaggeration, as being confidential. Moreover, it is almost exclusively she who does the talking, happy to be able to "speak" to "tell everything," to confess what weighs on her mind to a friend.

"It's understood," I said, "that you have to tolerate a lot, that you must close your eyes and ears to all the lies, for publicity purposes or not, which are written or related about you. But all that should count very little. You are first and last a great artist!"

Hardly did I pronounce the word "artist" than her face showed an expression of annoyance and even of sorrow.

"Art..." she said. "I think that it is for it that I have lived ever

since I came into the world; and yet there are times when I am convinced that it is the most useless goal a human being can have or aim for."

"You shouldn't be unjust!" I protested, surprised. "Thanks to it, haven't you attained fame, money, genius?"

Then she lowered her head. All I can see are the wrinkles on her brow, the curve of her neck, and the trembling of her shoulders. And I hear a voice, warm and low at the same time, whispering:

"I have attained nothing! And I even ask myself whether I haven't made my life a failure by becoming a screen star!"

I look at her in amazement. I think of the millions and millions of salesgirls, night-club girls, school-girls, in China, Sweden, Honolulu, to whom Greta Garbo is an idol, and who would never believe that at this very moment the ex-Greta Gustafson would willingly change place, career, and happiness with any one of them.



ABLE GARBO . . . TALKS AT LAST



●TOP LEFT: The great tragedienne, in character, as she appeared in the title role of her last picture, "Anna Karenina." ●CENTRE: John Gilbert, one of the old friends Garbo never forgot. She tried to help him make a come-back into talkies. ●LEFT: Her latest leading man, Robert Taylor, who will appear with her in "Carnegie." ●ABOVE: Greta Garbo as she is—a beautiful study.

And in order to complete this contrast between reality and illusions, she adds in a voice which is that of a fugitive of a tired and exasperated being:

"My existence, my friend, is a real dog's life!"

"Would you be unhappy if you were in love?" I asked.

I knew that the question is brutally frank and ill-timed. These days Greta hasn't been confiding to me

sufficient of her private life for me still to have the right to question her in such a manner. And then again, does anyone ever have the right to ask a woman whether she is unhappy?

But she seems to be pleased to be able to talk about this subject which writers love to refer to as "burning." Her face lightens up, and a little sarcastic smile appears at the corners of her mouth.

"At last," she exclaims, "we have arrived at that famous question! I know that people would be crazy with joy to be able to state: 'Greta Garbo is unhappy in love!'"

"Indeed, when Stiller, who was a very dear friend to me, died, entire books were written, full of lies, claiming he had committed suicide because of a broken heart, and that it was I who had made him unhappy and had sent him to his death.

"Certainly there was a time when Stiller loved me, but at the time of his death I was nothing more to him than a good old friend, just as he was to me; but neither of us, neither he nor I, had the slightest reason in the world to have a grudge against the other.

"You will tell me that it was only revenge on the part of my enemies and a blackmail campaign to discredit me in the eyes of the American public, which is so stern on these questions of vamps. But what is even stranger is the incident that happened to me when I was thirteen years of age, when neither Greta Garbo nor Hollywood yet existed. At

★ GARBO

the mysterious, the impenetrable. Famed for her reticence, her persistent refusal to grant interviews, to speak over the radio, she has at last broken her silence.

This is one of the most human stories ever to come out of Hollywood. Here is no publicity material, but the outspoken protest of one who has found that Fame has its bitter after-taste.

the time I had a girl friend whose name was Erika, and whom I saw every day. On one certain morning she abruptly lost her appetite, and after that only wore dark and dull clothes, and always displayed a 'dead' face.

"That's it!" her parents then said, "it's because she's always with that Greta, who finds a sadistic pleasure in making people unhappy."

The truth of the whole matter simply is that Erika was passionately fond of spending a few weeks at the seashore, and she had asked her parents in vain to be allowed to go this year. I advised her to try the trick of feigning melancholia and sickness, and to wait patiently until a doctor would be consulted and would proclaim the necessity of a change of air. I had come back a little while before from the seashore myself, and in order for her parents to see the contrast, I used to get dressed gaily and used to lend her my old hats and dull, out-of-style dresses.

"But the funniest part about it all is that one day Erika, having gotten better advice, finally complained about my selfishness and my bad counsel, and asked her parents not to invite me over any more. . . . I, who planned and helped to perfect this whole little scheme to be nice to her! And a week later, as a sort of reward for this betrayal, she got what she wanted, and was sent to the seashore.

Fatal Lady

"THIS was my first experience as a 'vamp,' and also one of my most cruel and unforgettable deceptions in the domain of friendship and friends.

"To-day all that is most distant . . . I don't even think of it any more, except perhaps once a year. . . . But this fatality . . . the wickedness of people, of my so-called friends, their unjust will to desire to harm me . . . and to look upon me, even when I want their happiness with all my heart, as an enemy—this fatality seems to me to have been following my footsteps all my life.

"Not so long ago I had to play, in Hollywood, the principal role in an important film taken from a famous novel. I myself picked out my leading man, a young actor whose talents I greatly appreciate, and whom more than once I helped to set right in his early days in films.

"He was a man of frank nature, and one day, about a month before the beginning of the production, he came to see me and told me approximately this:

"Greta, I am your friend, and I insist on your knowing that since the cast of your next film was announced to the public, people from all sorts of different places have been trying to scare me, to dissuade me; they tell me about your quarrelsome nature; they assure me that we shall be on bad terms from the very first day, that if I become your leading man all the companies in Hollywood will put me on the black list, etc., etc. I am telling you all that so that you may realise how many personal enemies you have. And the majority of these are the ones you consider your friends."

Turn to Page 6, Movie Section

GARBO Talks AT LAST

Continued from Page 5,
Movie Section

"I KNEW Hollywood too well for these words to have surprised me particularly. I thanked him and I jokingly answered that our next film (and first film together) would give the flattest contradiction to all these story-tellers, and that he only had to tell those people the following, which would annoy them even more: The public's affection for me was increasing in direct proportion to the number of lies they were spreading about me.

"A week later he came back to see me again, and, with an annoyed look, confided to me that my enemies' attacks were redoubting in vigor and that people were telling him the story of Stiller and of all my other 'victims,' all dead because of me; they even showed him the duplicate of a letter which a well-known Italian dancer, married and the father of two children, had written me twenty-four hours before his death, asking me for a favor in the name of our 'great former love.' Having been refused the favor, he killed himself the following morning.

"This odious lie upset me all the more, especially since I saw the unfortunate man in question only once or twice. I didn't even know his nationality, or whether he was married. He never wrote to me, and I was therefore unable to refuse him any favor.

Misfortune Looming

"IT'S frightful," then said the actor. "Believe me, for several days I have been unable to sleep, and even though I don't believe a single word of these lies, I have a feeling that a misfortune is going to strike me."

"What could I do? Again I reassured him, and we took leave of each other hoping that just as soon as we began work on the film we wouldn't be left any leisure time in which to occupy our minds with similar foolishness.

"But three days later I received a long letter from him, a sincere and moving letter, in which, while excusing himself and declaring himself ready to pay the penalty provided, he begged me to see to it that his contract was cancelled, for he was convinced that this film and this working together with me would bring him bad luck.

"Can you imagine my consternation! Not only were we about to start shooting the film, so that this withdrawal would place me in a more embarrassing situation, but I personally felt deeply upset and humiliated.

"And what caps it all is that my manager advised me against even trying to sue my unknown male or female accusers for slander and defamation of character, estimating that in the long run the scandal would cost me a great deal of money and would only hurt my reputation."

"But you who lead a simple life," I asked, "almost exclude from people, you who help those who apply to you for aid, why should anyone have anything against you? If they merely are heavy blackmailers, racketeers, why can't the police do anything about them?"

"Because the most dangerous of all are the 'amateur' slanderers. For especially when it's a question of a non-American artist, Hollywood doesn't like those who remain on the top. Let an Italian, a Swede, a Frenchwoman, or a Russian come to America, achieve some fame, and then disappear after six months or a year—that's all right. But let the years go by, and let that same man or woman still hold on, why, that's an unpardonable sin.

String-pulling Clique

"AND don't think that I'm the only one to complain of this injustice. I could enumerate a good half-dozen stars who suffer as much as I. Several times a year a plebiscite or referendum is organised to show that from the point of view of popularity the others and myself occupy no better than the seventeenth or thirty-third place. Even artists like Charlie Chaplin in such referenda are classed as ninth or fourteenth. It isn't that the American public is chauvinistic. On the contrary, it is without any doubt the least jingoistic in the world. It is a clique, a mafia which pulls the strings. It has a whole organization whose sole end is slander, scandal, lies.

"Recently a great actress of French origin stayed for a few weeks in

Europe. Not a day went by without short paragraphs in the American newspapers announcing either that the star in question had told her Parisian friends that she was so 'disgusted by American cinema methods that she will hereafter permanently stay in Europe,' or else 'that the directors of the old Continent are worth ten times those of the United States,' or else 'that she prefers to act in Europe for one hundred dollars a week than in Hollywood for two thousand,' etc., etc.

"These lies did her a lot of harm, and once she came back from Europe she had to spend a lot of money and time to counterbalance and 'neutralise' them."

"You were telling me a little while ago of having made a failure out of your life and of neither having achieved artistic satisfaction, nor money, nor fame. If it is this wretched sort of existence of Hollywood stars which makes you unhappy why couldn't you go and act in Europe? The Swedish, French, German or English studios would welcome you with open arms?"

"I'll answer both your questions at the same time. It isn't money, which moreover has never tempted me too much, or any Royal seals which keep me in America. But to make a picture in Europe is, in the majority of cases, to lose nine-tenths of one's public. It is just as if Chaplin, instead of singing in halls filled with three thousand seats, were hereafter to sing before audiences of three hundred persons. It may be a prejudice or fixed idea, but when an artist from Hollywood goes to Europe to act, one has the impression that it is because he can no longer find any engagements in America. And we know that among those who left Hollywood to go to Europe, very few have come back."

"Nevertheless you're here and doubtless you'll still be here for a long time. Why couldn't you then be happy and content?"

"The long path to fame is a murderous one. And when you know that sooner or later you have to 'disappear,' it is difficult to be happy. I love art, and I hate it at the same time."

Island Wanted

"I WOULD like to have a more sensible profession, where age, vanity, publicity, and intrigues would count for less. I should like to be a sculptor or a writer, in order to be able to get along without the whole world and work secluded in the back of a little house in Sweden, or on an island in the middle of the ocean. Then I would know, or at least I would hope that my work would last and would be exclusively my product. Now I depend on a thousand other circumstances, and I must be afraid of the future, of old age, of my enemies, of my friends."

"It is doubtless because of your leaning towards misanthropy that from time to time it is announced that you are about to leave pictures."

"Those are the blackmail manoeuvres which I was telling you a little while ago. I don't believe I could ever live without the cinema. See, I believe in fatality, I believe that it is not mere chance that I came into the world now and not two thousand years ago. I am, as they say, a 'product' of my time, and I don't doubt that even if I had been Javanese or Senegalese, I would equally have found my career in films."

"While I'm on this, I can't forget a scene I witnessed one day in Hollywood when, at a party, a newspaperman came to interview a group of movie celebrities, among them Ernst Lubitsch and Chaplin. They were asked the conventional question: 'What would you do if the cinema hadn't been invented yet?' 'I would invent it!' replied the famous director, without any hesitation. 'And you, Mr. Chaplin?' asked the reporter. 'I would wait for Mr. Lubitsch to invent it, and then I would do the same as I do now. I would be Charlie Chaplin.' 'Need I add that Charlie has stolen the words out of my mouth...?'"



● JANE WYATT and Ronald Colman as they appear in Columbia's "Lost Horizon," directed by Frank Capra. The film is taken from the novel of the same title, the action taking place in a forgotten mountain fastness of Tibet.

"So things were up to the last day before the house-party was going to break up, and then I, if you please, stepped in. I thought it high time I took a part in the game and went no trumps on a heart hand.

"It was just after breakfast and I went to Jim in the rose-garden, close by a spraying fountain. 'Jim,' I said curtly, 'you're a fool.' He looked at me very curiously. 'Well, what about it?' he asked with a wistful smile. 'Della's in love with you; I blurted out—he got very red—and everybody seems aware of it but you—he got even redder still. 'Yes, I went on angrily, 'and you're making them all laugh at her, because you don't propose.'"

"Jim simply glared at me. 'You're quite mistaken, Dorothy,' he said sharply. 'She's not in love with me. You women are always imagining things.'"

"'Imagining!' I cried hotly. 'Why, I'm positive about it! I tell you again that you're a fool, for you're in love with her yourself, too.'"

"'I'm not a fortune-hunter, anyhow,' he said, coldly, and without another word he turned and walked away.

"Then, not two minutes after, I met Della and, like Jim, she looked pale and unhappy. 'Della,' I burst out, impulsively 'Jim loves you; but he won't tell you so because you're well-off and he is not.'"

"Just for one moment she seemed startled, and then, but for a suddenly heightened color, it might have been she had not taken in what I had said. She looked at me gravely and her beautiful face—she is very beautiful, Mary—had all the calmness of perfect self-control. 'Yes, I went on, 'and I've just told him he's a fool. He's down there by the fountain, and if he's not weeping, too, it's only because he's a man.'"

The PASSION YEARS

Continued from Page 5

"Thank you, Dorothy," said Della, very quietly. 'I've always thought you were a wise child.'"

"She left me at once and turned to go into the garden, but from what they told me afterwards I was able to piece together most of what happened when, a minute later, she came upon Jim. She found him by the fountain, where I had told her he would be, and he smiled gravely as she approached.

"She plucked a little rosebud and she held it out to him in her beautiful white hand.

"'Isn't it lovely?' she asked, innocently.

"'Yes, lovely,' smiled Jim. 'I've always thought so.'"

"Della then blushed crimson. She pretended to smell the rosebud and brushed it over lightly with her lips. Della's got such a pretty mouth, Mary, and if I were a man I should be always wanting to—well, anyhow, Della kissed the rose and held it out again towards Jim. 'You may have it,' she said, ever so softly, 'that is, of course, if you really want it.'"

"Della says Jim got white as a ghost, but he reached out and took both the hand and the rose. 'Which may I have?' he asked in a whisper, looking her straight in the eyes.

"Then Della says there was a long silence, until Jim suddenly straightened himself up and let go her hand. 'I am too poor to marry a girl like you,' he said, gently, and he made as if to turn away. But Della laid her hand upon his arm.

"Riches don't count always, Jim," she whispered, 'and the richest woman may be the poorest if she's not brave enough to take love when it comes her way.'"

"Then, I don't quite know what happened, for they won't either of them, tell me much; but I expect Jim took her in his arms.

"No one saw either of them again until just before lunch, and then they came into the lounge, where we were all waiting for the rounding of the gong. They looked quite cool and ordinary, too ordinary. I thought in a flash, Della came over to me and kissed me. 'Oh, Della,' I exclaimed instantly, 'I'm so glad.'"

"What about, dear?' she asked, blushing furiously and darting. I saw, a quick glance at Jim.

"You darling," I replied, 'your cheeks smell of tobacco!'"

"Everybody burst out laughing, and then Jim kissed her brazenly in front of us all.

"Now, you little fibber," I asked presently, 'tell me exactly what you did lose that afternoon when Rose of Dawn was beaten.'"

"Della looked radiant. 'I lost my heart, Dorothy,' she whispered. 'That was all.'"

"Well, they were married six weeks afterwards and this morning, at a quarter-past five, I was made Aunt Dorothy. Yes, dear, I think we had better go to sleep now; but isn't my nightie pretty? Those bows—oh, well, you see pink is Harold's favorite color, and soon—but there, you're blushing again. Good-night, Mary. Kneep to your side of the bed and pinch me if I snore. Yes, it's a good thing the baby is a boy, for if it had been a girl I'm sure they'd have wanted to call it Rose of Dawn."

(Copyright.)

PUGILIST GABLE



CLARK GABLE was borrowed by Warner Bros. The result is "Cain and Mabel," in which Clark appears with Marion Davies (top left and with the hero himself, right). With them are Walter Catlett and Alan Jenkins (bottom left and in circle), plus a bevy of beauties, of which the brunette (bottom right) is a sample.

★ HOMES Away From Home

Movie Hideouts Far From Hollywood

By JULIE DESCHAMPS

WHERE do the stars go between pictures? How do they spend those few weeks which occur after the completion of one super colossal show (Hollywood saletalk), and the beginning of another overwhelming sensation (press agent parlance)? Do they retire to their princely mansions in the hills and dales to while away a gentle day or two?

No, they do not! They pack their trunks for fields afar—New York mostly, Palm Springs often, Honolulu occasionally, even San Francisco and, lately, the vogue is to hop a boat or plane for London. But seldom, if ever, do they stay in the film colony.

THE great desire is to get away from it all, if only for a short while. To shake the dust of Hollywood, the odor of celluloid, the talk of pictures, pictures, pictures from their heels, noses and ears for a spell and revel in the comforts of another home—away from home.

Why New York? Why Palm Springs? Or Honolulu? Or England? Why not a visit to the old home town—to the folks they used to know—school-day pals, and mother? Because visits to the old home town, like neck-to-knee bathing costumes and custard pies, are a thing of the past. There are no ties, no magnets to draw them back to old Virginia. And mother? Mother is probably right there in Hollywood with plucked eyebrows, stilt heels, and ten years off her dear old age.

Quite a number of well-known stars, in addition to maintaining their palatial residences in Hollywood and suburbs adjacent, are proud owners or tenants of New York apartments. Flats on Fifth Avenue, penthouses reaching into the clouds, permanent suites at exclusive hotels, the upkeep of which must be a tremendous drain on the purse. But no matter, Hollywood always does things in a lavish way and appearances, of course, must be kept up.

5th Avenue—Exclusive

LORETTA YOUNG is one star who spends all her spare time in New York. Loretta has a particularly compact and very modern apartment in an exclusive block on Fifth Avenue where she hies each time she has a spell from making pictures. During her recent illness she spent quite a considerable amount of time there.

It is furnished, only on a much smaller scale, almost identically with her Hollywood home—almost entirely in maroon and green. With three bedrooms, a good-sized reception-room, lounge, dining-room, smoke-room and two magnificently tiled bathrooms, it is a place anyone would be proud of.

During her absence in Hollywood a competent housekeeper takes care of the apartment, keeps it always filled with flowers and stocked with food, in case Loretta should decide to take a flying trip to the city for a vacation.

A magnificent penthouse which is nearly as big as her Hollywood home is owned by Constance Bennett. Situated atop one of New York's highest buildings, its beauty almost defies description. Modernistic furnishings are carried out in black and silver reflected against the palest shade of green which is used in the wall paperings, floor coverings, and curtains. A sunken pool for goldfish with a fountain playing merrily in its centre is the first thing that greets one's eye when opening the chromi-

knobbed satin-wood door which leads on to a glass-roofed patio. Connie's personal boudoir is a sheer delight in pale pink draperies, its round bed occupying pride of place in a room which is like a part of a princess' dream palace. Chromium furniture is again used here as in the lounges, the reception-rooms, and in the huge ballroom.

Then there's Irene Dunne, who has a lovely old home on the outskirts of New York, where husband Dr. John Griffin practices and resides, while his clever wife is away emoting on the screen. Although Irene has a magnificent abode in Hollywood, and the cost of keeping both homes going must be enormous, she refuses to let her husband give up his New York residence because some day she's going to quit the screen and join him as a dutiful little wife.

Nevertheless, when Marlene Dietrich, Warner Baxter, or June Lang takes a trip to New York they prefer to put up at one of the exclusive hotels. Marlene and Warner have permanent suites at a most expensive caravanerai, and maybe they don't run them into a few dollars per week. Still, they can afford it.

Palm Springs is another popular resort of the stars. Here they may either stay at the El Mirador Hotel, or rent one of the little bungalows which have sprung up like mushrooms at this popular retreat.

Desert Cottages

SEVERAL stars, including Charles Farrell, Sylvia Sydney, Claire Trevor, and Don Ameche, who frequent Palm Springs, have bought cottages there. Claire's is right on the edge of the desert.

Janet Gaynor, Rochelle Hudson and Shirley Temple are keen Honolulu enthusiasts. Rochelle has just returned from there, and is talking about building a cottage when she returns next year. Shirley has only made one trip (two years ago), but is constantly reminding her mother and father that they promised to take her back again. Janet, after several visits to the lovely tropic isle, has built herself a picturesque bungalow near the sands of romantic Waikiki.

Clay Chopper and Joel McCrea both have huge ranches distantly situated from Hollywood which they consider their real homes and their Hollywood dwellings just make-shift addresses while they are pursuing the almighty



● A CORNER of the reception-room in Loretta Young's modern New York apartment. Maroon and green are the prevailing colors in this home away from Hollywood.

She Couldn't See Herself

★ BECAUSE Luise Rainer

had to look as plain as possible for "The Good Earth" she was not allowed to see a foot of her scenes until the picture was completed. Director Sidney Franklin was afraid that when Luise saw herself looking so unattractive it might affect her acting. It was amusing to see Luise hanging around the music-scoring department trying to sneak a look at the picture there.

It took Luise an hour and a half every morning to put on her undilating make-up.

dollar. Both of these actors have made up their minds that when they quit the screen they will repair to the great open spaces where men are men and homes are furnished for comfort not for show.

A few stars who have recently visited England, either to make a picture or just for the ride, have been looking around for likely places to live in case they should decide to take up residence under the Union Jack. Most of them have their eyes on Mayfair as an ideal spot to live, others, with a more rural leaning, have been looking for cottages in leafy lanes, castles on the hill (complete with ghosts), or (getting further afield) a stately hunting lodge in Scotland.

CHANGE YOUR PERSONALITY

Joan Blondell Tells How

By JOAN BLONDELL—Exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly

The title of this article ought to be "How to Change Your Personality, by Gloria Blondell." Gloria—that's my kid sister. And if every girl had a sister like her we'd all be beautiful.

I had been feeling a little run-down and unhappy, and had "let myself go." I was in the dumps, if you know what I mean. Well, Gloria came over one night and talked to me from nine in the evening until four in the morning. And did she read me the well-known Riot Act!

"I'm sick of standing by and not saying anything," she told me. "Now, I'm going to tell you once and for all what I think you ought to do—and then you're going to do it!"

I did. First Gloria got out the tweezers and did things to my eyebrows. Thinned them out a bit, making a neater line; cut them off a trifle on the inside edges to make the face look thinner, and slanted them upward ever so slightly—a trick Gloria says "makes for mystery."

Next we visited a barber, and I came away minus a lot of hair. My "tresses" (I'm going grand again) have always been on the flyaway side, anyway, and I didn't always keep them curled as well as I might have. Now they are shorter, sleeker, and look better with tailored suits and the smart evening clothes we wear

nowadays. Occasionally I have a fringe, just for variation.

Then the make-up man got in his innings. I'm not sure yet what he did to me, but it's something about different cosmetic colors, to blend better with my own coloring, which is warm. No purple or bluish tints in the rouge any more—I know that.

Finally, there was the little matter of clothes. I've never cared much or bothered much about clothes. They were just something to cover me up, that's all. But Gloria changed that.

"No more going into a shop and saying, 'I'll take that and that,' said sister Gloria, 'regardless of what it does for you. From now on you're going to take time to do your shopping and like it.' So now I have a whole new wardrobe. I wear tailored suits by day and the latest evening things at night. I even bought a fur coat.

HERE'S Hot News FROM All the STUDIOS!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, BARBARA BOURCHIER, and JUDY BAILEY, Our New York, Hollywood, and London Representatives

NO two people have more fun in each other's company than Carole Lombard and Clark Gable. Since the announcement was made that they are to be co-starred in "Saratoga," Clark introduces Carole everywhere as "that glamor girl, my new leading lady." Carole retorts by mentioning him as her "supporting cast."

The big news about Carole is that she has learned to sing, and you'll hear her warble in "Morning, Noon and Night." She has always had a fine voice, but never was given the chance to use it. The other night, at a small dinner party, Carole and Clark delighted everyone by singing duets of all the old favorites.

MERLE OBERON dashed into New York to sail on the Aquitania, but Sylvia and Douglas Fairbanks persuaded her to stay around for a little fun and leave with them on the Queen Mary.

The inevitable question was thrown at Merle as soon as she stepped off the train.

"Will you marry David Niven?" "No," she snapped back, tossing her milk coat to Gregory Toland, the camera genius.

Which seems to dispose of the much-publicised romance. David Niven is now rumormongering in the hills of North Carolina.

Merle is happy about her just-completed picture, "Beloved Enemy," which is a drama of the Irish "trouble." Brian Aherne plays the male lead.

Spencer Tracy has circus fever, believe it or not. He has followed the circus which has been visiting these parts to all the surrounding towns, witnessing twelve performances up to date. Now I'm told that as soon as Spence finishes "Captains Courageous" he intends to join the circus and play the role of a clown for two weeks. That is his idea of a vacation!

ERIC BLORE, the most delightful butler in motion pictures, not to mention the most popular, is planning to go to London to attend the coronation of King Edward VIII. Blore, who is now working in "Quality Street" with Katharine Hepburn and Franchot Tone, first met the King when he was a student at Oxford. Blore was in a play, and the young Prince visited him in his dressing-room. During the war the Prince was a guest of Blore's division at the front, and Blore played host to him. Then again in 1923 Blore met him again behind stage at a London theatre where Blore was playing.

OLIVIA de Havilland, enjoying her first glimpse of New York, is travelling in the company of her pretty mother, Mrs. G. M. Fontaine. The charming 20-year-old girl laughingly says that it is her mother's job to "deflate the old ego any time it rears its ugly head."

Olivia was born in Tokio, Japan, came to California when she was three years old, and has stayed there ever since.

Wide-eyed with enthusiasm over her first glimpse of the great city, Olivia is eager to see the Great White Way at night. She saw the famous shops she had heard about on her way from the airport to the Ritz Towers Hotel, where they are stopping during their stay here.

DOTS... and DASHES

GARBO, who always carried her make-up around in a shoe box, getting a present of a new make-up case, and using it. • Mary Boland pretty mad when she received twenty quarts of ice-cream and a truckload of furniture collect. • Mrs. Pat O'Brien arriving home with a brother for their adopted child, Mavourneen. • Spencer Tracy refusing to have a permanent wave for his role in "Captains Courageous."

MARY ASTOR, who had a very trying time all through the making of "Dodsworth" because of the suit surrounding the custody of her small daughter, is very happy. The critics all over the country have raved about her performance, and at the Press review of the film in Hollywood she received such an ovation that she burst into tears. On the other hand Ruth Chatterton, whose performance has also received rave notices, has not even seen the picture. She told a mutual friend she hated to see her performance because she felt she could have done a better job, and she didn't want to be disappointed.

The spectators at the Hollywood premiere of "Romeo and Juliet" were more than mildly amused when Clark Gable and his current heart-interest, Miss Carole Lombard, of Hollywood, arrived on the scene in the decrepit old Ford which she gave him as a Valentine present last spring.

SALLY EILERS is taking rapidly to darts, that grand old English game, played in every public house and wayside inn throughout the length and breadth of the country.

And whom do you think is her mentor? No other than handsome Ricardo Cortez, who has himself been infected only recently with the darts virus.

"It's a grand game," Ricardo told

starred. Though new to films, Keith is an experienced concert and radio singer. The play has been written for him. It is the story of a young factory hand who dreams of having his voice trained.

Mr. Palkner is very like Herbert Marshall in appearance.

IT may sound impossible, but Lily Pons is getting a piano shipped to her by plane. It weighs only 300 pounds, and was specially designed for her by her fiancé, Andre Kostelanetz, orchestra conductor. It is decorated with pictures of Lily in costume for her operatic roles, and with bars of music from her favorite songs.

Lily says the piano will occupy a place of honor in her dressing-room. In Lily's new picture, her mama, Madame Marie Pons, will be given a part. She speaks practically no English, but tosses off Spanish and Italian as fluently as her native French. She is terrifically thrilled at being in the movies, and warns her "Leele" that she had better look to her laurels.

GAY and glamorous Lilli Palmer, just back from Canada, where she has been doing "location" work for the Gaumont-British film, "The Great Barrier," has a new sparkle in her blue eyes. Lilli has let her hair grow

Glamorous Lilli Palmer

a little longer, which has proved most becoming, and she has lost weight. Incidentally, Lilli has discovered a new way of giving a beautiful sheen to her thick curly hair. After she has dressed it and set it in place she takes a very fine spray filled with colorless brillantane and sprays it lightly over the soft curls. From the way the hair lights up immediately one might imagine she was spraying it with pure gold.

ITERNATIONALLY known as he is, George Arliss' face didn't mean a thing to a certain portly London commissioner.

Happened thus: George called one morning at the town offices of a big film executive.

"Name, sir?" inquired the commissioner.

George told him.

The commissioner opened the door of a waiting-room. "If you wouldn't mind stepping in here a moment, sir, I'll find out whether Mr. So-and-so can see you."

George entered the room. The commissioner was surprised at the gasp of interest and excitement that went up from the other waiting people.

He closed the door, made his inquiries, and was back in a minute, looking extremely embarrassed.

"Sorry, sir," he burst out, almost carrying George out of the room. "You see, I didn't know what I mean to say, sir, is that I've just come out of the army after 25 years in the East."

George laughingly assured him that he had thoroughly enjoyed the incident—and saw to it that there were no repercussions from the big chief.

Betty Furness admittedly has the world's maddest collection of bizarre hats, but it looks as if Barbara Pepper is ready to give her some serious competition. Barbara's latest, a black stitched velvet rising to a peak, has strips of motion picture film for ornaments. If you look closely at the film you will see that Barbara is in it.

It is nice to know that Reginald Denny, once a star in the money, but who for the past few years has had a tough struggle, is really doing beautifully with his miniature plane business. He started on a very small scale, making miniature planes for the youngsters. The business increased to such an extent that Denny could no longer manage the plant and continue his screen career, so he sold 51 per cent. of his interest to a group of business men who will take over the business end of it.

SCREEN ODDITIES By Captain Fawcett



STRANDED IN LONDON, SPENT HER LAST FIVE DOLLARS FOR A HUGE CANNISTER OF CRACKERS AND LIVED ON THEM FOR TWO WEEKS BEFORE SHE RECEIVED HER FIRST BREAK IN "SHOW BUSINESS."

FAN MERLE OBERON 15 LEMON OR BEER

JEAN GILMAN... ROCK RAPIDS, IA.

HERE'S a laugh for you. An entertaining Press agent on the M-G-M lot visited the "Born to Dance" set and interviewed thirty-five chorus girls on what men they would like to marry. He thought they would probably say Clark Gable or Bob Taylor, both M-G-M players, and then, what a swell chance to get a break in the papers. But much to his surprise there was only one vote each for Clark and Bob, one for Gary Cooper, and all the rest were in favor of the King of England!

ALTHOUGH Jane Withers earns several hundred pounds per week, her mother sees to it that she sweeps her own room, makes her own bed, and prepares some little dish in the kitchen every day. The ten-year-old actress is given to understand that she has duties which cannot be neglected.

"Some day," says her sensible mother, "Jane is going to get married, and she should know something of housework."

ALTHOUGH vivacious little Vivien Leigh has recently signed a long-term £30,000 contract with Alexander Korda, she prefers the stage to the films.

Vivien has yet to see the middle twenties, but her meteoric rise to stardom is no fluke, no glittering gift which the gods have flung into her shapely hands.

She has worked very hard for her success, and as most of that work has been done on the stage, you can scarcely wonder that she shows a preference for her first love—the theatre.

"It isn't that I don't enjoy filmmaking," she told me, between shots of "Dark Journey," in which she plays the part of an innocent girl who gets mixed up in all sorts of plain and fancy espionage tangles. "It's grand fun—particularly working for Mr. Korda, who is the most kind and considerate of chiefs."

"But somehow, while I sit and wait for my turn in front of the cameras, I get to thinking of a crowded theatre of the buzz and excitement of an eager audience, of the wonderful human contact there is between oneself and the people out there beyond the footlights."

"There is an electric, dynamic thrill about walking on to the stage and giving your very best to an appreciative audience."

SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE, currently starring with Anna Lee in "King Solomon's Mines," has very definite ideas about film making.

"I think we should have a little more breaking of rules," he told me, when I visited the Gaumont-British studios at Shepherd's Bush.

"Producers seem to have built up some sort of code for making pictures. Many of them believe that films should be made according to a set formula, based on estimates of the public's likes and dislikes—estimates that are sometimes erroneous."

"You know the sort of thing I mean—boy meets girl, boy loses girl, boy gets girl."

"Yet it would appear to me that the best films are made by breaking these generally-accepted rules. For example: Of about ninety big films made in Hollywood, I am told that the most successful were 'It Happened One Night' and 'Once in a Lifetime'."

"These pictures, both so charming and so successful, broke nearly every one of the producer's usual rules."

Richard Dix, who used to be a matinee idol in Los Angeles before he turned to pictures, is considering an offer to appear on the stage in New York this season. It is twelve years since Dix was behind the footlights, and he admits that he is plenty scared at the idea of appearing before an audience.

YOU may have heard various explanations of why Jean Harlow ceased to be a genuine platinum blonde and became a "brownette." Here is Jean's own story.

"I changed it," she said, "for photographic reasons only. My hair was so very pale. I needed an awful lot of light on my face to make my skin pale enough to go with my hair. And too much light burns out practically all facial expression on the screen."

Jean lives quietly and rather uneventfully with her mother. It is somehow astonishing to recall that this young girl has been married three times. The first was to a boy named Charles McGraw, at the age of 16. Her second marriage, which ended so tragically, was to Paul Bern. And the third, you remember, was to cameraman Hal Rosson.

"I am unlucky in love," remarked Jean, and dismissed the subject completely. "How do you like the shade of my hair now?" she asked, fluffing it out with her brush.



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Beware of Imitations

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STOLEN GOLD

By JOHN CHANCELLOR



"BESIDES all that," said Creevy, "it's the most ridiculous adventure I've heard of. Hunting for pirates' gold is a pastime for millionaires—and mad ones at that—not for elderly, impoverished scientists and their beautiful and gently nurtured daughters."

"Thanks," Joyce answered with a delightful yawn which indicated extreme boredom; lay back in her deck-chair, and stared meditatively across the deck of the Storm Girl at the glittering animation of the Singapore waterfront.

"But," she said, "you're all wrong, Kit, and if I hadn't known you for so long I'd probably swear at you, just to let you see that I'm not so gently nurtured as you think. It's twelve years since you left England; I was a child then, with a pigtail down my back. I suppose I seemed a bit mawkish and sentimental and soft—"

"You seemed almost as beautiful as you seem now," he interrupted.

She sighed. "Twelve years in the Straits Settlements hasn't improved you, Kit—at least, not from my point of view. You didn't go in for this oily gallantry when I was a flapper and you were a young man about town. And I'm no fool. I'm not beautiful, and you know it as well as I do. I'm not bad-looking—I'll give you that—"

"Oh, come, come," said Creevy rather uncomfortably. "You know you're a lovely girl."

"We'll come back to the voyage," she said with the disconcerting matter-of-factness which had put better men than Kit Creevy in their places. "The other argument is futile and might become embarrassing. Now be useful. You know this part of the world, and we don't. We're all agog for information on this ship. Why do you say the idea is ridiculous?"

Creevy, who was a clean-shaven, fair-headed man in the late thirties, with a deeply-lined face, very pale blue eyes, and a hundred nervous habits, unfetters his none-too-clean white duck jacket and produced a cigarette-case.

"Have one," he said, "and I'll tell you."

Joyce took one and they lit up.

"Treasure-seeking is no good," he said, "except as a pastime. Since I've been out here I've known personally of five expeditions that have set out for the Cocos Islands in search of pirate gold. They've all come back empty-handed, disappointed—broke, most of them. The gold is there right enough; everybody knows that. It's the finding it that's the trouble. And then the islands. The likeliest one in the group, the one all the treasure-seekers go to—what a place it is! Nothing but sand and rock, rats and land crabs. It isn't much of a holiday to go there."

"You talk as if you'd been."

He gave her a queer smile through his cigarette smoke.

"As a matter of fact, I have. I was a member of one of the five expeditions I've just told you about."

Her air of boredom vanished. She jerked herself up in the deck-chair.

"So you know the ropes! You've been there! You've done just what we're going to do! Oh, Kit, why didn't you say so at once? How lucky I was to meet you this morning!"

"Is that the only reason why it was lucky to meet me?" he asked a trifle ruefully.

"Of course not," she said impatiently. "But now tell me . . . Oh, no; here's father. You must tell him as well."

Victor Bannerman, who had been indulging in an afternoon nap, was just emerging from the companionway on to the schooner's deck. He was a man in the latter fifties, tall, thin, angular, with large bones, large hands which looked clumsy but weren't—and a keen, hatchet face. He did not look in the least like a celebrated scientist; it would be difficult to say exactly what he did look like. This afternoon, clad in white trousers, with a brilliant cummerbund round his waist, a Panama hat set jauntily on his bald head, and a general air of raffishness, he might easily have been mistaken for a twentieth-century counterpart of one of the pirates whose treasure he had come so far to seek.

"Hullo, you two!" he cried heartily, as he caught sight of them. "Still prattling about old times? . . . I say, Joyce, my dear, is every man jack of the crew ashore—cook and all? Can't we get a cup of tea?"

He glanced ruefully up and down the empty deck; then, forgetting his cup of tea, he stared aloft for a moment with a proud and satisfied air, up at the masts and the furling sails. He felt a man's joy in being the owner of a ship.

"We won't bother about tea for a minute," Joyce said. "I don't know whether the cook's ashore or not, but they'll be back soon; Captain Chamtry gave them orders to be aboard again by five o'clock, and it's nearly that now. Drag up a chair, Daddy. We've got something terribly important to tell you."

"YOU'RE not thinking of getting married again, I hope?" he asked suspiciously.

"Don't be ridiculous!" she exclaimed, flushing.

He chuckled as he dragged a deck-chair forward.

"You see, Kit," he said, "Joyce is one of those girls who is dying to be married, but can't find a man to suit her. She wants an archangel, I think. She's nearly been married twice since you left England, and then broken it off because she'd weighed up her man and found him wanting."

"I don't want an archangel," said Joyce. "But that's not what we're going to talk

about, Daddy. It's something much more important. Kit has been on a treasure-seeking expedition to the Cocos Islands, and knows all about it!"

"The deuce you have!" said Bannerman, clapping his hands on his bony knees and looking at Creevy with keen interest.

"He ought to come with us!" Joyce exclaimed impulsively.

"He ought," her father agreed. "We could do with a couple more men aboard."

"But—" Creevy began.

Joyce silenced him with an imperious wave of her hand.

"Kit thinks we're on a wild-goose chase, Daddy. That's why he doesn't want to come."

"But—" Creevy began again.

This time it was Bannerman who interrupted.

"I KNOW what you're thinking, Kit. You're thinking that we're a lot of innocent hand-lubbers setting off to find treasure on the strength of a forged map on a bit of parchment. If we were doing that you could call us idiots with good reason. But I'm not an idiot. Besides being a scientist, and therefore sceptical, I'm a fairly hard-headed man of the world. I've sunk every penny I possess in this expedition, and I wouldn't have done that if I hadn't believed—hadn't known—that it was going to be successful."

His excitement communicated itself to Creevy, and the lined face of the younger man took on an odd look, a look which, when Joyce thought about it afterwards, she could only describe as "hungry."

"Well, if you haven't a map, what have you got?" he exclaimed.

Bannerman glanced up and down, though there was no necessity to, the deck being empty, and no sign of a boat pulling across the harbor with any of the vanished crew.

"We're alone, Kit, and you're an old acquaintance, so I'll show you," he said in a low, excited voice. "See this gold watch?" He took an old-fashioned hunter out of his pocket, and put it in Creevy's hand. "Take it down to the lower deck and hide it somewhere—anywhere you like."

Creevy looked at him as if he thought him mad. "What's all this?"

"Do as I tell you," Bannerman answered with a chuckle. "Go on."

He got up as if to encourage Creevy, who got up as well.

"All right," said Creevy with a mystified laugh. "But if all you want is to get rid of me for a few minutes, why don't you say so straight out? When am I to come back?"

"As soon as you've hidden the watch. And be quick about it: the crew will be returning any minute now."

Creevy went to the companion and disappeared below. Bannerman, chuckling like a delighted infant, took a square leather case out of his jacket pocket,

"Daddy," Joyce said with a worried frown, "I don't like to say it—but, after all, we haven't told anybody about this, have we, except Captain Chantry?"

Holding a tiny key in the large fingers of one hand and the leather case in the other, her father gave her a long look.

"What do you mean, Joyce? That Kit isn't to be trusted?"

She hesitated to say that. "He seems different somehow."

"Tut, tut! Twelve years in Singapore alter a man. I've known Kit all his life. His father was my best friend. I don't like to hear you say anything like that, Joyce... Sahl! Here he is again."

Creedy emerged on deck.

"Well, it's hidden," he said, and his eyes went to the leather case in Bannerman's hands.

"Do you remember exactly where you put it?" Bannerman asked, unlocking the case. "Don't tell me. I don't want to know."

"Yes, I remember." Creedy stared with an excitement which he did not attempt to conceal as Bannerman lifted the leather lid. Inside the case was a glass-covered dial with a steel needle shivering upon it, a dial like some sort of gauge, but instead of figures it had alchemistic signs.

"What the devil...!" Creedy exclaimed. Bannerman pulled open a little slide at the side of the case, and a thin, flexible chain of platinum, with a pointed plummet at the end, dropped down towards the deck like a fairy snake, and danced about with the plummet a foot from the planking.

"Stay where you are," Bannerman said, and with the case held between his hands, the platinum chain swinging in front of him, and his eyes fixed on the dial, he commenced a slow promenade up and down the deck.

Presently Bannerman stopped. He stood still for a moment and let the swinging chain come to rest, his eyes on the dial. Then he moved half a pace to the side, and paused again. After that he stared in front of him for a moment, as if attempting to visualise something; and finally walked back to Joyce and Creedy.

"You hid the watch directly under the spot where I've been standing," he said. "I think that'll be the third cabin, probably in the bunk."

"Lord!" Creedy said in an awed whisper. "That's right. Is this magic?"

Bannerman pressed a spring in the leather case, and the platinum chain rushed hissing back to its hiding place.

"Scientist's magic, Kit. This is an invention of my own—mine and Joyce's—she helped me with it. With this instrument I can detect the presence of gold, silver, lead, iron, zinc, copper and antimony buried in any material to any depth not greater than fifty feet." He drew in a long breath and stared at Creedy with sparkling eyes. "I'm sure the old pirates didn't bury their loot any deeper than that."

"Lord!" Creedy exclaimed again. "You've only got to walk about on the island to find out exactly where the stuff is."

"That's it," said Bannerman, with the pseudo-calmness of a man who delights in astonishing his audience. "Now do you think we're on a wild-goose chase? Now would you care to join us? We need somebody who knows the ground. I can't afford to pay a salary. But food and keep and five per cent. of the profits."

He cocked his head on one side and

quizzed Creedy with his gay buccaneering air.

"What about it, Creedy?"

"Wait—wait," said Creedy. "I must think it over." He gave a false laugh. "You've rather sprung it on me, haven't you?"

"Yes. But you've got to make up your mind quickly, my boy. We're sailing on the night tide."

"I must get ashore," said Creedy, agitated. "Look here, sir, I'll come if I can. But you understand—arrangements to make and all that."

"Right," said Bannerman. "Well, do your best to join us. I'd like to have the son of my old friend with me. Ah, there's the jolly-boat coming back with Captain Chantry and the boys in it. You can go ashore in that. And even if you find you can't make the trip, Kit, you must come back this evening for supper."

"Thanks, sir, thanks," said Creedy and held out a trembling hand. "You'll see me before sailing time if I can possibly manage it."

When Joyce met Creedy by chance that morning on the Singapore waterfront he was pretty well down and out. Her instinct was right when it told her that he was different from the Creedy she had known in happier days. He had drifted, sunk. His twelve years in the Straits Settlements were marked with dark streaks—drinks, cards, stumer cheques, thieving, worse. His veneer of the gentleman still kept him going somehow, but he was almost at the end of his tether. In Singapore, too, he was known not at Kit Creedy, but as John Proctor.

In a street not far behind the waterfront he pushed open the swing doors of a dim, reeking saloon, and strode straight through past a bar and tables crowded with sailors and their women of every race and hue, and entered a small room at the back. He was evidently well known in that saloon.

The small room was almost entirely filled by a table and four chairs. Four men were in it, playing poker. Bottles and glasses stood amongst the cards and counters, and the place reeked with heat.

"Get out, you fellows," Creedy said from the doorway. "All three of you. I want to talk to Finny."



"WHAT the devil!" exclaimed one of them, who was dealing the cards. "We're half-way through a game. I've lost a lot of cash, and I won't—"

"Won't you?" said Creedy softly, and he produced an automatic pistol from his jacket pocket. "This is my room. If I tell you to go, you'll go. Pick up your counters and get. You can continue the same afterwards, if you want to."

He stood aside to let them pass out, the one who had been dealer giving him a murderous look as he went. Then Creedy shut the door and dropped into a chair in front of the fat man.

"Finny," he whispered, "how dangerous is it to go to the Cocos Islands?"

Finny Baum paused for a moment with a handful of counters held in mid-air, and stared at him with a pair of sleepy eyes.

"Dangerous," he said gutturally, pouring out the counters again. "Bout as dangerous as walking in front of a firing squad."

"If there was money in it, would you go with me?"

"How much money?"

"Thousands perhaps."

"Tell me," said Finny Baum softly. "Don't fool around it."

Creedy leant back, lit a cigarette, and told him. As he talked, Finny Baum stopped playing with the counters once more, but definitely on this occasion, and the hungry look which Joyce had remarked on Creedy's face was reflected on his companion's.

"Ja, it is good," said Finny Baum, and his fat hands clenched on the dirty table and his eyes shone. "It is der chance of a lifetime. But think of der risk. The Cocos Islands are Dutch Joe's country. For six months now he has been trading round there."

"I KNOW it, curse him!" Creedy exclaimed, drooping back flaccidly in his chair. "That's what makes one hesitate. Dare we chance it?"

"He would kill you; he would half-kill me," said Finny Baum, looking at the tip of his cigar. "I took only his money; you took his Frieda."

"If we go on this trip, my name's Creedy. Don't forget that," Creedy said; "and I'm an export merchant."

"Then we go, eh?" said Finny Baum. "To-night. It is good. We have been too long in Singapore. But I go too, ja? If there is all dis money, you cannot leave me behind."

"Of course you'll go, too," Creedy answered irritably. "Bannerman said he had need of a couple more men, and two of us can fix Dutch Joe easier than one can. Besides..."

Suddenly the door of the room opened, admitting a burst of voices and clinking glasses. Creedy started guiltily. A frightened little rat of a barman with a white apron on came in and shut the door behind him.

"Proctor," he whispered, a pair of protrusive eyes glaring out of a pasty face, "Dutch Joe's in town!"

Finny Baum rose from his chair, silently, mountaineously, like an octopus arising from a rock.

Creedy stood as if stunned. The barman went on, jerkily:

"The Banshee put in an hour ago, and Joe's making a round of the saloons. He's full of rum and murder, and he's wearing Frieda's beads round his neck. You know what that means. It means he's after you, and if he finds you he'll kill you."

A minute later Creedy was hurrying anxiously through the roaring, colored dusk of Singapore, his toes forced down over his eyes to conceal as much of his face as possible, and his right hand in his jacket pocket grasping the butt of an automatic pistol. Finny Baum, rolling and gasping, moved beside him.

Captain Donald Chantry of the Storm Girl was a downright young man of thirty-six years. He was tall and broad; he had black hair and clear brown eyes; he had a chin like a rock; and he was so honest that he would have been ruined and beggared years ago if it hadn't been for that chin, and a pair of fists which it was his habit to keep thrust out of sight in the pockets of his jacket.

An hour before sailing time that night he was leaning over the schooner's rail, watching the twinkling lights of Singapore across the harbor, and the great rippling reflections of the stars in the water. And

he was thinking about Joyce Bannerman, and about Creevy.

He felt angry and he felt tender—angry when he thought of Creevy; tender when he thought of Joyce.

He heard footsteps on deck. It was Joyce and her father, coming up from below. Chantry braced himself for an unpleasant duty.

Joyce and Bannerman leant on the rail beside him.

"We sail in about an hour now, don't we?" Bannerman asked, puffing at his pipe. "We're half expecting someone to join us, Chantry."

"Yes," said Chantry uneasily. "Miss Joyce told me about it. It's a Mr. Creevy. I understand—the gentleman I met going ashore when I came aboard this afternoon."

"Yes," Bannerman gave him a look in the darkness. "You don't seem very happy about it, Chantry."

"I'm not, sir," Chantry said definitely. "You're the owner of this boat, but I'm the captain, and it's for me to choose the crew. It's true that we could do with two more men, but I don't want Creevy to be one of them."

Both Joyce and her father visibly stiffened. "Why not, Captain?" Joyce asked quietly. "I'd rather not give my reasons, Miss Joyce," Chantry answered. "But this isn't the first time I've been in Singapore. Creevy has a certain reputation."

Bannerman laughed angrily. "Drink and cards and so forth, I suppose. Yes, I've heard vague stories of that back in England. But he's a young man, and Singapore is no home for young ladies, Chantry. That lad's father was my best friend, and I've known Kit Creevy since he was a child in arms. The lad's all right."

"I hope so, sir," Chantry said stiffly. "But as the captain of your ship, I must decline to sign him on as one of the crew. Take him as a passenger, if you like. I can't prevent that."

"What!" Bannerman exploded; but Joyce gripped his arm and silenced him.

"Captain Chantry is quite within his rights, father. Remember, he's responsible for the ship and her safety."

"Yes, yes, I suppose so," Bannerman interrupted sulkily. "All right, Chantry; I won't butt against you. If Creevy comes aboard—and he may not now—it's getting so late—he'll come as passenger. Does that satisfy you?"

"Very good, sir," Chantry murmured. There was an awkward silence. All three stood and stared across the harbor. Then Chantry said quietly:

"I think I see a boat pulling towards us now. That will be Mr. Creevy, I expect."

Joyce and her father craned forward, and after a second or two saw the boat which Chantry had already detected.

"They're coming darn fast," Chantry said in a queer tone. "I suppose they think they're late. And there's another boat behind, I fancy . . . Ah!"

The whispering silence of the harbor had been shattered by a pistol-shot. Then came a shout. Then two more pistol-shots. Then nothing but the dip and wheeze of frantic oars.

Next instant a boat scraped against the schooner's side, and Creevy's white face shone up from below.

"HEY!" Creevy called breathlessly. "Throw me a rope—quick!" "There's a gangway amidships; can't you see it?" Captain Chantry answered. "What's the hurry?"

Using his hands as grapples on the storm gir's side, Creevy propelled the row-

boat along to the lowered gangway, leapt out, caught the rope guard at the side of the perforated iron steps, and came up like a streak.

"Kit!" Bannerman exclaimed. "What on earth's the matter? What was that firing?"

Creevy did not answer. He gripped the rail and peered through the darkness in the direction whence the shots had been fired. Silence—silence everywhere now. He sighed, turned towards the group.

"Sorry," he said, with a false laugh. "I'm afraid I've put the wind up you. One of those darned Malays thought he'd do a bit of private pirating in the harbor—using me as victim!"



"A MALAY?" Captain Chantry repeated slowly. "Queer? I've never heard of such a thing before. I thought they were an orderly lot in Singapore."

"Order? Dere is no order here," said a guttural voice. Finny Baum waddled forward a step, took off his panama hat, bowed and sniggered in a way which he imagined was ingratiating.

"Present me, my friend," he said to Creevy. Creevy, doing his best to appear at ease, made the introductions. But it was clear that he was not at ease. Whatever his past might have been, he still bore the veneer of the gentleman, a quality which the Finn had never possessed. Creevy knew that a broken accent would not be enough to deceive these people into thinking that Finny Baum was one of themselves.

He tried to smooth it over with explanations.

"You told me, sir," he said to Bannerman, "that you were in need of two men, so I took the liberty of bringing Mr. Baum. He is one of my most trusted employees, and knows this part of the world in and out. I'm sure we shall find him very useful."

Loathing Baum at first sight, Bannerman, with ridiculous obstinacy, welcomed him effusively.

"I'm sure you'll be an asset to the ship's company, Mr. Baum; and any friend of Mr. Creevy's I regard as a friend of mine . . . But you had better let the steward take your baggage to your cabins. The gangway will be taken in soon, won't it, Captain?"

"Within ten minutes," Chantry answered shortly.

Bannerman, the steward, and the two newcomers went below; Bannerman to see that Creevy and Baum were settled comfortably in their cabins.

Joyce and Chantry were left together on the deck.

The gangway was being hauled up now, and the crew, coming aft from the fore-cabin, were standing about, ready for orders to get under weigh.

"Captain Chantry," Joyce said suddenly, in a low tone, "what is the matter with Mr. Creevy?"

"What is the matter with him? I don't understand, Miss Joyce. Is there anything the matter with him?"

"You're hedging," she said. "I asked you a straight question—why don't you like him?"

"Your father said that he didn't want to know."

"But I am not my father. I want to know."

"He has a bad reputation—that's all."

"What sort of reputation?" Chantry shrugged his shoulders, looking out fixedly towards the lights of the waterfront.

"The sort of reputation an Englishman that drifts can get in a place like Singapore. Need we go into details?"

"No, I suppose not."

There was a moment's pause. Chantry lowered his hands to a binocular case slung at his side, and began unfastening it.

He had raised the binoculars to his eyes, and was focusing them on a point on the waterfront. For fully a minute he stood there staring. Then, lowering the glasses again, he handed them to her.

"Just take a look—it's rather interesting. These are night-glasses, and one can see pretty well . . . Just there. See that light of stone step going up to the quay?"

"Yes, there's a boat there, and somebody helping a man up the steps."

"Something the matter with that man, isn't there?" Chantry asked quietly. "Does it strike you that he's in the best of health?"

"No, he seems to be swaying . . . Oh, he's fallen! . . . Why—what's that glittering thing round his neck? Surely—"

"It's a string of beads," said Chantry. "Those beads are known in every port in these seas. They call them Frieda's beads. The man who wears them is called Dutch Joe."

She was absorbed with the scene she saw through the night-glasses.

"He's gone now—limped away with somebody holding his arm. He doesn't seem to be badly hurt. It's his leg, I think."

"I dare say," Chantry answered, laconically. "Creevy's a good shot with a revolver, and he'd be afraid of murder. The leg's as good a spot as any other if you want to wing a man."

She lowered the glasses. In the darkness she could see his stern face smiling grimly.

"Creevy!"

"Dutch Joe was Creevy's Malay. Dutch Joe chased him across the harbor and tried to get him, but Creevy won. He won't always win, though. Dutch Joe will get him one day."

She was shocked, thrilled, horrified. Then an angry wave of protest swept through her. Creevy was her friend; she had known him all her life. She scarcely knew Chantry. Yet why should he make these charges if they weren't true?

"You're saying extraordinary things, Captain Chantry. Are you really accusing my friend of an unprovoked attack on this mysterious Dutch Joe person?"

"I didn't say it was unprovoked, Miss Joyce," Chantry answered stubbornly. "I dare say there was a lot of provocation for it. I suppose you would call it provocation if a man knew he was in danger of his life?"

"I SUPPOSE so." For an instant she forgot that she wanted to defend Creevy. "But why?" she asked breathlessly. "Why does Dutch Joe want to kill him?"

Chantry looked at the illuminated dial of his watch.

"You must excuse me, Miss Joyce. The tide's almost right, and we must get under weigh."

"But you can tell me that before you go."

"I think you had better ask Mr. Creevy what Dutch Joe wants with him."

He saluted her, turned on his heel, and strode forward, calling for his boat.

Below, the piratical-looking Bannerman, with his brilliant cummerbund, raffish manners, and loud, unscientific laugh, had just left Kit Creevy and Finny Baum in their cabins, having seen them comfortably installed.

A minute later Finny Baum opened his cabin door silently, looked into the saloon, assured himself by listening that the scientist was no longer below; then opened Creevy's cabin and slipped inside.

Creevy was pushing one of the battered suitcases under his bunk. The enormous Finny squatted down beside him, breathing heavily.

"My friend, you bin a bigger fool than I thought. Ach, you bin one big dam' fool!"

Creevy jerked his head up nervously, and crouched beside the bunk, his face on a level with Finny Baum's.

"What's gone wrong?"
"Nothing has gone wrong, my friend, but it will all go wrong if you do not do something. At this moment, I dare say, Captain Chantry is telling der good professor an' his lovely daughter all he know about you. He could not have told dem dis afternoon, or we should not be here now."

"WHAT'S he know about me?" Creevy snapped. "I've never seen him before."

"Maybe not. But I know of Captain Chantry, an' he know Singapore—in an' out. You may not have met him—one does not meet everybody. But I gamble my fat neck with der hangman dat he know all about Frieda an' Dutch Joe. Anybody who know Singapore as he does would know der story."

Shudders were going through the Storm Girl.

"We are not being put ashore, anyhow," Finny Baum murmured, with a contented sigh. "Perhaps he has not spoke yet. But I think he will." He laughed softly, and his little, deep-sunk, pig eyes twinkled at Creevy's face. "He is sweet on your childhood friend. Dat would make him talk."

"Shut up!" Creevy growled. "I've got to think. How the devil can we get out of this? . . . How do you know he's sweet on her?"

"Oh, just instinct . . . There is only one way to make safe. You must tell your childhood friend something she will believe before she can hear anything from Chantry. Isn't it?"

A smile, none too pleasant, lightened Creevy's haggard and haunted face.

"Yes, that's the idea. I know what I can tell her—something that will bring her right over to my side. Women love a romantic story. I'll talk to her now," he said.

Storm Girl was just getting under weigh when he reached the deck. To the eye it seemed that the lighted diadem of the waterfront was creeping across the darkness. He found Joyce and her father standing by the rail, looking back at Singapore.

"Hallo, Creevy," old Bannerman said heartily. "Are you all set for the great adventure?"

"Thinking to begin it, sir."

"It's begun, my boy. We're leaving the mundane world behind us. Take a good look at Singapore. It's the last lighted town we'll see for a long time!"

He was as excited as a schoolboy on his first sea voyage, and made no secret of it.

"I'm going to have a talk to the skipper," he announced, and marched off towards the wheel-house.

"Joyce," Creevy said, leaning beside her against the rail. "I'm glad we're alone for a few minutes. There's something I want to say to you—something I want to tell you."

She took her eyes away from the distant lights and looked into his face.

"Yes, Kit?"

He braced himself for it.

"That wasn't a Malay I shot at. It was a white man, Joyce. I want you to know all about it now."

She drew in a tiny breath sharply, and it seemed to him that an eager look came into her face. But all she said was:

"Yes, Kit. I'm listening."

"I've got an enemy in Singapore—a drunken, roaring brute of a sailor called Dutch Joe. Singapore is a pretty tough place; people get killed here fairly easily, and Dutch Joe wants to kill me."

He paused. She said nothing. She was staring at him steadily with her calm eyes. It was only with an effort that he could meet them.

"It was because of a woman, Joyce—a girl named Frieda. I was in love with her. So was Dutch Joe."

"Go on," she said steadily.

"One day Frieda disappeared from Singapore. Dutch Joe had taken her—kidnapped her. He was away in the Banabee—his schooner—for five months. Frieda died on the voyage. I was mad when I heard about it—mad. I fought him, and thrashed him all over Singapore. He was the talk of the place. He didn't dare to show his face there for almost a year. Since then, whenever he has too much drink, he plucks up a bit of Dutch courage and hunts after me."

He paused again. She still refrained from comment.

"That's all," he said. "I wanted you to know."

"Thanks," she answered. "I'm glad you told me."

She looked away again towards the lighted quays, and he knew she had not believed a word.

Next morning Storm Girl was out of sight of land. It was lovely weather; brilliant sunlight, and a stiff breeze. The little schooner skimmed along with all her canvas straining, and old Bannerman, who seemed to be cultivating his piratical appearance, strode the deck, swollen with pride at being aboard a ship he owned.

Creevy took possession of him as soon as breakfast was over, and stayed glued to his side till lunch time.

Nothing had been seen of Finny Baum since breakfast, when he had eaten slowly and enormously, and made heavy jokes about everything that was mentioned.



BANNERMAN had decided that he did not like Finny Baum. He would not have liked Creevy if he had not obstinately made up his mind to show Chantry that his suspicions were ridiculous. But he could not conceal his dislike of Finny Baum when he questioned Creevy about him.

"Who is he? What is he? What's his nationality?"

Creevy gave an easy, jovial laugh.

"He isn't a very prepossessing person—I'll give you that. But I guarantee him, Mr. Finny Baum's a hard case, but straight

as a die. On a job like this we need hard cases. There might be trouble."

"Trouble? What sort of trouble?"

"Oh, you never know," Creevy lowered his voice. "Are you sure of your captain and crew, for example? The men seem to be a cut-throat lot. How do you think they might behave with quarter of a million in pirate's loot in the holds?"

Bannerman stopped his pacing, frowned at him, lit a cigar, frowned at the horizon.

"Chantry chose them, and I trust him," he grunted. Then he exclaimed: "But what are we talking about? It's ridiculous. Piracy—mutiny—such things don't happen nowadays."

Creevy did not answer, for both he and Bannerman were watching the captain, who was strolling forward, his hands in his pockets. He went to the fore'side hatch, and shouted down:

"Mr. Baum, if you please. Come up here at once."

Finny Baum emerged from below, apologetic in every layer of fat. He seemed to roll and undulate as he stood in front of Chantry, explaining that he did not know he was breaking any law of the sea by going into the fore'side.

"I WAS interested in der ship, Captain. I like to talk to der men, you understand, isn't it? I apologise from der bottom of my heart. I did not know I break one of der laws of der sea."

Chantry waited till he had completely finished.

"You're not breaking any law of the sea," he said then, "but you're breaking one of the laws of my ship. I do not allow the passengers to go into the men's quarters."

Chantry gave a curt nod, turned on his heel and strode back to the wheel-house.

Joyce, in the deck-chair, had not moved, had not turned a page of the book. But she had heard it all.

Finny Baum waddled aft and joined Creevy and Bannerman.

"I am in trouble mit der captain," he said, with a broad grin. "It is my inquisitive mind that gets me in trouble. But I gamble my fat neck mit der hangman that I mean no harm. You tink I mean no harm, Mr. Bannerman?"

"No, of course not," Bannerman grunted. "You must excuse me now. I have some work to do below."

He left them abruptly, and went down the companionway to the saloon. Five minutes later there was a knock on his cabin door. It was Chantry.

"I'd like five minutes' private talk with you, sir."

"Certainly, Chantry. I'm listening."

"I am captain of this ship, sir, and responsible for her safety and the safety of everybody aboard her. I told you yesterday that I did not approve of Mr. Creevy's coming with us. You chose to take him as a passenger. Now I should like you to read a wireless message I have received in reply to one I sent to the authorities at Singapore."

He took a sheet of paper out of his pocket, and gave it into Bannerman's hand. Bannerman read:

To Captain Chantry, Storm Girl, at Sea.

Answer to your inquiry, Christopher Creevy, alias John Proctor, is known in Singapore as gambler, drunkard, etc. Twice under arrest—once confidence trick, once illegal business transaction. Escaped conviction each case. Believed to have caused death of a woman, Frieda Scherwin. Antecedents of Baum unknown. Believed Fin-

hish nationality. Proprietor Singapore gambling saloon. Bad character. Implicated with Creevy in Frieda Schwerin case. Believed to have robbed Captain Jansson (Dutch Joe) \$4,000 pearls, but no proof. Banshee left Singapore last night.

"I'm sorry to have to bring these charges against somebody who is your friend," Chantry said quietly. "But, as I have reminded you before, I am captain of your ship."

"Of course, of course. You've acted entirely properly, Chantry. Wait a moment."

"What can we do, Captain? Can we put back to Singapore, and set these men ashore?"

A faint, grim smile touched Chantry's lips, and he slowly shook his head. "You don't understand the last sentence of that wireless message, sir—Banshee left Singapore last night. Banshee is Dutch Joe's schooner. She's better than us by four or five knots an hour; and Dutch Joe is after blood—not ours, but our two passengers'. It was Dutch Joe whom Creevy shot last night."

It seemed that Bannerman's brain had been momentarily numbed by the shock of the thing.

"Dutch Joe," he said at last. "I don't understand all this, Chantry. What's it all about, for heaven's sake? Why can't we put back to Singapore?"

"Because we'll run right into Dutch Joe if we do. Piracy may be dead, but in these seas private vengeance is attended to in a way which often seems perilously like it. If Dutch Joe catches up with us, he'll board us by force if we don't surrender Creevy and Baum to him. In my position as captain, I can't surrender them; for, if I did, they'd die."

Bannerman got to his feet. He had recovered from the shock. His brain was at work once more. He was cool and himself again.

"It's obvious what they've come aboard for."

"**Q**UITE, sir," Chantry said grimly. "I'd like you to come into Baum's cabin: it's the one next door. I took the liberty of examining that gentleman's baggage while he was in the fore-cabin, finding out, I presume, what members of the crew would be likely to go in with him when the fight begins."

He opened the door. The saloon was empty, but, not trusting appearances, he went quietly to the companion-way, climbed the steps till his head just protruded above the deck-level, and saw Creevy and Finny Baum talking to Joyce in the deck-chair.

"They're safe for another five minutes, I should think," he said.

Bannerman had opened Finny Baum's cabin door. Chantry bent down, pulled the antique suitcase from under the bunk, took a bunch of keys out of his pocket, selected one, and opened it.

Bannerman looked down upon four automatic pistols, two carbines broken into sections, and six one-thousand-round boxes of ammunition.

"That's enough," Bannerman grunted. "But I didn't need that to convince me."

Chantry replaced the suitcase, and they returned to Bannerman's tiny cabin.

"Well, Captain, what do you suggest?" Bannerman was brisk and businesslike.

"I suggest that we run for it, sir," Chantry answered. "If we can keep out of Dutch Joe's way till daylight, we're more or less safe. I expect he knows where we're

bound for, but we'll keep a point off the course, and he won't find us till we arrive."

"And when we arrive?"

Bannerman's bony fists clenched, and his old eyes flashed fire.

"Then we'll run, and, if we've got to fight, we'll fight. I'm not going to surrender my invention to any pirate, clean fighter or not."

"Good, sir; that's what I like to hear," Chantry paused, and added:

"I'd keep an automatic in my pocket, if I were you. I'll join you on deck in a minute, sir."

He saluted and went.



CHANTRY sent a man into the crow's nest and kept him up there, a small dark figure surrounded by billows of canvas, all the afternoon.

"Vat is dat man look for, hein?" Finny Baum whispered uneasily to Creevy. "It is queer—no ice about at dis time of der year; not'ing."

"If you hadn't been fool enough to talk to the men in daylight, we'd be able to ask Chantry with some hope of getting a civil answer," Creevy growled.

Finny Baum gave an unpleasant gurgle of laughter.

"You do nod like it because it is your neck the hangman vill put his rope round. One has not forgotten Frieda; an' your stories are not believed, you say. You are a poor liar and a big fool, Creevy."

"Quite," Creevy snapped. "What I want to know is, did you do anything when you were in the fore-cabin?"

"Ach, now you talk business. Yes, I found one man I know in Singapore. I talk to him again to-night. He vill be safe, an' most of the others can be bought over, I tink. . . . Ach, vat dey talk about so serious over dere? I am not feelin' very happy. You are such a fool, Creevy."

They stared along the deck at Joyce and her father, who had been walking up and down amidships for the past half hour, talking in low tones.

Bannerman had told her all that he had learnt from Captain Chantry.

The man in the crow's nest had made a trumpet of his hands and roared down to the deck:

"Salvo!"

Chantry hurried amidships, and bellowed aloft for further information. The man in the crow's nest yelled down that the topmasts of a schooner were coming in sight over the horizon.

Chantry strolled over to Bannerman and Joyce.

"That'll be Dutch Joe," he said, looking from one to the other with a twisted smile on his lips.

At that moment the cabin-boy came up from below, approached the group, saluted Chantry, and gave him a wireless message. Chantry read it, laughed, and handed it to Bannerman.

Bannerman read:

Captain Chantry, Storm Girl, at Sea.

Please heave to and await me. Important.

J. Jansson, Banshee.

On the back of the message form Chantry scribbled a reply:

Sorry. Impossible to wait for you. What do you want?

Ten minutes later came a short and laconic answer from Dutch Joe:

You know.

Chantry was still talking with Joyce and Bannerman when this transcription of Dutch Joe's wireless message was brought up from below. He laughed and showed it to them.

"That," he said, "seems to be that. You must excuse me now."

He went off to the wheel-house. A few moments later two of the sails began to flap; then they caught the wind again, and billowed out taut. The race had begun. Storm Girl had been edged a point nearer the wind. She was giving every ounce of speed she could. The water bubbled under her stern and frothed along her sides.

On the lee rail, far forward, Creevy and Finny Baum were still leaning and whispering. Finny Baum was smoking a black cigar. Every now and then he held it out in front of him and stared reflectively at the glowing tip.

"Do they know, I wonder?" Joyce asked.

"They'll know soon enough," her father grunted.

They strolled down to the stern and looked out across the rail. There was a mist creeping over that far horizon, and as yet Dutch Joe's schooner was invisible.

While they stood there, Creevy and Finny Baum joined them.

"What's going on?" Creevy asked with an obvious effort to appear careless and at ease. "Everything seems very mysterious."

"Does it?" Joyce answered sweetly, giving him a ravishing smile. "It all seems very mysterious to me; but then, I'm not used to ships. I thought you were, Kit."

She left them, walked down to the wheel-house and tapped on the door. Chantry was in there with the helmsman. She nodded to him to come out.

"Now that things are getting a bit interesting," she said in a low tone, "don't you think it would be a good idea to move that armory from Baum's cabin?"

HE nodded. "Yes. But I don't want to start the fight yet. If we do it, we mustn't be seen."

"I'll keep them up here. You send father down to attend to it."

"Right," he answered. He suddenly put out his hands, took hers, squeezed it, and let it fall again. "You're a great girl," he said.

She returned to the group, her heart beating a trifle faster than usual, but for no reason connected with Dutch Joe, Finny Baum or Creevy.

"Father, the Captain wants to speak to you," she said.

Her eyes gave him a meaning glance.

"All right," he said, smiled to Creevy and Baum, and went down to the wheel-house.

"Now do tell me, Mr. Baum," she said, "has anything really exciting ever happened to you in this part of the world? I do hope these aren't peaceful seas. I've been looking forward to pirates and mutiny, bloodshed and pillage ever since I left England."

Finny Baum laughed at her with his pig eyes.

"Exciting things often happen, dear lady. I have a souvenir mit me on dis ship of a very exciting adventure. I vill get him an' show you."

He turned away, turned with surprising swiftness for a man of his vast bulk, and took a step towards the companion-way. She put her hand on his silk sleeve.

"I'll go with him," she said to Creevy. "I want to get a handkerchief."

"Righto—we'll all go," he answered. When she looked at him she saw a queer light in his eyes—a light, a look, which frightened her.

She threw a glance towards Finny Baum, who had reached the top of the companion stairs, and gave a nervous laugh.

"We can't all go down. Father and Captain Chantry are down there already. There won't be room in the saloon for everybody."

"There is at meal-times, isn't there?" he asked softly.

He took her arm in a grip so tight that it hurt, and walked with her towards the companion-way.

"Kit!" she said angrily. "Let go of my arm, please!"

He did not answer, but suddenly forced her forward, made her run till they reached the companion-ladder. The foot of it was blocked by the broad back of Finny Baum. Looking down on him she could see his hands, and in one of them was an automatic pistol.

"Do not move or make a sound," she heard him say.

She could not speak.

"Finny!" Creevy said in a tense whisper. The enormous man threw a lightning glance behind him.

"Der wheel-house—quick! Take her." Joyce was jerked backwards, then rushed aft along the deck.

THEN a door crashed open in front of her, she was thrust inside, the door crashed shut. She was in the wheel-house.

Creevy stood with his back to the door, an automatic pistol in his hand. The binocular light, set going a few minutes before, showed his haggard face, set in tense lines, his bloodshot, glaring eyes.

The man at the wheel, not daring to let go the spokes—for with all her canvas set, and sailing so close to the wind, the Storm Girl was lurching and kicking like a young horse—looked up at him aghast.

"Keep her on her course," Creevy snapped. "And no funny stuff, or I'll plug you. . . . And you, Joyce, stay where you are."

"What are you doing, Kit?" she whispered. "Have you gone mad?"

"Sorry, Joyce, it's got to be done. You can't fool Finny and me. You've tumbled to the game. It's the fortune of war—you and yours, or Finny and me. We happen to have been too quick for you."

"You're a fool," she whispered. "How can two men capture a ship like this?"

"Fool or not, we've got to try it!" He gave a hoarse, half-hysterical laugh. "I've no mind to have my throat slit by Dutch Joe, and that's what'd happen if we didn't take a chance."

A dark face appeared outside one of the glass panes of the wheel-house, looking in, startled and scared, to see what was going on.

With an almost animal-like snarl, Creevy swung the automatic pistol towards it. The face disappeared.

"Now, put your hands up!" Joyce said. In the instant that he had looked away, she had brought a pistol out of her pocket and now had it levelled at him.

There was a deafening explosion, deafening in the tiny wheel-house. Creevy gave a cry of pain, dropped the pistol, clutched his arm, and swung his body from side to side in agony.

Then she leapt at him, caught him by

the shoulder, and with the strength of desperation sent him spinning to the deck.

As he lay grovelling, the helmsman stretched out a leg, and placed an enormous sea-boot upon his injured arm. Creevy yelled in pain.

"All right, miss," the helmsman grunted calmly. "Get along quick. I'll 'old 'em 'ere. Can't leave the wheel."

She pulled open the door. It was entirely dark now. Amidships, as she ran towards the companion-way, a shot sounded, and she saw a flash of fire. Somebody shouted. Then there was a stampede of feet forrard.

She ran on. In front of her loomed up an enormous bulk. She tried to avoid it, but in turning lost her balance, and fell into Finny Baum's outstretched arm. Her automatic pistol left her hand, slid across the deck into the scuppers.

At the top of the companion-way he gave her a push which sent her sprawling down the steps on hands and knees. She crouched at the bottom, dazed. Fists were banging on the door; Chantry's voice was shouting, bellowing for the crew, calling them by name.

Finny Baum grabbed her by the shoulder, jerked her to her feet with the strength of one hand, and she found herself thrust through the door of the saloon into Chantry's arms.

The door slammed again.

Chantry had lighted the lamp.

"Thank Heavens!" he exclaimed.

He took her in his arms. Neither of them noticed that he kissed her before her father took her from him.

Finny Baum's armory had been spread out on the table, and Chantry was rapidly fitting the parts of the two carbines together.

"They haven't a chance—not a chance!" Bannerman cried excitedly, pushing a clip of cartridges into an automatic pistol.

"How can they fight the entire crew?"

"Don't deceive yourself, sir," Chantry said. "I don't suppose there's one revolver amongst the whole bunch, and they're a tough lot—I told you that. They'll go in with the stronger side, and at the moment that side happens to be Baum's and Creevy's."

"All of them?" Joyce exclaimed.

"No, not all of them," Chantry answered.

"But there are only two or three I can be sure of. They'll probably get shot. If we're going to get out of this, we've got to do it ourselves. We're prisoners down here, but we can shoot away the lock of that door—and we've got most of the firearms and ammunition."



JOYCE crouched, listening with her ear to the locked saloon door. Chantry and Bannerman went on tearing open the boxes of ammunition and loading the firearms.

"Curse me for a fool!" Bannerman said in a high-pitched chant. "Curse me for a fool. Make me pay for my idiosyncrasy, or I'll fret about it all my life."

For the last few minutes peace seemed to have reigned on deck. There was no more shouting, shooting, or scurrying feet.

"One of 'em's got a pistol at the ear of the helmsman, and the other's sent the crew into the fore-cabin," Chantry grunted. "Stand back from that door, Joyce. It's now or

never. Finny Baum will remember all these firearms as soon as he's calmed down, and reflect that we're not so safely under lock and key as he thought. . . . Phew! I'd forgotten the skylight."

A fat hand, with an automatic pistol in it, had protruded through the broken pane of the skylight. Chantry leapt to his feet, clubbed the rifle, and smashed the stock against Finny Baum's fingers.

Finny Baum let out a yell of pain. Another shot came from the pistol; the pistol fell. The hand disappeared, bleeding.

"Now for it!" Chantry panted. "Bannerman—keep an eye on the skylight."

"Watch me!" said Bannerman with a grim laugh.

"No time," Chantry said cheerfully, and, lifting the second carbine, he fired at the lock of the door.

He pressed another clip of cartridges into the magazine and fired again.

As the echoes of his firing died away, there was a shot on deck.

"Hullo!" Chantry said. "The crew getting restive, I suppose. . . . No, they'll be under batches. I expect it's the helmsman showing his teeth. Sanderson, I'll bet he's with us."

Then something heavy came clattering down the companion-way, and hove up with a thud against the door.

"CHUCKING things down

—blocking up the stairs!" Chantry panted.

"Well, that doesn't matter. . . . Stand clear, Joyce."

He emptied his magazine again and Joyce, taking a sidelong glance, saw that the neat line of holes now followed the outline of the lock round its three sides.

Something else came clattering down the stairs.

"Idiots!" Chantry exclaimed cheerfully. "They've forgotten that the door opens inward. . . . Ah!"

There was a sharp crack! A tiny hole appeared in the panel of the door. A mirror on the opposite side of the saloon was shattered to bits.

"Seven years' back luck, Finny!" Chantry roared. "You've broken a mirror."

"To tell!" came Finny's voice, muffled, from the top of the companion-way. "We'll shoot der first at der door or der skylight."

Chantry motioned to Joyce and Bannerman to stand clear of the door. He himself went to a corner of the saloon, and critically inspected the skylight.

"Well?" Bannerman whispered.

Chantry shook his head.

"They'd pick us off as soon as we looked out. The door's the only way. . . . Joyce, there may be some nasty shooting. You'd better go into your cabin."

She shook her head, her eyes shining.

"I'll stay here."

"Joyce," he said grimly, "that's an order. Please obey it. You can't help us for the moment."

She opened the door of her cabin and went inside, but left the door open so that she could see out into the saloon.

Chantry went quietly to the door, knelt down at the side of it and took a large clasp-knife from his pocket. He opened the big blade, and began to make the line of holes round the lock into one continuous opening.

Three shots rang out in quick succession. Chantry gave a cry. The clasp-knife, with its blade snapped off short, flew across the saloon and clattered down against the bulkhead.

"Oh, are you hurt?" Joyce cried, at her cabin door.

Chantry, standing up, his left hand clutching his right, shook his head.

He was creeping towards the door when Joyce beckoned him silently.

"It was evident that she had evolved some plan of escape. Her cheeks were flushed excitedly and her eyes awoke. A great girl, thought Chantry; no fainting fits or screaming here. Not a sign of the white feather, and she'd shot a man and been shot at, all in the past fifteen minutes.

As he went swiftly and quietly across the saloon—crossing the line of the door in one quick, cautious stride—there was a complete silence except for the continual ship-noises. But death stood at the top of the companion ladder, watching the skylight and the door.

"Bend down," Joyce breathed when he reached her. "If anybody hears we're done."

He lowered his head, and she laid her hands on his shoulders and whispered in his ear:

"I'm slim enough to get out through the cabin porthole. It's only about eighteen inches from the deck level. You could hold me till I got a grip of the rail—"

She was wearing a jumper. She stripped it off and flung it on the bunk. Then off came her wrist-watch, bracelets and shoes. "All set," she breathed. "Give me a pistol."

He gave her one of the automatic pistols he was carrying in his pockets, and she tucked it into the waistband of her skirt.

"No," she said, taking it out again, "that won't do. It'll catch as I slip through. You'll have to hand it to me when I'm half-way out."

She gave him the pistol again.

"Ready?"

She nodded, took hold of the bulkhead to steady herself, and leant backwards, pushing her head out through the porthole. Then she lowered her arms, pressed them to her sides, and began to wriggle through the circular copper frame.

CHANTRY gave her hand a quick pressure, and put the pistol into it. She raised herself from the waist, and he felt her get a grip of the rail with her free hand. A moment later her legs began to move out of his clasp; and a second after that all he could see of her was a couple of stocking feet hanging outside the porthole. Then they, too, disappeared.

A minute went by—two—three. No sound from the deck, nothing but the howl of the wind and the sob and crash of the water on the sides.

Then an oath, a shuffle of feet somewhere near the saloon—a shot.

"Put up your hands, Finny!" Joyce cried. "Quick! And you, Kit, in the wheel-house—I'll plug you again if you're not careful. I can cover you both from here."

"Ach—fussel!" Finny wheezed furiously. "Men—take her! Quick! It's only a girl."

"Try it!" she cried. "And . . ."

Whatever threat she hurled at them was not heard by the occupants of the saloon, for Chantry, who had seized the handle and was straining and wrenching at the door, got it open at that moment with a rend of wood and a crash like a gun-shot. The lock shot across the door.

"Come on!" Chantry yelled.

Two cases of oranges from the galley blocked the companion-way, but he clam-

bered over them, and raced up to where Finny Baum's colossal figure stood outlined against the stars.

"Drop that gun, Finny!" Chantry cried. "Drop it, or I'll drop you!"

He grabbed Finny by the collar and dug the muzzle of his automatic into Finny's ribs. Finny gave him a sour smile, and dropped his pistol to the deck.

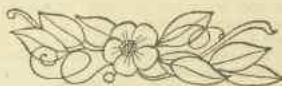
"Der drick to you," he muttered.

"It sure is, Finny," Chantry agreed happily, and looked aft along the deck.

"You all right, Joyce?" he cried.

"Fine!" she called back.

With a hand on his collar, Chantry propelled Finny Baum to the bulwarks.



THERE was no one on deck except themselves and Finny. As he had surmised, Finny had put the crew under hatches in the fore-cabin.

A flash of fire came from the wheel-house—a report, a clash of falling glass. Chantry dipped to his knees and scuttled forward like a greyhound.

"Stop that, Creevy," he bellowed through the door. "The tables are turned again. Better be quiet."

"All right—course you!"

When Chantry opened the door, he found the constantly unflinching helmsman holding Creevy's pistol hand in an iron-like grip, and hanging on to the kicking wheel at the same time.

Chantry dragged Kit Creevy out, and marched him along the deck to take his place by the side of Finny Baum.

"You'll find some handcuffs in my cabin—in the locker," Chantry said to Bannerman. "Get 'em, and we'll put these two lads out of mischief."

Bannerman went below, leaping over the orange-boxes like a boy, and Chantry leaving Joyce to keep Baum and Creevy covered, went forward to the fore-cabin.

He unbattened the hatch and slid it on the deck. A crowd of white faces looked up at him.

"Any of you men feel like mutiny?" he asked, letting them see his automatic pistol. "You know I don't, sir," Hicks, the mate, called from the back of the crowd on the ladder.

They emerged on the deck, a trifle sheepishly, and without protest surrendered their sheath-knives to Chantry.

"It was sprung on us, sir," Hicks said. "I hope to goodness you don't think I 'ad anything to do with it? We didn't have a chance. There isn't a gun amongst the lot of us."

"No; I knew you were all right, Hicks. What about the others?"

"There was a lot o' talk, sir. Some of 'em said it would be a good idea to side with Baum rather than get their throats cut."

"That's natural. Remember who they were who gave vent to that philosophic sentiment and tell me afterwards. Now, pick up all that cutlery and come along."

Hicks gathered the sheath-knives into a bundle, tied his neckerchief round them, and followed Chantry to where the prisoners stood a.s.d.h.s.h.s.

Bannerman had returned from below with the handcuffs.

"One pair will do," Chantry said. "Now, Finny, lower your left hand."

Finny obeyed, and Chantry clipped one side of the handcuffs over it.

"Creevy."

In a moment they were fastened together, and Chantry turned to Hicks.

"Take 'em down and lock 'em up somewhere, Hicks. Then stay on guard outside for a spell. I'll send somebody to relieve you in a minute. You'll find an armory in the saloon. Take an automatic."

Chantry and Bannerman went to the wheel-house, where the stolid Sanderson was still standing at his post, meditatively chewing tobacco.

"Sorry I couldn't give much of an 'and, sir," he explained apologetically. "But with all this canvas on, an' in this breeze, I didn't dare lash 'er. She takes a power of 'oldin'."

"You needn't fret," said Chantry. "You did all you could. I suppose Creevy had you covered all the time?"

"Yes, sir. A dandy gent, that."

Chantry glanced at the illuminated dial of the compass and started.

"How long have you been steering that course?"

"Ever since the trouble began, sir. I couldn't 'bout ship an' go straight back to Singapore—they'd 'ave twigged what I was doin'. So I've just been easin' 'er off a point or two. I thought I'd take 'em right back to the 'arbor'."

"It was a good idea—in a way," Chantry said ruefully; "but in another way it wasn't."

Sanderson gave him an odd, disappointed look. Chantry and Bannerman left the wheel-house.

"Now we're in for more trouble," Chantry muttered, unfastening his night-glasses. "Sanderson's been taking us right across the Banshee's course. . . . And there is the Banshee!"

He did not need his glasses. Not more than two or three miles away were the steady lights of a ship, making towards them.

"WELL?" said Bannerman.

"Now what do we do?"

"We can't run; we might fight. If we fight, we'll probably lose."

"But we can give Dutch Joe what he wants," Bannerman growled. "I don't know what the rules and traditions of the sea may be, but it seems to me that, in the circumstances, you're perfectly justified in handing over those two beauties—even if Dutch Joe does choose to cut their throats when he gets them."

"What's the matter?" Joyce asked, joining them at that moment, fully dressed again.

Chantry pointed at the lights of the Banshee.

"That's Dutch Joe's boat. He'll be aboard us within an hour, demanding Creevy and Baum."

"And if we give them up, he'll kill them."

"There's one thing we could do with them," she said. "It's a dark night. Set them over the side in a small boat. Give them water, provisions, and oars, and they'll stand a chance of getting out of it alive."

"Not only that," Bannerman exclaimed, "but we shall be free of their embarrassing company. That's the idea, Joyce."

But Chantry rubbed his chin, and frowned at the lights of the Banshee, coming nearer every minute.

"We shan't be able to fool Dutch Joe with a plan like that. He'll notice that

we've got a boat missing. . . . No, by Jove—he won't."

His face lighted up, and he swung round, glaring along the dark deck.

"Of course!" Joyce said. "You're thinking of the boat they came aboard in. We took it with us."

Chantry nodded.

"Yes, that gets us out of that hole. . . . Wait here. I'll get things going."

He moved away, and spoke to the crew, who were standing in a dark group aft, whispering together uncertainly.

"See those lights?" Chantry demanded in a low tone. "That's the Banshee. Most of you know Dutch Joe, I expect—if not personally, by repute—and all of you know the story of his feud with Creevy and Baum. There'll be trouble if he finds them aboard. . . ."

"But we'll let him have the dirty pirates, won't we, sir?" somebody growled an interruption.

"No, not just like that. I believe in giving a man a chance. . . . Now then, boys, take two men and water and provision the boat Creevy and Baum came aboard in. Two casks of water, as much food as she'll hold, oars, a compass, blankets—everything necessary. Look slipshod about it. We'll launch her on the port side, out of sight of the Banshee."

"Aye, aye, sir," said the boys, and there was a general movement towards the row-boat, which had been lashed to a hatchway since she came aboard on the previous night.

Chantry went below. Somebody had removed the orange-boxes, but the saloon door swung miserably open and shut each time the Storm Girl rolled.

Hicks, the mate, was standing in front of Creevy's cabin door, an automatic pistol in his hand.

"I've got 'em in here, sir."

"Right. Let 'em out."

Hicks unlocked the cabin door, to disclose the two prisoners seated miserably side by side on the bunk.

"Come along out—you," Chantry said harshly.

They got up and shuffled into the saloon, walking being difficult on account of their handcuffs and injuries.

Chantry surveyed them with a grim smile on his hard, good-looking face. "We're getting a boat ready, and we're going to cast you adrift before Dutch Joe comes aboard. . . . Don't look scared, Creevy; the weather's all right, and we'll give you every home comfort. You'll be picked up within twenty-four hours unless you're very unlucky, and my advice to you is to get back to Singapore and forget that you ever saw the Storm Girl or anybody on it. Understand?"

"I understand," Finny Baum said gutturally. "You are generous, Mr. Chantry."

"Thanks. I don't want any compliments from you, Finny. Go on. Get aloft, both of you."

They went painfully up the companion-way to the deck, Chantry at their heels.

By that time the row-boat had been watered and provisioned, and was about to be lowered to the sea-level on the starboard side of the Storm Girl.

Chantry took a long look at the Banshee's lights. She was still a mile away.

"Men," he called to the crew, "gather round. If Dutch Joe's got good night-glasses he may be able to see what's going on here."

They gathered round in a group, and Chantry, taking a key from his pocket, un-

locked the handcuffs on the prisoners' wrists.

"Over the side with you," he ordered. "There, Finny—there's a rope-ladder."

Finny went down first.

"Cut night, shentlemen," he said with a last pale smile, as his octopus-like body vanished over the side. "You are too kind—indeed, too kind."

Creevy lingered, looking about him.

"Where's Joyce?" he asked Chantry.

Chantry gave him a rough push.

"Get over the side," he snarled.

Creevy scowled and obeyed.

Chantry found Joyce and Bannerman by the wheel-house.

"They've gone," he said.

The boy came up to them, bringing a message from the wireless cabin aft. The wireless operator, having been released from the fo'c'sle with the rest of the crew, had returned to his post.

Chantry read the message by the binnacle lamp.

"To Captain Chantry, Storm Girl."

"Heave to or I fire."

"J. JANSSON, Banshee."

"Short, not very sweet, but much to the point," said Chantry, showing it to them.

"What's he mean—he'll fire?" Bannerman demanded. "Is his schooner armed?"

"I dare say he's got a six-pounder or something of the sort aboard. Well, we'll heave to."

He gave an order to the helmsman, and shouted to Hicks, the mate.

In a moment the crew were swarming up the ratlines to the yards, and in a little while the Storm Girl drifted to a stop, and lay pitching and lurching in the troughs of the sea.

Chantry spoke to the boy, who blew his whistle for all hands to gather. Chantry went forward and addressed them.

"Baum and Creevy haven't been aboard—understand? If Dutch Joe finds out that we've tricked him, there'll be the devil to pay."

"Aye, aye, sir," and a chorus of understanding grunts assured him that his orders would be obeyed.

Returning to Joyce and her father, he swept the sea with his night-glasses, and presently picked up the row-boat with Creevy and Finny Baum in it tooting and rolling two cables' length away.

Then he looked at the Banshee again. She was less than a quarter of a mile off, and swinging round into the wind. It was evidently Dutch Joe's intention to bring her alongside the Storm Girl.



"THEY haven't been seen," Chantry said to Joyce. "But all these bullet-holes and broken skylight windows will take a bit of explaining to Dutch Joe, if he's inquisitive."

He shouted an order for fenders to be thrown over the port side of the schooner, and six men stood by with long beathooks ready to ease the Banshee into position when she stopped.

Five minutes later, after a good deal of lurching and bumping, the two ships were side by side, and the Banshee's canvas came down with a whine and a rumble.

Two men on the Banshee threw a plank across the two ships' rails, and a figure

whom Joyce had seen last night through Chantry's glasses was hoisted slowly and painfully on to it.

He moved cautiously across the plank, using a knotted walking-stick to help him—a huge man in the fifties, bareheaded, with a mop of curly chestnut hair and a red shirt open at the throat. His corduroy trousers were thrust into sea-boots, and round his throat was a jangling string of glass beads.

"Captain Chantry?" he asked slowly, half-way across, and stood looking down at the dark figures on the deck in front of him.

"Here," said Chantry. "Let me help you down, Joe. Hurt yourself?"

He went to the end of the plank, and stretched out his hand for Dutch Joe to take.

"Thank you, my friend," Dutch Joe said. "I have bin shot in der leg."

He spoke considerably better English than Finny Baum, but in him there could be no doubt of his nationality. He was a Dutchman of the days of Van Tromp.

Chantry helped him down to the decks, and he stood gravely looking about him.

"I AM sorry to 'ave 'ad to send you so many wireless message," he said. "It was necessary, and you 'ave seen it."

"Really, Joe," said Chantry jovially, "I don't know what the devil you're talking about. You were so persistent in wanting me to stop, that Mr. Bannerman said I'd better. Let me present you. Miss Bannerman, this is Captain Jansson. Mr. Bannerman—Captain Jansson, Joe, Mr. Bannerman is the owner of the Storm Girl and Miss Bannerman is his daughter."

"A great pleasure—a great pleasure," Dutch Joe said solemnly, inclining his head. "I am sorry, Mr. Bannerman, to 'ave stop your schooner."

"That's all right, Captain. If there's anything we can do to assist you . . ."

Dutch Joe looked at Chantry, and a ray of light from a ship's lantern shone for a moment on his face. Joyce saw him clearly then for the first time—a not unhandsome man; but there was something in his face which made her draw back against her father. There was tragedy in that face—brooding tragedy—but, more than that, there was an abiding hate, an expression of hatred which had grown upon him over a term of years.

"It would be better, I think, if the lady was not dere," he said. "I did not know dere was a lady aboard."

"Do you mind, Miss Bannerman?" Chantry said.

She and her father strolled aft. Dutch Joe waited till they were out of earshot, and then his attitude changed. His muscles seemed to flex, his eyes shone, his face was twisted into a grimace.

"Well, you know what I want?" he said thickly, catching hold of Chantry by the lapel. "Give 'em up to me and I'll go. Dat's all I ask."

Chantry gave a very convincing imitation of a man bewildered.

"Are you drunk, Joe? What's the matter with you?" he asked roughly. "What are you talking about?"

"I want Creevy and Baum—and you know it. Dere isn't a man in Singapore who knows not dat. Last night I see dem come aboard this schooner—"

"And go ashore again. Do you think we'd ship rogues like that with us? You're mad, Joe."

"You say they're not aboard."

"I do."

Dutch Joe gave Chantry a long, hard look, then half turned towards the Banshee. "Very well," he said, "I takes you at your word."

He called to three of his crew, who leapt upon the plank lashed across the ship's rails, and dropped on to the Storm Girl's deck behind him.

He gave them orders.

"You, Hollins, search der hold . . . Taylor, der boats and deck . . . Franks, der fo'c'sle."

The three men — three undoubtedly "hard cases" — touched the peaks of their greasy caps, and went off to obey.

"I vill mineself look in der saloon," said Dutch Joe, looking at Chantry.

"Come along, then, Joe, I'll take you down," Chantry answered cheerfully.

He turned and led the way aft, Dutch Joe moving slowly behind him, his iron-shod stick tapping on the deck. The Storm Girl's crew, standing about, moved aside into the shelter of the darker shadows of the bulwarks.

Tap . . . tap . . . tap. Dutch Joe's stick tapped slowly and painfully. Far overhead there was a strong wind blowing, clouds had shifted in the past ten minutes; stars were coming out. The decks, the gaunt masts, the dipping yards, the furled white canvas were lit in a ghostly and nebulous luminance.

Joyce and her father, who had moved away at Dutch Joe's request, stood and looked on from the shelter of the wheel-house — deserted now, the wheel lashed.

The scene was sinister; though to the eye so quiet and peaceful, somehow terrifying. Joyce felt thrilled and sick with an excitement much more intense than had stirred her an hour ago when there was fighting aboard.

Finny Baum and Kit Creevy were sneak thieves and petty criminals, but Dutch Joe was a man of iron, a man of power, more than that — worse than that — he was, by his lights, an honest man. In these lawless seas there were unwritten laws, and such laws he would not break. But in these latitudes where might was right he would never be wrong.

"THAT man!" she whispered to her father. "I'm afraid of him!" "Hm!" muttered the piratical Bannerman.

Though he did not possess his daughter's feminine instincts, he, too, recognised in Dutch Joe, for all his quietness and politeness, a force which was a great deal more formidable than Creevy or Baum.

"Don't worry," he said. "When he's satisfied himself that they're not aboard, he'll clear off, and that'll be the last we'll see of him."

"I don't think so," she answered. "He trades in the Cocos Group. We shall see him again."

By now Chantry and Dutch Joe had disappeared below. Chantry led the way into the saloon.

"Here you are, Joe. Everything open and above board. Look where you like."

He waved an arm towards the cabin doors. But Dutch Joe, his huge frame filling the saloon doorway, his curly brown hair touching the lintel above him, stood and stared at the table, with its burden of automatic pistols, ammunition, carbines and broken glass.

"Ach!" he said softly. "Dere has bin trouble here."

"Yes, just before you came aboard," Chantry answered with a laugh. "A lascar ran amok. Locked us in here,

battered the crew into the fo'c'sle. It was quite exciting while it lasted."

Dutch Joe fixed him with his large, sad brown eyes.

"And where is the lascar?"

Chantry shrugged. "He was overtaken by an accident. He is some fathoms beneath us now."

After that there was a short silence, broken only by the creak of the rigging, and the ring and jangle of the swinging lamp and odds and ends of loose gear in the saloon.



THE sad brown eyes watched Chantry during the silence; then turned slowly to the cabin doors.

"It is the only ting," said Dutch Joe in his deep voice. "When a man is mutiny, he must go."

He hobbled round the saloon on his stick, opening the cabin doors one after the other, and peering inside.

When he had finished that, he stopped in front of Chantry and a hard smile lit up his tragic face.

"And now, captain, where are der men I seek? Ve are wasting time mit dis foolery."

"My dear Joe," Chantry answered patiently. "I have told you—"

Dutch Joe's hand shot out like a piston-rod, gripped Chantry by the shoulder and held him. His stick clattered to the saloon floor. A revolver muzzle pressed into Chantry's waist.

"You lie, Captain! Creevy and Baum are here—hidden. Where? I shall find dem if I tear dis ship to pieces blank by blank!"

There was a blazing ferocity suddenly in his eyes, a low, reverberant note of hatred and determination in his voice.

Chantry looked back at him steadily.

"Joe, we have known each other for seven or eight years. We have drunk together, played cards together, been good friends. Do friends stick revolvers into one another's stomachs?"

A faint smile touched his lips as he spoke, but Dutch Joe's expression did not alter.

"I like you, Chantry," he answered in the same low, reverberant tone, "but you know what I am here for. I have sworn an oath, and an oath to me is a sacred ting. Friendship counts not in it — friendship or love. I have sworn to get Creevy and Baum. I like you, but if it is necessary to get them across your tead body — if it were necessary to get dem across mine mother's tead body — I would not hesitate. . . . I ask you again—where are dey?"

"They are not on this ship."

"You lie!" He shook with rage. The chestnut brown ringlets on his great head stirred as if a wind had blown through them. "You lie! In dat cabin dere I see a suitcase which I know belong to Creevy."

Chantry started. He had forgotten that!

Dutch Joe saw the start, and laughed — a mad, roaring laugh which Joyce heard on the deck, heard and shuddered at.

"You tink dat I—Dutch Joe—can be put aside mit a story like dat!" he cried.

"Ach — you lie and you are a fool, Chantry!"

The hand on Chantry's shoulder hurled him back against the cabin door behind him, and in a moment Dutch Joe had hobbled back to the companion-ladder. He snatched at a whistle hanging round his neck, and blew it.

"Aboard—aboard—aboard!" he roared.

He had not stopped to lift his stick from the saloon floor, but, gripping the brass rails at the side of the companion-ladder, he hoisted himself up to the deck.

He stood there like a madman, roaring to his men, beckoning them towards him with wild gestures of his right hand, while he held to the hatch with his left.

The Banshee's crew were clambering across the lashed bulwarks and dropping down upon the Storm Girl.

"Search der ship!" Dutch Joe roared. "Tear der blanks up, if you must. But find 'em—find 'em!"

Chantry came up the companion-ladder, and Dutch Joe swung round to meet him, revolver in hand.

"Chantry—you are mine friend, but I vill shoot if you stop me!"

"I shall not stop you. But, Joe, I give you my word of honor that those men are not aboard."

"You have told me to many lies to be belief."

The Banshee's crew were crowding over the Storm Girl's deck. Hatchets were cast off; tarpaulin covers were ripped from the boats; men clattered down the ladders, and swarmed up the railings.

Dutch Joe roared orders at them continuously:

"Search aloft. Der rats may be lying along der yards. . . . Look in der veil. Maybe on der ladder."

This crew that Dutch Joe sailed with was not made up of ladies' men. Compared with them, Chantry's "hard cases" seemed mild and law-abiding. At least they were white. Dutch Joe had negroes, a Japanese, two Chinamen, and a kinnaka in his complement.

AN enormous negro, naked to the waist, with a red bandana round his head, shuffled up, grinning to Joyce, pushed her aside with a huge hand, and opened the door of the wheel-house.

Chantry joined her a moment later. Bannerman was fuming.

"Are you going to stand for all this, Chantry?"

"Don't be a fool!" Chantry retorted roughly, dropping his usual respectful "sir." "Do you want your throat cut? Look at those men." He waved a comprehensive hand towards the dark figures of Dutch Joe's crew. "Do you think they'd hesitate?"

The negro came out of the wheel-house again at that moment, grinned, and hurried forward, his bare feet thudding on the deck. In his belt he had a naked knife.

"Is there any danger, Captain?" Joyce whispered.

"I don't know. I don't know what line Dutch Joe will take when he finds that they really aren't aboard. He's tearing mad about those fellows."

"Have you told him what you've done with them?" Bannerman asked sulkily.

"No. I'm going to leave that till the last. Give them as much start as possible. We don't want Dutch Joe to pick 'em up if we can help it."

Ten minutes went by, and the agitation

on deck died down a little. Dutch Joe had ceased shouting and stood leaning on a hatch-cover, his injured leg bent under him, one of his hands toying with Frieda's beads round his neck. A good many of his men had given up the search, and were standing amidsthips awaiting new orders. The Storm Girl's crew were clustered suitably forward, hands in pockets pipes in mouths, looking on.

Dutch Joe, whose stick had been retrieved by someone, hobbled aft to the wheel-house.

"It seems you was right, Captain," he growled, his dark eyes shining ferociously. "Dey are not aboard. But dey have been here? Where are dey? Tell me."

Chantry shrugged his shoulders good-humoredly.

"I don't know, Joe. I told you that before, but you wouldn't believe me. They aren't on this boat; and, though we like your company, we'd be glad when you're ready to take your men back to the Banahsee."

Dutch Joe glared at Chantry menacingly. "My men stay here, Captain, till you tell me where dey are."

CHANTRY had parried till the final moment; now there was nothing for it but to tell the truth—or something near it.

"We cast them adrift, Joe, a couple of hours ago. You'll find them somewhere between here and Singapore."

"Dat is lie. All your boats are aboard." "We shipped the boat they came in, and sent 'em away in it. . . . But what's the good of my trying to help you, Joe? You won't believe a word I say."

Joe suddenly turned his eyes from Chantry's face and looked at Bannerman. "Is dat true?"

Bannerman nodded sulkily. Dutch Joe looked at Joyce. "It is true—yes?" "It is true, Captain."

He took a painful step closer to her, leant forward and peered into her face, studying it in the pale starlight. She stood fascinated by that intense inspection, could not move. Almost a minute went by; then, in a queer, soft voice, he said:

"But you are very like mine Frieda. I had not before seen it in der dark. Ach, but you could haf been her sister!"

He leant both hands on his stick, and rested his weight on it, breathing heavily, the while his eyes still glared at her.

"You might haf been her sister," he repeated slowly.

After that he suddenly turned away, felt for the whistle round his neck, put it to his lips and blew a blast.

"Aboard—aboard!" he roared. "Back to der Banahsee, everyone!"

There was an iron discipline on Dutch Joe's ship. His men leapt to the order like soldiers. In a couple of minutes not one of the Banahsee's crew was left on the Storm Girl, and Dutch Joe was hobbling painfully along the lashed plank.

"Cast off!" he shouted.

The lashings which held the two vessels together were unfastened; the men with the boat-hooks stood by again. And Dutch Joe leant over the rail, staring, staring through the starlight towards Joyce.

"Mine Frieda!" he whispered.

She clutched convulsively at Chantry's arm.

"That man frightens me!"

"And me," Chantry whispered, "for your sake!"

A coral reef lashed with spray, a still,

cobalt-blue lagoon beyond; behind the lagoon, a golden beach, strewn with boulders and blissing and steaming in the sunlight. In the distance, a tangled jungle creeping up the sides of sandstone hills, which reared bald and glistening heads above the treetops.

This was the treasure island. Here, three hundred years ago, Captain Teach had hidden the profits of his piracy, to be concealed that long while expedition after expedition came out to find it, and went home again ruined and hopeless.

Bannerman had a map in his hand.

"Phew! We're getting into shallow water!" he exclaimed anxiously. He turned and roared towards the wheel-house: "Shall we do it, Chantry?"

"I think so," Chantry shouted back. "But even if we do run aground here it doesn't matter much. . . . Ah!"

As he spoke there came a long-drawn rasping noise from the keel of the Storm Girl, and she shuddered from stem to stern.

"Full speed astern!" Chantry ordered.

The pettish little auxiliary engine ceased its chug-chugging for a moment, and burst out afresh in reverse. But the Storm Girl, now at a dead stop, did not move.

Chantry gave over the wheel to Sanderson and joined the leadman in the chains. Then he roared to the bo's'n and gave orders to drop anchor.

Five minutes later, with Hicks, Sanderson, and the bo's'n accompanying them, Chantry, Joyce, and Bannerman were rowed ashore.

The boat passed through the opening in the reef, and seemed to enter into another world—a world of still, sparkling blue water, so clear that one could see straight down to the coral bottom of the lagoon, with gay-colored fish swimming amongst the waving seaweeds.

The boat's keel scraped on the beach, the mighty Sanderson leapt into the water, and hauled her up to the dry sand. Then Chantry went ashore, and holding out his arms to Joyce caught her as she leapt.

"The treasure island!" said old Bannerman, as delighted as a boy. "And we're all alone! What's the nearest point of civilisation, Chantry?"

"Sumatra, seven hundred miles southwest. But there's the big wireless station on the main island, forty miles north from here. You won't have to complain of crowds, sir."



"LET'S get along to the Pope's Neck," said Bannerman impatiently.

"We've got time before sunset."

"Just a minute, sir," said Hicks, and looked from Bannerman to Chantry.

"There's something I'd like to say to you gentlemen before we start."

He looked over his shoulder at the boat. Sanderson and the bo's'n were sitting on the thwart, smoking.

"Well?" Chantry asked. "What is it, Hicks?"

"You haven't taken me into your confidence, sir," said Hicks, "but it's been obvious to me for a long time what you're all down here. There isn't any trading to be done—Dutch Joe's got that market."

And, anyhow, nobody goes to an uninhabited island to trade."

Bannerman grinned all over his large face.

"You've hit it, Hicks. It's the treasure we're after."

"Of course it is, sir. It couldn't be anything else. Now what I wanted to say is that the crew want to know as well. They're not what you might call restive, but—well, Dutch Joe coming aboard, and all what took place before—they feel they'd like to know what they're letting themselves in for."

"I talked to them after Dutch Joe had gone," Chantry said. "I didn't think they seemed much disturbed about it."

"No, sir, they weren't then. But you remember I told you that when we were locked up in the fo'c'sle there was one or two who said it would be a good idea to go over to Creevy?"

Chantry nodded.

"They've been talking again, sir. I didn't know it for sure till this morning. I was in the fo'c'sle after breakfast, lying on one of the bunks, out of sight of the companion, and Stormont and Peterson came in and sat down for a smoke and a chat."

HE paused, and looked at the boat again. But neither Sanderson nor the bo's'n seemed to be taking much interest in them.

"They didn't say much, sir—leastways, they said nothing a man could make head or tail of. But there's something up between those two, and, if you find the money, you can take it from me they'll start trouble amongst the others. They know a lot."

"What do they know?" Chantry snapped.

"About Mr. Bannerman's invention, for one thing," Hicks answered.

Bannerman gave vent to a mild and scholarly oath, but there was nothing very mild or scholarly in the way he said it.

"The devil they do!" said Chantry. "Anything else?"

"Yes, sir. I'm pretty sure they've got firearms. They hadn't any when Creevy and Baum batted us below, but they've got 'em since. And I think I know where. All those automatics were lying about in the saloon for hours unguarded, and I don't suppose you noticed just how many Flanny Baum had brought aboard with him."

"I didn't."

"Then they've nicked a couple, and a box or two of cartridges."

"H'm!" said Chantry, frowning.

"Then we'll put the wireless out of gear as soon as we get aboard again," Chantry said definitely. "As for Stormont and Peterson, we can deal with them. Watch 'em carefully, Hicks. At the first sign of anything, they'll go into irons."

"Well," said Bannerman, "now let's find the path to the hill."

Nothing except the treasure and his invention for finding it interested him very much. Even if mutiny had been imminent, he would probably have insisted on visiting the Pope's Neck before returning to the ship.

But Joyce, being younger, was not quite so juvenile as her father, who was being young for the first time in his life. As Hicks led the way up the beach, she took Chantry's arm and asked him if he was worried.

He shook his head and smiled, but there was a troubled light in his eyes.

Suddenly Bannerman gave a shout.

"I've found it!" he cried, looking back.

They hurried up to join him, and found

that he had arrived at the entrance of the partly-overgrown path which had been cut through the jungle towards the Pope's Neck.

The path was knee-deep in foliage. Six feet overhead the tangled branches of vines met together and made a light-proof roof. The tall Chantry had to walk with his head bent down, and every now and then even Joyce was forced to stoop.

"Think," said Bannerman, "in half an hour we may know the exact spot where Teach buried the loot of cities!"

He turned a red, perspiring face to Joyce, who was walking immediately behind him, and uttered a loud, boyish laugh.

"Really, father, you're as excited as a kid!" she said.

Then she listened with something approaching awe to the sound of her words echoing and then dying away in the close-packed jungle.

HER father did not hear her, but Hicks, who brought up the rear of the party, made some jocular remark. Something in his tone of voice surprised her. He seemed to be nervous.

She turned and gave him a look.

"Is there anything wrong?"

"Why, no, miss."

He was pushing his portly body forward like a ram, his arms put out in front of him to protect his face from the whip-lashes of the vines and twigs which she displaced in front of him.

"I thought you didn't sound very happy," she said over her shoulder.

"Oh I wouldn't say that, miss," he answered, a little ashamedly. "But I'm a Scotty, you know, though you wouldn't think it from my accent—been too long away from home to keep that going. But I've still got a childish dread of ghosties and ghoulies."

"Ghosties and ghoulies! But isn't this about the last place where one might expect to find such creatures?"

He seemed not to hear her, for he went on:

"And they do say that Frieda's ghost haunts this place, too."

"Frieda!" Joyce echoed. "You mean Dutch Joe . . .?"

Yes, miss. Didn't you know it was here?"

She had stopped, less for rest than to face him and talk. She shook her head.

"No, I'd no idea."

"What's the matter?" Chantry called, a few yards ahead, and his face appeared in a frame of foliage. "What are you two gassing about?"

"I was just telling Miss Joyce that this is Frieda's island," Hicks answered, a little uncomfortably. "No offence, I hopes—"

"Frieda's island?" Chantry echoed, with as much surprise as Joyce had shown. "What do you mean? Dutch Joe's Frieda?"

"Of course, sir. Didn't you know? I thought everybody knew it happened here. Creevy was on a treasure-hunting stunt, just like us, and Joe put in for water. It all began from that."

"Come along—come along," Bannerman's voice cried from far ahead.

"All right," Chantry called over his shoulder; then turned a serious face to Hicks again: "No, I didn't know it was here. I always had an idea it all happened in Singapore."

A few minutes later they heard Bannerman calling ahead.

He had arrived at a small clearing in the midst of the jungle—a circular space not more than fifteen yards across,

with the continuation of the path on the opposite side of it.

In the middle were the remains of a roughly-built shanty, the roof off now, and vines growing over it; and all the way round were empty meat and fruit tins, spades, chains, a pick-axe stuck into a fallen log, and tatters of rotten clothing.

The clearing was open to the sky, Joyce came out of the twilight tunnel into a blaze of sunlight which almost blinded her.

"Something left behind by one of the expeditions, I suppose," Chantry said, standing by Bannerman's side and staring at the hut. "We might take the pick-axe along with us. It may be useful."

He tugged at it, and succeeded in pulling it out of the tree-trunk.

But Joyce did not want to move on again at once.

She bent over a little heap of clothing lying on the rotting wood verandah in front of the hut.

"Don't touch it," Chantry said warningly. "There aren't supposed to be any snakes or scorpions here, but one can't be too careful."

"These were women's clothes!" she said. "You're not the only girl who's been on a treasure hunt," Bannerman said jocularly. "That'll take you down a peg, my dear."

He led the way to where the path began again, and, making use of a rusty spade he had picked up, attacked the vines with its cutting edge and made an opening.

Joyce followed after him, leaving Chantry and Hicks to make up the rear; but before the clearing was out of sight she felt compelled to turn her head twice to look back at it—to look back at that mournful tumble-down shanty with the little heap of rotten clothing on the verandah.



TWO hundred yards from the Pope's Neck the jungle came to a straggling termination, and they found themselves staring at a scene which was not unfamiliar. It looked like one of those mournful, abandoned stone quarries one sees from the windows of railway trains in England.

Rusty excavating machinery stood about everywhere. Heaps of rubble had been shovelled from the hillside and stood in a long line at the base. Tins, pickaxes, shovels, scrap-iron, the black remains of old camp fires—the hundred and one reminders of past unsuccessful expeditions—stretched away everywhere one looked.

"See all those openings?" Chantry asked, taking her arm. "They're caves. Some are artificial, but most of them are natural. This hill is simply honeycombed with tunnels and caverns, and Teach is believed to have hidden his treasure in one of them and sealed the entrance."

She nodded, scarcely noticing what he said, and turned to Hicks:

"What was Creevy doing here when Dutch Joe brought Frieda?" she asked suddenly.

Hicks gave an uneasy start, and flung a glance at Chantry.

"Well, miss, he came out to find the treasure. I told you."

"Oh, yes, of course you did," she answered,

with an awkward laugh. "How silly of me!"

"My dear child!" Chantry exclaimed as he laughed and took Joyce's arm, "that dark and dismal path got on your nerves. You must forget these things!"

"All right." She made a gesture with her hands as if to cast away the thoughts of Frieda, and laughed gaily. "Come along then. Who is going to hold my hand?"

"Need you ask?" said Chantry.

But climbing the Pope's Neck wasn't so difficult as it might have been. Previous expeditions had cut steps in the soft sandstone sides, and at the end of half an hour of panting and exertion they arrived on a broad ledge half-way up, from which they were able to obtain a fairly extensive view of the island.

Chantry grunted, and his hand on Joyce's arm closed with vice-like tightness.

"So soon!" he said. "Look!"

Joyce followed the direction of his pointing finger, and looked out across the close-knit green roof of the jungle, to the lagoon and beyond it, with the Storm Girl lying at anchor a quarter of a mile outside the reef.

But it was not the Storm Girl she looked at. Another sailing ship—a schooner—was coming in towards the island.

"The Banshee!" she exclaimed.

Chantry looked at Bannerman.

"We'd better get aboard again as fast as we can, sir. Even if we hurry, I doubt if we'll be able to do it before the Banshee drops anchor."

"She's three miles away," Hicks remarked. "We're about a mile from the beach. She can move three miles over water quicker than we can do one through the jungle. There's no hope of getting aboard before she heaves to."

Bannerman was reluctant to go back till he had tried out his experiment on the Pope's Neck.

Chantry turned to Hicks, standing beside him on the little ledge.

"You get along first, Hicks. We'll follow in five minutes."

Hicks gave him a look. "Very good, sir."

Chantry waited till he had descended some distance down the artificial steps cut in the side of the sandstone Pope's Neck; then turned abruptly to Bannerman.

"I'm not taking any more chances this trip, sir. Hicks is all right, I think, but one can't be sure. I got rid of him because I think it would be a good idea if you hid that instrument of yours."

"Hid it?" Bannerman exclaimed.

"Yes, hid it," Chantry repeated patiently. "If my suspicions are correct, Dutch Joe will begin looking for it in about an hour's time."

Bannerman seemed not to grasp the seriousness of the situation.

"Surely, Chantry, you're exaggerating?" he said irritably. "I don't feel like hiding my instrument under a stone or something, as if—as if—"

"Do as you're told, father," Joyce said sharply.

"All right—if you insist," Bannerman grunted.

"We'd better get below," said Chantry. "We'll find a hiding-place somewhere in all that junk."

He waved his arm towards the litter of rusty excavating machinery lying about at the base of the hill, and, without more

conversation on the subject, gave his hand to Joyce and helped her to descend the steps.

By that time Hicks had reached the bottom of the hill, and was crossing the bald patch of sandy ground towards the wall of jungle. When they were half way down, he turned and waved, and a moment later vanished amongst the foliage.

Five minutes later the rest of them had reached the foot of the hill.

"Here we are," said Chantry. "What about stowing it away inside here?"

He rested his hand on the broken cylinder of a rusty oil-engine, which had been used by one of the expeditions for operating a rock-drill. The cylinder was cracked, and somebody had begun to take the engine to pieces. The piston lay half buried in the sand.

Bannerman took the precious leather case out of his jacket-pocket, held it for a moment as if reluctant to let it go; then, with a sigh, lowered it carefully into the cylinder.

"I don't like leaving it," Bannerman grumbled miserably. "If it rains—"

"It won't rain here for a couple of months. Even if it did, the piston is a tight fit. Come along."

He led the way rapidly to the jungle-wall, and in single file they re-entered the narrow path between the trees.

HICKS had joined Sanderson and the boys, Wilks, when Chantry and the others arrived on the beach, and the Banshee was just dropping anchor a quarter of a mile or so from the Storm Girl. The sound of the chain rattling through the hawse-pipe and the splash in the water came sharp and clear across the lagoon.

They reached the boat, and Chantry helped Joyce and Bannerman aboard. He and Hicks followed, and Sanderson and Wilks pushed off, leaping in afterwards.

The boat was rowed silently and swiftly across the lagoon, nobody saying a word; but it did not demand great intuitive powers to tell that both Sanderson and Wilks, whether Hicks had said anything to them or not, were expecting trouble.

The boat scraped against the Storm Girl's side, and they climbed aboard. All the crew were on deck, talking uneasily, standing about, hands in pockets, and watching the Banshee.

Chantry swung round to the men, leant against the rail, felt for a pipe, and let his eyes rove slowly from face to face. Yes, they were a tough lot; and they looked even tougher and grimmer than usual this afternoon. Silent, stern, expectant, they watched him.

"I expect most of you men know that we're here after Captain Trach's treasure," he said; "but you may not know that we've got special information, and a two to one chance of finding it."

The grim faces lit up greedily; there were murmurs of interest. Chantry took his pipe out of his mouth and pointed it carefully towards the Banshee.

"Dutch Joe picked up those two rogues we cast away, and I expect they bought their dirty hides by telling him what we've got. If it comes to a fight, Mr. Bannerman will split ten per cent. of the treasure amongst you. If there's no fight, five per cent. Can we count on you lads?"

There was a chorus of mumbled "Aye, aye, sir," and Chantry let his eyes rest on Stormont and Peterson, the two men whom Hicks suspected. They were standing at the rear of the others, looking on sulkily—

Stormont, a little thick-set person, with red hair and a broken nose; Peterson, tall, lank, lazy-looking.

"Stormont—Peterson, come here," Chantry said quietly.

The two men started guiltily, hesitated, then moved forward slowly to the front of the group.

"You two have expressed a desire to sail under Dutch Joe's orders," said Chantry, in the same quiet voice. "Well, I'm taking no chances, my friends. If there's going to be a fight, I'll see that it's carried on in front of me, not behind me as well."

A murmur of approval rose from the rest of the crew.



TAKE 'em below," Chantry ordered, "and put 'em in irons."

They were marched off, protesting loudly; and Chantry, glancing at the Banshee, saw an interested group at her rail, staring in an effort to find out what was happening.

"Well—that's that," he said, and grinned at the rest of his crew. "Now that we've got rid of the traitors, is anybody afraid of Dutch Joe?"

"Not on your life, sir!" Hicks exclaimed, and the sentiment was taken up by the rest in loud voices which suddenly and unexpectedly rose into a cheer.

"We're with you, sir," "Count on us,"

"I think I can," said Chantry as if to himself; and he meant it.

At that moment there was a hail from the Banshee.

One of the Banshee's crew was standing on the poop, bellowing through a megaphone:

"Storm Girl, ahoy!" "Ahoy!" Chantry roared back.

"Captain Chantry?" "Here!"

"Will you come aboard, sir," returned the Banshee's spokesman hollowly through the megaphone. "Skipper wants to see you. He's laid up in his bunk."

"Hicks," Chantry called.

He came over and touched his hat. "Yes, sir."

"I'm going aboard the Banshee. I'll take Sanderson with me. I'll leave you in charge here. If there's no sign of me in an hour, arm the men, and come over to find out what's happened."

"Yes, sir." Chantry lowered his voice again:

"You've been with the men for the last five minutes. What's the feeling now? Did I do a good thing in putting those two in irons?"

"The very best thing you could have done, sir. It surprised 'em. More than that, they feel that they know where they are now. I'm sure you can rely on 'em, sir."

"So do I. Tell Sanderson I want him to row me across to the Banshee."

"Aye, aye, sir."

Two minutes later Chantry was being rowed across the few hundred yards of water which separated the two vessels, and Joyce and her father leant on the port rail watching.

A rope-ladder was lowered over the side, and Chantry and Sanderson climbed aboard.

The man who had megaphoned—a thick-set, bearded cockney, wearing a dirty-white uniform coat—greeted Chantry on deck.

"I'm Evans, the mate, sir. Dutch Joe's pretty bad."

"What's the matter with him?"

"His leg, sir. Blood-poisoning, I'm afraid. . . . Confound it! Didn't I remember to ask you to bring over your medicine-chest, sir?"

Chantry shook his head.

"No. Haven't you got one aboard?"

The bearded cockney laughed ruefully. "Dutch Joe ain't very particular about such things, sir."

He put the megaphone into Chantry's hand. Chantry hesitated. It was on the tip of his tongue to say that he'd send Sanderson for the medicine-chest; but he preferred to keep Sanderson aboard with him.

"All right," he said.

He raised the megaphone to his lips and roared across the water:

"Boat coming over. Send across the medicine-chest."

"All right," Bannerman shouted in answer.

"That's great, sir," said the bearded man. "We don't want to lose Joe. A queer case—but still, he's popular with me, and that's all I care about."

He led Chantry towards the saloon companion-way, and preceded him down the steps.

The mate crossed the stuffy saloon, opened the door of a cabin, and stood aside for Chantry to enter.

"Here we are, sir. He's pretty weak. Wait; I'll draw the curtain for you."

A curtain had been hung over the porthole to keep the sun out of the cabin, and all Chantry could see as the mate pushed past him was a humped form lying on the bunk.

Then an electric torch suddenly flashed in his eyes, and Finny Baum's voice said:

"Put up der hands, Captain! I haf you covered!"

A BOAT with two men in it pulled across from the Banshee to the Storm Girl. Hicks, leaning on the rail, called down:

"You needn't come aboard. We'll lower the chest down to you in a minute."

"Aye, aye, sir."

The chest had been brought on deck, and two men were fastening a rope round it. Hicks stood by and superintended.

Suddenly the voice of the megaphone roared across the water again, and all eyes on the Storm Girl's deck turned towards the Banshee.

"Storm Girl, ahoy! Send over some brandy if you can."

"All right!" Hicks shouted, making a trumpet of his hands.

At that moment he heard a scuffle of feet behind him, and swung round.

"Put 'em up!" said a voice laconically.

One of the men from the Banshee's boat, taking advantage of the megaphoning, had come up the ladder like a monkey, and now sat astride the rail, an automatic pistol in each hand.

"Put 'em up!" he ordered grimly. "Everybody!"

The muzzles of the pistols swung in a semicircle in front of him.

Most of the Storm Girl's crew were on deck. A dozen pairs of hands rose into the air.

The second man from the Banshee clambered upon the rail. The two of them sat there, four pistols between them, grinning.

"Hi—you!" shouted the second man. "Up with those hands, lady!"

Joyce, with her hands round her shoulders, was screaming toward her face dead white, her eyes staring, as if she intended to hurl herself along the deck and tackle the two men single-handed. But Bannerman held her back.

"Have you got the nerve to shoot me?" she asked contemptuously.

"Stay where you are," one of the men cried. "Or, by the living God, I'll stop you!"

He thrust out a bullneck; a pair of ferocious eyes glared at her threateningly. But she did not falter; she still walked slowly forward. These men would not shoot her—she was sure of that. Dutch Joe would have given orders that she was not to be harmed. She had in her mind's eye the memory of the Bantsee moving away a week ago, and Dutch Joe leaning on the rail, staring at her . . . staring . . .

"Look!" cried the spokesman hoarsely. There was uncertainty—almost fear—in his voice.

A pistol flashed. He let out a squeal of pain, dropped both his pistols to the deck, clutched at his arm, crawled on the rail, lost his balance, and fell backwards.

There was a terrific splash in the calm water; but the sound of it was covered by a roar of voices, a thunder of rushing feet, two more shots.

The Stern Girl's crew had rushed. The remaining man from the Bantsee was struggling in the middle of a heaving, stumbling arm of bodies.

Bannerman jerked at her arm.

"Come away—quick!"

He led her, half-fainting, to the companion-way and down to the saloon. She collapsed on a locker, clung to her father and sobbed.

"My dear," he said, soothing her absent while he listened to the noises on deck, "you've been so brave and wonderful. Don't break down now."

Some new shouting broke out above, but they could not hear what was being said. Bannerman kept to his feet.

"Stay here, Joyce. I want to find out what's happening."

He turned towards the door but, as he did so, the shouting died down. Then a shot sounded. Then a muffled murmur of voices. Then footsteps—many footsteps on the deck.

"By the Lord!" Bannerman whispered, hesitating to go up. "Can it be . . . I believe . . . who has been fired at?"

Footsteps clattered down the companion-ladder. Kit Creevy marched into the saloon.

Creevy was dirty, tired, unshaven, and in a state of almost unaccountable excitement.

"I'M SORRY, Joyce," he said, in a high-pitched voice which threatened to become a hysterical laugh at any moment. "I'm sorry, Bannerman, but I must trouble you both to put up your hands. Come along now. No nonsense. The tables are turned. I'm master now." The laugh broke out, weak and wild, but was smothered in an instant.

"Put up your hands!" he said threateningly.

"Shoot!" Joyce screamed. "Go on, then." She moved towards him, coming abreast of her father, who had hesitated in front of this semi-madman.

Creevy raised the pistol.

"You can try that game on a sailor acting under orders, but it won't work with me. You think I wouldn't shoot? You shot me, didn't you? Well, one more step . . ."

"Keep back, Joyce!" Bannerman ordered,

and, throwing his arm across her chest, sent her staggering against the saloon table.

Creevy gave his mad, weak laugh again. More footsteps came clattering down the companion-stairs behind him. He swung round like lightning.

"Who's that?"

"Ruston, sir."

He swung back to face the saloon, but neither Joyce nor her father had taken advantage of the instant's lack of attention. It would be a useless suicide to attack him now.

One of the Bantsee's men marched past him and entered the saloon.

"Search 'em," Creevy ordered. "And there's a whole pile of firearms down here. Get 'em out."

"Yes, sir."



"CONFOUND you!" said Bannerman. "Is it permitted to inquire, Creevy, exactly what has happened? How is it that you're in this position of authority? Where is Dutch Joe? And where is Captain Chantry?"

"Dutch Joe met with an accident—didn't he, Ruston?"

"I'll say he did!" Ruston answered with a low gurgle of laughter. "Fell overboard, didn't you tell me, sir?"

"Yes, that's my story, and I'm going to stick to it."

"You murdered him, you hound!" Bannerman said.

Ruston was ransacking the cabins one after the other, dragging suitcases from under the berths, opening them and tossing the contents out; opening lockers.

"Since you're bound to find it," said Bannerman, "I may as well tell you where to look. Number Four cabin, in the locker."

"Thank you kindly," said Ruston sarcastically, and followed the directions.

"I presume that we, too, are to be kept prisoners," said Joyce.

Creevy nodded.

"Strike a light, Ruston," he ordered.

"Yes"—to the others—"I'm going to keep you down here for the time being. We'll have a chat in the morning."

"Is there anything to talk about?" Bannerman inquired.

"Oh, yes. We may be able to come to terms."

"I don't think it's very likely."

"Perhaps you will think so after we've talked it over."

Ruston lit the swinging saloon-lamp, and returned to Cabin Four.

"Yes, the stuff's here, sir."

"Good. Take it up."

"O.K., sir."

Ruston heaved the heavy wooden locker upon his massive shoulders, staggered across the saloon with it, and mounted the companion-stairs.

"I'll leave you now," said Creevy. "As soon as we have time to attend to such things, I'll send down some food."

He went out, pulling the door after him. The broken lock had been repaired, but it was none too strong, and he tested it twice before he went away.

Bannerman sighed, seated himself on the edge of the saloon table, took a pipe and a pouch out of his pocket, and prepared to smoke.

"That's that," he remarked. "What do you think of it, Joyce?"

"I'm thinking that we'd be justified in giving our parole, and breaking it at the first opportunity," she said.

"Yes, women think like that," he answered coolly. "Women have no morals, my dear. No, we won't get out of it that way."

"You'll sit back and let them take the treasure, kill our crew, kill Chantry . . . and take me!" she said angrily. "If that's moral . . ."

"Bah!" Bannerman whispered warningly. Footsteps were descending the companion-ladder again; two pairs of footsteps, moving slowly and awkwardly.

They waited. The footsteps arrived outside the door. They heard a faint groan. Then the key turned in the lock, and Ruston and another man walked in carrying the wounded Hicks between them. Creevy stood in the background, his pistol in evidence.

"Lay him on a bunk in one of the cabins," Creevy ordered. He looked at Joyce. "I'll send down the medicine-chest in a minute. It got knocked over in the fighting and a lot of the bottles are smashed. It's all being collected now."

"Thank you."

Hicks was carried into one of the cabins, and the three men went out again, locking the door.

"As soon as they've brought in the medicine-chest," Joyce whispered to her father, "I'm going. Quick. Get me the sponge-bags out of your cabin and mine. I can put some clothes in and keep them dry."

"But where will you go?"

"Ashore, of course. There's nowhere else to go. Put some chocolate in a sponge-bag too. . . . Be careful."

The footsteps sounded on the stairs again; the door was unlocked. Ruston came in with the medicine-chest. He set it on the floor inside the door, grinned evilly, and went out again without a word. Bannerman went into Joyce's cabin. She had taken off jumper, skirt, and shoes.

"They're nailing planks across the skylight," he told her.

"Then we're only just in time. They'll be nailing them across the portholes next. Got the sponge-bags?"

"Yes."

She snatched them out of his hands, opened the drawer of a chest, and selected one of two of the warmest articles of attire which occupied the least space. With these she filled two sponge-bags. In a third Bannerman packed cakes of chocolate, one of the hidden automatic pistols, and as much ammunition as he could.

"Fasten them round my waist with this cord," she ordered.

He obeyed.

"Now I'm ready," she whispered. In a minute she was through the porthole, and with a slight splash, scarcely heard in the din of the hammering, dropped into the water.

SHE was glad when she reached the reef. She lay at full length on the sharp coral, fearing to stand or sit lest her body be seen silhouetted in the starlight against the still water of the lagoon. The spray burst over her, and she had to cling to the coral with all her might to prevent herself being washed away.

But after a minute or two she got a better hold and was able to free one hand

to wipe the salt and wet hair out of her eyes.

She stood up, unfastened the sponge-bag from her waist, opened one, and found the clothing in it fairly dry. She stripped, dried herself, and dressed again.

And then, on that deserted beach she heard a sound which set her nerves tingling and her pounding heart leaping into her throat. It was a metallic scrape along the sand, a sound which she could not identify but which all her instincts told her was not made by wind or trees or water or crabs—the only things which moved upon that shore.

She leapt up and crept forward, the pistol held ready to shoot—if it would shoot. And what she found, a dozen yards along the beach, was a boat.

It had been drawn up, but not far enough, and the gentle swell of the lagoon has loosened it, making its steel-hooped keel grind in the sand with the pull of the ebb-tide.

She turned and stared again towards the reef and beyond, saw lights jerking down the schooner's side towards the water. A boat was being launched, and men with lanterns in it. A search-party!

In a moment she was on the sand again, staring at the Storm Girl, trying to make up her mind what to do. They would know she had landed here.

The lighted boat was pulling towards the reef now. She counted four lanterns in it, and there seemed to be half a dozen men. The dripping ear-blades shone phosphorescently as they were raised from the water.

An idea came to her. She ran back to the spot where she had undressed, picked up her wet clothes and the three sponge-bags, and took them back to the boat.

Then she put her shoulder to the boat's prow, pushed and struggled and panted, digging her bare toes in the sand and exerting every ounce of her strength to push it into the water. At last, with a scrape and a suck, it slid free of the groove the keel had made.

The boat from the Storm Girl had already passed through the opening in the reef, and she had to cut across its course, but she managed it with fifty yards to spare, and was not seen.

She began to row again, and a few minutes later the keel touched sand at the corner of the reef. But she did not jump ashore. She let the boat slide back into deep water, and, using the oar as a boat-hook, held it off from the jagged teeth of the reef.

On the wide beach half a mile away the lanterns were moving now, the four of them going in an uneven line towards the jungle. Presently one of them—the last of the line—stopped, and she heard a faint shout. The other three moved back again. She concluded that her footprints had been discovered.

She stared intently; and then, suddenly, a cold thrill of horror went down her spine.

JOYCE had heard something, and what she had heard was a cough—a human cough. It came from behind her, from somewhere in that close-knit mass of jungle which clad the horn of land like a cloak of spines on the arm of a sleeping beast.

Then a shout from the main beach made her turn again. The lanterns had moved. Now they were all in a group at the spot where she had found the boat. Once

more apprehensions seized her. How would Creevy and the others read that keel-mark in the sand? Would it occur to them that it had been made by a boat which had gone there in secret?

And where had the boat come from?

Now something had to be done. Creevy suspected the presence of an unknown boat. He would search the lagoon.

Using the oar as a lever, she propelled the boat stern-foremost till the keel ground in the spit of sand, then clambered gingerly out and stood beside it, wondering whether to leave it there or push it off on the chance that it might drift across the lagoon and escape the vigilance of the search-party.

It was while she was debating that point that a rough hand closed over her mouth from behind and a powerful arm crossed her chest, almost cracking her ribs . . .

For a fractional space of time she fainted, terror overwhelming her. She came to herself again to feel that death-clutch still upon her mouth and chest, and to hear a hoarse voice whispering in her ear:

"I haf ask you once. For der last time—will you be quiet? Nod for yes. I will let you go if yes."

She nodded her head painfully, and heard a deep sigh of satisfaction from the man who held her.

"I am sorry," said Dutch Joe, with real contrition in his low voice. "I would not scare you, but I had to. Are you strong now?"

She whispered, "Yes."

"I know what has happened. For the moment we are friends—yes? You will trust me till—say—dawn to-morrow? After dat we can talk."

"Yes," she said again.



SHE felt a horny hand groping for hers, put hers into it, and pressed.

"Till der dawn," said Dutch Joe, "Now to business."

He turned her so that they both faced the beach. The boat had been launched, and Creevy's men were taking her round the lagoon but clinging to the opposite horn of land.

"Good," said Dutch Joe. "It will be ten minutes before they get here. In dat time we can be far away. Can you walk now?"

"Yes, I think so."

"Den gif me your hand, I will lead."

He took her hand in his, and led her across the spit of sand to the jungle. "I haf a path here. I made it long time ago—when I search for Creevy dat time. It was grown over a lot, but I haf spent since sunset clearing it again. Here—in here."

He led the way to a clump of rocks, and from there looked about him. The boat with the lanterns in it was then moving along inside the reef, making for the corner where Joyce had been when she heard Dutch Joe's cough.

"Ve wait here," he announced, after a few moments' silent scrutiny of the scene. "Dey vill not search all night . . . Are you cold—in dat?"

He made a vague gesture with a huge hand, indicating her attire.

"No, thanks. Not a bit."

"Dat is good. Haf you perhaps any food?"

"I've got some chocolate."

She touched one of the sponge-bags, which she had fastened round her waist again, and he reached towards it with an eager gesture; then drew his hand back again.

"Would you gif me some. I am hungry."

She suddenly realised that he was starving. She unfastened the bag, took out all the chocolate in it, and gave it into his hands. He seized it greedily, stripped the paper wrappings off, and began munching wolfishly.

"I haf not eaten for tree days," he explained. "Sit down."

He squatted on the sand, and she sat beside him. She was no longer afraid of him, though she could not tell what had caused this change in her. He might be a hard case, little better than a pirate when it suited him to be so, the sort of character who would be hanged without much compunction in any more civilised part of the world. But here he certainly had points over Creevy and Finny Baum. He was, at any rate, a man.

SHE remembered something that Chantry had said of him—that Dutch Joe was the sort who might shoot you in the face, but he would never stab you in the back.

"I thought you were dead," she said, after a long interval in which he finished eating the chocolate.

He gave a grunt that was like a sneer, and wiped his sticky hands in the sand.

"Creevy nor Baum—dey haf no courage. Dey would not kill a man. Dey would put him so he might die, but dey half not der nerve to kill him mit der hands. Dey do dat to me."

He turned and stared at Joyce. In the starlight they could just make out one another's faces. She could see his great thatch of curly hair, standing up above his head like a wiry coronet. Frieda's beads glimmered.

"You are so like mine Frieda," he said softly. "For dat reason I am your friend. You understand—your friend. I will nod hurt you. You can trust me. I gif you my vord—der vord of Dutch Joe. But it is only because you are like mine Frieda."

He gave her his hand, and drew her up to his feet.

"Do you trust me?" he asked.

"Yes, I trust you, Joe."

"Good."

A few minutes afterwards Dutch Joe took her by the arm and pointed across the dark lagoon, with the reflections of the great stars shining in it like great glittering starfish, which opened and shut as the water moved.

The lighted row-boat had turned about, and was heading now for the opening in the reef. They watched in silence as it passed out to sea, and saw lights appear on the Storm Girl's deck.

"Dey vill not search again till dawn," Dutch Joe remarked with a sigh. "Now ve sleep for an hour. It would be madness to do anything yet. And it is always good to sleep."

He was wearing a heavy pea-jacket. He stripped it off his shoulders and laid it on the sand.

She lay down on the pea-jacket, and he moved away out of sight. If anybody had asked her if she could sleep in such circumstances she would have said no and had no doubt about it. But she lay staring across the rippling lagoon for a few minutes . . . and the next thing she was conscious of was Dutch Joe's hand shaking her shoulder.

She stood up, shivering, icy cold.
"Run up and down six times," Dutch Joe ordered. "You get varm. You trust me—yes?"

"I said I did. I meant it."

"Den gif me your pistol."

She indicated the sponge-bag she had put it into. He nodded, lifted it, and set her running up and down the sand.

Breathless, she returned to the clump of rocks under which she had slept, and found Dutch Joe taking off his huge sea-boots.

"You varm now?"

"Yes, I'm glowing."

"Now I do something to shock you—but not very much. A man cannot swim in all his clothes . . ."

She interrupted him with an unembarassed laugh.

"I'M going to the other side of the rocks to change my things. One of those sponge-bags is full of the wet clothes I swam over in."

She changed into her clammy lingerie and came round the rocks again to find Dutch Joe, probably out of deference to her modesty, had already entered the water and was swimming up and down alongside the beach.

"Come," he whispered.

He was a ludicrous spectacle, for he had tied one of the sponge-bags to the top of his head in order to keep the pistol and the cartridges dry.

Now, as he paddled about in front of her, he told her for the first time what his plans were. And he told her in very few words:

"We get Chantry from der Banshee. Dat all right?"

"Yes, if we can do it."

"We must do it. You ready?"

"Yes."

"Come along."

She joined him in the water, and followed his lead as he swam slowly and strongly across the lagoon towards the opening in the reef.

Dutch Joe helped her. He swam with one hand, and with the other took a clutch of her shoulder, and dragged her along behind him.

They passed under the bows of the Storm Girl, trod water and rested. On the wooden deck far overhead they heard a man stamping his feet—the watch.

"Dey tink not ve vill try a rescue."

Dutch Joe whispered with a throaty chuckle. "Dey tink we keep as far off as ve can. Come."

Relentlessly he made her swim on again.

Without Dutch Joe's help she would never have succeeded. Her muscles were stiff from the first swim. The final fifty yards to the Banshee were made in agony.

But at last Dutch Joe reached up, caught hold of a dripping rope, and hung on, supporting her with his free arm.

He pushed her in front of him, caught hold of her by the waist, and raised her out of the water till she was able to get her legs through the loop in the rope. And she hung there, leaning against the Banshee's side, her hands, above her head, straining on the rope to take as much of her weight as possible.

"Hold hard," he whispered. "I go to climb over you."

He took hold of her by the shoulders, for an agonising moment rested all his weight upon her, and walked up the ship's side with his bare feet. Then he got a hold of the rope above her head, and she watched him going up and up, with the

speed, agility and silence of a monkey, till his head reached the level of the rail.

A moment after that she felt a tug on the rope and looked up to see the dark silhouette of Dutch Joe's head above the rail. He made a gesture to enjoin silence, and slowly and carefully pulled her up the side of the schooner.

"Quiet!" he whispered, when her head drew level with his.

He leant over the rail, put an arm round her waist, and lifted her into a position beside him on the deck.

"Down!"

She crouched by his side in the scupper. Putting her hand down beside her to steady herself on the deck, she almost screamed. Her hand touched warm flesh—a face. A man—unconscious or dead—lay there.

"Only one man on watch," Dutch Joe breathed in her ear. "I fix him. By your side. Now I gif you der gun again. Stay here and watch. I go for Chantry. Dere vill be nobody but him in der lazarette. But I may be heard troo der bulkhead. If you see anybody try to go after me, you shoot. Understand?"

He thrust the automatic pistol into her hand, and left her crouching in a pool of water, by the side of the unconscious man, who might be dead. Then, on the tips of his naked toes, he went forward along the deck, disappearing in a few moments amongst the shadows and the heaps of gear and cordage littered about.

The man beside her raised himself on his elbow, the back of his head towards her, and tenderly felt his scalp. A low rumble of bewildered profanity left his lips.

She pressed the muzzle of the pistol into the back of his neck.

She looked away from him only on hearing a cautious footfall, and glanced up to find Dutch Joe and Chantry creeping down towards her, their bodies cut out sharply against the lightning sky.

"Darling!" Chantry breathed.

He took her hands in his, went on his knee, covered her hand with kisses. He was dirty, unshaven, haggard, his clothes in rags. They had not made him prisoner in any peaceful fashion!

"Listen," said Dutch Joe. "You two get overboard quick. I go to der cabin. Dere are tings I vant."

"Better come with us, Joe," Chantry said. But the old trader shook his curly head vigorously.

"No; I meet you ashore. You haf a long swim, and it is nearly dawn. . . . Ah, so der scoundrel is awake!"

He glared at the recumbent man lying in the scupper.



"COUNT on me, Joe," that person said hurriedly. "Leave me be an' I'll lay here knocked out till you're clear—on my affy davy I will."

"Then over the side mit you," said Joe. "If you're mit uns, ve vant you. If no, ve soon find out. Over der side."

The sailor got up painfully and rubbed the blood off his forehead with his sleeve.

"Don't you worry about the others, sir," he said hoarsely. "Everybody got full up last night. I was the only one what stayed sober—leastways, I had a skinful too, but

not so bad as the rest. 'Ow about taking lifebelts with us?"

"Yes—yes, take 'em," Dutch Joe whispered. "No go—all free. I follow."

He crept aft along the deck, a huge, gaunt, ludicrous figure in his clammy pink underclothing, and left them to climb silently over the side in the dawn light.

TWO men were seated side by side on the steps of the hut, smoking pipes. One was dressed in a filthy suit of white ducks, with the remnants of gold braid on the sleeves. The other wore a pair of enormous sea-boots, tattered khaki trousers, a pea-jacket and a string of beads. Lying in the shade a few yards away was a sleeping girl, dressed in pink lingerie and covered over with a tattered horse-blanket.

"I brought on der lifebelt," said Dutch Joe, "one bag of biscuits, one pound of tea, two tins of beef, and one more pistol. I could get no more, for der rogues was beginning to yake. Also, it was hard work to push der lifebelt mit all dat on it."

"I'll bet it was," said Chantry. "Well, that means that we've got enough for a couple of days, two automatics and eighty cartridges, and there's plenty of water on the island. We've got to do something to-day."

"Do not worry," said Dutch Joe in his heavy voice. "Ve shall be forced to do something to-day. Dose rogues vill not leave us alone."

He lit his pipe again, turned his head and contemplated the sleeping girl for a moment.

"She is tired, poor child. She was wonderful—just wonderful. It is only, Captain, because she is so like mine Frieda . . ."

He broke off, pulled at his pipe, and the light of a fanatic blazed for a moment in his sullen eyes.

"Only because of that," said Chantry softly, "that you've come in with us, Joe? Is that what you were going to say?"

Dutch Joe nodded.

"What do you want out of it?" Chantry asked.

"I vant my boat back, I vant Greevy and Baum, and I vant a quarter share of der treasure."

"As for the first two, I can promise you all the help we can give."

Just then Holt, the profane sailor whom Joyce had made acquaintance with in the scupper of the Banshee just before dawn that day, appeared in the clearing looking excited. He had come from a look-out point on the Pope's Neck.

"Best pulling off from the Storm Girl, sir," Holt announced. "Greevy is in her, and eleven more. Looked to me as if they was going to launch another, but I didn't stay to find out."

"Yes, they'd come over in force," Chantry said, caressing his unshaven chin reflectively. "Having spent the morning debating the situation, I suppose they've now decided to beat the jungle till they find us. How big is this island, Joe?"

"Twenty mile dat way, forty dat—near enough," he pointed to Joyce. "Take her."

Chantry crossed the sparse grass and did so. She awakened with a start and sat bolt upright, almost overturning him as he squatted on his haunches beside her.

Dutch Joe had been gathering the drying underclothing from the grass. He bundled it under his arm, and beckoned to them.

"Come."

"Where are we going to?" Joyce asked Chantry.

"I don't know. I'm leaving that sort of thing to Joe. He knows this place better

than we do. By the way, I've struck a bargain with him—a quarter share of the treasure and he'll stand by us."

"That's the best bit of business that's been done this voyage," she said bitterly.

Dutch Joe had climbed the broken steps which led to the doorway of Frieda's hut. With a careful, with almost a tender, hand he pushed aside the tangle of vines and high grass which blocked the opening, and stood by, holding it, while Joyce, Chantry and Holt went in.

He followed them, carefully re-arranging the vines and grasses again.

"**D**IS is sacred ground," he said gravely. "No one but me has been here since Frieda died. But Frieda will not mind. Step careful. Her door is not too good."

It was somehow a shock to find the place with furniture in it. She had imagined that it was empty to the rats and wind. But here, near her hand, was a table, two wooden chairs beside it, in the corner a chest of drawers, taken from a ship, in another corner a wide bunk bed with a long mound, which seemed to be rotting bedclothes, lying upon it. At the windows a tatter of curtains still hung sadly.

They waited and watched and listened, no sound in the hut but Dutch Joe's deep breathing, and now and then a rustle of clothing from one or other of them.

"Ach!" Dutch Joe breathed at last.

From far up the jungle path came a crackling of twigs, many footsteps.

"Dey come," Dutch Joe said. "Lots of dem. Do not shoot unless I say so."

Joyce turned her eyes to the bed, and recoiled and almost screamed. Under the mound of rotten blankets was the outline of a human form. She could see the slope of the skull, the arms, and bosom. "Frieda—Frieda is there!" she whispered in a choked voice.

"Be silent," Dutch Joe growled. "Yes, Frieda is here. Ach—dey come!"

Three men had appeared in the clearing. One of them was Sanderson, who had helped her to overcome Creedy in the wheel-house a week ago. The other two were men from the Banabee.

They stood for a time near the entrance to the path, looking keenly this way and that in the clearing. Then the big-boned Sanderson, who was in front of the others, turned and said something to them. One of them looked back along the path and whistled.

"Nobody here," Sanderson shouted. "The swabs'll be hiding in the caves as I told you. I'm going on."

He began to move slowly across the clearing, his huge arms swinging by his sides, and his eyes darting into every corner of the surrounding jungle. And as he moved he sang:

"So I said to me mate,

"I'm with ye all the time,"

So I said to me mate,

"I'm with ye."

A man's not a man if he lets a little crime

Some others were emerging upon the clearing now, Finny Baum amongst them.

At the sight of his huge, waddling body Dutch Joe drew in a deep, furious breath and gripped his pistol the tighter.

Sanderson had come to a stop near the hut, and, facing round again towards the path which led to the beach, he sang his song softly again.

"Shut up!" came the growling command of Creedy from the other end of the clearing. "Do you want to let them know 'all about us?"

He turned idly towards the hut, let his eyes rove up and down; then for an instant stared straight at the window, smiled, nodded his head and let his lips move as if he were saying "All right."

Chantry released his pent-up breath. "He knows we're here. Now we've got a friend in the other camp."

At that moment three other men appeared in the clearing on the other side. Two of them were sailors from the Storm Girl, the third was Bannerman, handcuffed, unruly and furious.

"If you think you're going to get any information out of me, you're darn well mistaken!" he bawled at the top of his voice, his eyes fixed on Creedy. "I told you that on board, and I'll continue telling it to you."

"Come along, you men," Creedy said roughly.

With an automatic pistol in his left hand, and his negro bodyguard stalking beside him, he led the way across the clearing, the others trailing behind him, too much imbued with the holiday spirit to worry greatly about the escaped prisoners.

Old Bannerman was hustled along in the rear, using language which he would never have resorted to had he known that his daughter was in peril; and last of all went Sanderson.

But before Sanderson moved from the hut, he turned swiftly, stared at the backs of his comrades vanishing along the path, and then flicked something with his thumb through the window of the hut.



"**P**ICK it up," Chantry ordered inside the hut, his eyes on the tiny pellet which Sanderson had flicked through the window.

Holt, the sailor, bent down and did so. It was a scrap of paper, Chantry unfurled it, and read an almost illegible scrawl which Sanderson had written somehow in the palm of his hand while Creedy and Baum were talking.

Will get them in cave. Follow if armed. Trap them all. When I sing again, attack.

"Now that's what I call business!" Chantry said cheerfully, rubbing his hands.

"Come on," Dutch Joe paused in the act of turning towards the vine-covered door and blinked through the dimness towards Joyce. "You better stay here. Dere vill be shooting—blood, death."

"No, I will go with you."

He shrugged his shoulders. "As you vill." He pushed the vines carefully aside and led the way out into the sunlight.

"Come," said Dutch Joe.

He lowered his head like a buffalo, and tramped slowly across the clearing. Joyce followed immediately behind him; then came Holt, the sailor. Chantry brought up the rear.

"Dere is no great hurry," Dutch Joe growled over his shoulder. "It vill be half an hour before dey are in der cave."

But in twenty minutes or so they came in sight of the stretch of scrub-covered sand which led up to the Pope's Neck.

Dutch Joe held up his hand.

"I vill go ahead."

They stayed in a group five or six yards from the end of the path and watched him wriggle his great body silently forward between the two walls of greenery.

But he had not gone more than a few paces when Sanderson's voice came to them, singing his song again.

Dutch Joe stopped, turned, waved a beckoning hand.

"Come!"

He started running, and they ran at his heels, bursting out into the blazing sunlight at the base of the hill.

Sanderson was standing on the apex of a heap of rocks and rubble which clung to the side of the Pope's Neck, reaching up its dirty neck twelve or fifteen feet above the sandy ground. Behind him was the dark maw of a cave. And there was no other man in sight.

"We've got 'em—by the great Joss!" Chantry breathed.

Dutch Joe was already making the ascent at another point, and Holt was behind him.

Sanderson—who, Joyce noticed for the first time, was unarmed—waved them on frantically from above. It seemed that those within the cave were about to emerge again.

But before anyone could appear, Dutch Joe and Chantry had flung themselves flat on their stomachs in front of the entrance and fired a couple of shots inside.

"Stand back, the whole lot of you!" Chantry roared. "The first man I see, I'll shoot at!"

In fifteen minutes or so a quite formidable rampart had been built up across the mouth of the cave, and Dutch Joe and Chantry crawled backwards down the slope of the rock-pile and talked things over. "One man can hold that place against the whole lot," Chantry said. "The main difficulty is that Bannerman is with them. They'll try to use him to buy their way out."

As he spoke he glanced down to the base of the hill. Joyce had returned there when Holt and Sanderson had begun building the rampart. She could not help with that, and there was no room for more than two on the top of the rock-pile.

Chantry ceased talking to Joe and stared at her intently. She was hurrying back towards the base of the rock-pile, having come, it seemed, from the rusted oil-engine in which her father had hidden the gold-finder.

"It's gone!" she called. "It's gone!"

He leapt to his feet. He knew well enough what had gone.

He clambered down the rock-pile and joined her at the foot of the Pope's Neck. She was white-faced and scared; much more affected by the loss of the gold-finder than she had been by the somewhat hectic incidents of the past hour.

"Are you sure?" Chantry demanded.

FOR the moment he, too, had forgotten the struggle and the trapped men in the cave.

"Joe," Chantry called to the old pirate.

"I come," Dutch Joe answered moodily.

He slid his way down to the level ground, and stalked over to join them.

Chantry indicated the rusty gas-engine. "Mr. Bannerman hid the gold-finder in there. It's gone."

Joe filled his pipe, latched up his belt, and with his hand resting on the butt of his automatic, frowned at the relics of the engine.

"I go back to my schooner, Captain," Dutch Joe said. "Vat you do? Ve can leave Holt and Sanderson to guard der cave."

"If you're going back to the Banabee, I'm going back to the Storm Girl. Joyce, you'd better wait for us at Frieda's hut. It won't

be safe for you aboard, and I don't want to leave you at this spot."

"No, I'll stay here," she announced. "Father's in the cave, and I'm not going to scuttle back into the forest. Besides," she added, "it would be as well for one of us to stay around."

"Come," said Dutch Joe impatiently. He turned towards the entrance of the jungle path and marched swiftly forward. Chantry followed at his heels.

SOME time later Chantry and Dutch Joe emerged cautiously upon the beach and took a long look at the two schooners beyond the reef.

"The Storm Girl's afloat again!" Chantry exclaimed. "The tide must have lifted her."

Dutch Joe grunted. "Come on," he said. "There is no point in hiding."

They went down to the water's edge, launched the boat which Creevy and his men had come in, and pulled out slowly across the lagoon. Every few moments Chantry turned his head to look at the Storm Girl lying beyond the reef, but Dutch Joe seemed entirely indifferent concerning what might be happening aboard her.

"We're creating a lot of interest," Chantry said.

The Storm Girl's rail was crowded with men silently watching the row-boat pull towards her. The bright sunlight glinted on steel weapons.

A hail came from the Storm Girl:

"Row-boat ahoy!"

"Ship der oars," Dutch Joe ordered.

Chantry obeyed him, and stood up in the rocking boat.

"I'm coming aboard my schooner," he hawled. "Anybody object?"

"Where's Mr. Creevy?" was shouted by somebody on deck.

"Snug in our hands. Have you got six feet of rope there. He needs a new collar."

"Pull!" Dutch Joe ordered.

They took to the oars again, and in a nerve-racking silence, which they expected would be broken at any moment by a volley of revolver-shots, they pulled nearer to the schooner.

"Let down der ladder!" Dutch Joe hawled. "Quick—jump to it! I see some of my men aboard dere. It shall be der rope's end for dem if dey are not quick. I—Dutch Joe—I order you!"

He shook his fists violently above his head. Frieda's beads swung from side to side across his massive chest as if they were some barbaric war-charm. . . . And on the Storm Girl's deck somebody seized a rope-ladder and slung it over the side.

The row-boat bumped against the schooner's timbers, and Chantry and Dutch Joe went up the ladder with the speed and agility of monkeys.

"My men," Dutch Joe bellowed, his head thrust forward like a bull's, "go to der port rail—quick!"

"And mine to the starboard," said Chantry.

THE men of the Banshee obeyed—slowly, sheepishly, but without a word.

Dutch Joe stalked over to them, and Chantry turned to the others—the Storm Girl's men.

"Well, you've made up your minds, I suppose," Chantry growled. "You prefer my command to a fling with Creevy and a dance with the hangman?"

"We always have, sir," said the bo's'n.

"but there wasn't nothing else to do. We'd have been shot. That's no good to you or us, is it, sir?"

"You can count on us, sir," said the cook.

"All right," said Chantry. "Bo's'n!"

"Yes, sir."

"Collect all the knives and guns and bring them down to the saloon."

"Aye, aye, sir."

Thereupon Chantry turned his back on that armed group, walked slowly to the companion-way and descended to the saloon. Nobody fired, nobody threw a knife. The mutiny was over.

A pair of weighty sea-boots clattered down the saloon stairs. It was Dutch Joe. He grinned.

"Der fat neck of Finny Baum vill soon know der hangman's rope," he said. "I return to der Banshee mit my men, Captain."

"I'll go with you."

"No, it is unnecessary. Der rats are like children after all. Not one would hurt a hair of my head now. And on der Banshee is only two. I hear dat everybody come over here, for all der booze on my schooner was drunk."

Chantry laughed.

"I am going," said Dutch Joe. "When I haf settled tings on der Banshee I come back. Together ve den go ashore again. All correct?"

"That'll suit me. Don't be long. I'm nervous about leaving Miss Bannerman without protection."

"She is a girl who can protect herself," said Dutch Joe. "Ach, so like mine Frieda!"

He clumped out of the saloon and up the companion-way to the deck. Chantry heard him shouting to his men. Soon there came the sound of the Banshee's crew going over the side down the rope-ladder.



LEFT alone on the sandy ground at the base of the Pope's Neck, Joyce had waited till the sound of Chantry's and Dutch Joe's footsteps had died out of hearing along the jungle-path, and then had climbed the sandstone steps in the face of the hill till she reached the look-out point from which they had seen the Banshee arrive at the island.

She stared over the green roof of the jungle to the lagoon and the reef, and saw the Storm Girl rolling on the outgoing tide. Afton again. It cheered her. She had been conscious of a sense of finality and hopelessness while the schooner was aground. Their only way of retreat had been cut off.

Fifteen feet beneath her was the stone-heap and the entrance to the cave in which Finny Baum, Creevy and the others were imprisoned. Her father with them.

Except for the low murmur of Holt's and Sanderson's voices, there was not a sound in the silence—not a sound from the cave.

But the silence of all those imprisoned men was odd. She looked over the edge of the rock-shelf and called to Sanderson:

"Anything going on?"

"Nary a thing, miss."

"Is that a large cave?"

"Couldn't say, miss. I haven't been in it; but there was a long echo when the shootin' was going on."

A disturbing idea took hold of her.

"Are you sure they're still there?" she asked in a lower tone. "Perhaps there's another way out."

Sanderson thought that over. His was a slow-moving brain. Holt's was quicker. He moved, stared keenly at the dark entrance of the cavern; then scratched his head above his bandaged brow.

"By the lord, miss, there might be!" he said.

"We must make sure."

"You mean—walk in there?" Sanderson inquired almost derisively. "That's suicide. It's pitch-black. Nobody can see a thing going in—but anybody inside can see out."

"They're no longer there," Joyce said definitely. "Do you think they'd stay quiet so long if they were? We've got to go in."

She stood up impatiently, and drew the automatic pistol which Dutch Joe had given her.

"COME along," she said.

"One of you come with me. You, Sanderson. Holt, stay out here in case they've got out."

"Aye, aye, Miss," said Holt.

Sanderson had flushed crimson.

"I'll go in, Miss. I don't want you to take risks. You stay here snug."

"That's better talk," she said; and gave him a smile which made him set his jaw, scramble up to his feet, and clamber across the rampart as if there were no threat of death on the other side of it.

She suddenly noticed that he was unarmed.

"Here," she said.

He turned, and she leant up to the rampart and gave him her pistol.

He turned back again, facing the dark cave mouth; then squared his shoulders, and walked in.

She and the sailor, Holt, crouched on the rock-pile, listening breathlessly. All they heard were Sanderson's careful footsteps echoing out of the cave. Soon they died away.

"No, Miss," Holt whispered. "They ain't there no more. They sure ain't. Now we're in trouble again!"

"I'm going into the cave," she said.

"You wait here and watch. If you see anything, call."

"You didn't oughter go."

But she had gone, scrambling over the rampart as Sanderson had done a moment ago.

"Sanderson!" she called, and her voice roared back at her from every side.

"Miss!" he answered—a long way in front of her.

"Come here!"

Sanderson's footsteps as he returned towards her echoed thunderously.

"There's nobody here," she called.

"No, Miss, nary a soul."

"Nary a soul—nary a soul—nary a soul," wailed and thundered round the cave.

A hand touched her arm. It startled her, but, not wishing to display "nerves" in front of Sanderson, she did not show it.

Without turning, she said:

"We'd better get out. We might spend hours trying to find the other entrance. Mr. Creevy knows this cave, probably."

"Yes," said Creevy's voice by her side. "he does. I'm pleased to hear that in speaking of me to the men you still put a handle to my name."

Then his flopping, bandaged hand covered her mouth, and his free uninjured arm fastened round her, plucked her off her feet, and dragged her aside, out of sight of the blazing cave mouth.

She struggled, got one hand free, and dragged at the bandaged hand upon her

mouth. Creevy uttered a sharp cry of pain, and for a moment she was unengaged. She gave one scream; and then someone else took hold of her, someone more powerful than Creevy.

"O.K., sar," said the voice of Pete, the negro.

"Where is Sanderson?" Creevy panted. "Bring her over here, right away from the entrance."

"Mr. Sanderson, sar," Pete answered in his deep voice, lifting Joyce under his arm as if she were a bundle, "is lying on de floor. Very ill man."

He laughed, a low, rich laugh, which seemed to have the sound of swamps and slave chains in it.

"You and your friends weren't so clever as you thought," Creevy said with a laugh. "There are about a thousand galleries opening off this cave, and two entrances. By this time Chantry and Dutch Joe will have been taken in the rear by Finny. Pete and I have been alone here for more than half an hour."

"And what are you going to do now?" she asked calmly.

"That depends on you, Joyce. We're all of us in this thing for what we can get out of it—aren't we?"

"You seem to be."

He laughed cynically.

"You're playing a dangerous game, Joyce. You're at my mercy here. I could do what I liked with you."

"And what do you think would happen afterwards? Captain Chantry happens to be fond of me, and though he's no pirate, like Dutch Joe, I don't suppose he'd be in a very forgiving mood if you harmed me. You're talking like a fool, Kit. All there is for you to do is to make peace with father and me. You don't seem to realise that you're in a hopeless position."

"You have seen Dutch Joe's eyes," she whispered, "haven't you, Kit? You've seen your death in them. Don't you think you'd better make terms with me instead of using threats?"

"I'm not afraid of Dutch Joe," Creevy growled. "Let's get back to the point. I know where Finny will take your father. If you agree to my terms we can have him free inside an hour."

"Is he in this cave?"

"No, he isn't; and I'm not such a fool as to tell you where he is . . ."

HE broke off, and leapt to his feet. The sharp crack of a pistol-shot had sounded outside the cave. A man shouted, and she knew the voice: it was Holt's.

"That's Finny!" Creevy said excitedly. "You left a man out there, didn't you? They've got him!"

"Come along, Pete," Creevy said nervously. "We'll get away from this. Can you find the way back to that gallery we sat in?"

"Yes, sar. But if you lead de way and flash de light at whites it will be easy." "Are you going to make a noise, Joyce?" Creevy asked her again, as Pete raised her to her feet.

"I don't think so," she answered. "I might just as well be your prisoner as Finny's."

"Better," he said sardonically. "Finny is a trifle unrefined."

He walked further into the cave, Pete leading her behind him. Every few steps Creevy flashed the electric torch for an instant, showing a dry sand-covered floor and glimpses of smooth walls which stretched up and up to an unseen roof. Then suddenly something happened.

Pete stumbled, let go her wrist, gave a cry, and fell headlong.

"Run, Miss!" bellowed the voice of Sanderson at her feet.

The torchlight leapt along the floor towards her. She had a glimpse of Sanderson's face beneath her, all torn and bloody. His hands were fastened round the negro's ankles, and Pete was sprawling on his face.

Then she leapt aside and ran blindly into the darkness, her hands put out in front of her more from instinct than thought, lest she should run into an unexpected wall and stun herself.



BUT her flying feet had crossed a corner of the torch-beam, and it came leaping after her.

Creevy shouted:

"Stop, Joyce! Stop, or by the Lord, I'll fire at you!"

She did not answer, but rushed on madly—madly through that chill obscurity, her feet thundering on the sandstone floor, and Creevy's feet thundering behind her.

"Joyce!" Creevy cried. "Don't be a fool. You'll get lost in here and never get out again. I don't know all the galleries. Stop!"

She laughed hysterically, and raced on.

But the torchlight, like a staring eye, was only two or three yards behind her now. It shone over her shoulder and showed her the dark maw of another gallery opening off the one she was running in.

Creevy was about six yards away so far as she was able to judge by the sound of his progress. She crouched down in the corner of the corridor. Perhaps she would be able to slip past him when he reached the blind end. But there was only a slim hope of that. The corridor was scarcely wide enough to take two abreast.

In another moment he went headlong into the wall, stumbled back, groaning and cursing; then fell against her.

She exerted all her strength to escape from his arms and get back the way she had come, but he got a grip round her neck with his one sound arm and pinioned her against the wall.

"No, you don't!" he panted hoarsely. "Not a second time, my lady. Now I've got you I'm going to keep you. By Heaven, if I'm going to die in this place, you'll die with me!"

"I'm not going to die yet, Kit!"

Suddenly she felt a cold hand encircle her wrist, and there came the click of a handcuff. Then he took his arm from about her.

"Now try and run!"

But she did not do so. He had handcuffed her wrist to his. She was very effectually a prisoner.

They walked for perhaps three minutes in silence. Then he said:

"Here we are. Here's the opening on the right. It's easier than I thought it was going to be. Now it's a straight run back."

"Are you sure this is right?" she asked. "It seemed to me that we came farther than this."

"Come on," he said, but his voice sounded nervous.

They marched along the new corridor, slowly and cautiously. The utter silence

of the chill darkness seemed to close round them, as if it were an unseen fog which opened to let them pass and closed up behind them.

"Yes, this is right," said Creevy with a long sigh of relief.

Far ahead of them they could hear their footsteps echoing—long, deep echoes within great walls. They increased their pace.

The corridor came to an end, and they entered into a large open space, with a cold wind rushing through it. She knew at once that it was not the main cave. So did Creevy.

"But there's a wind running through it," he said. "It must give on to the open air somewhere. We'll go towards it."

"I think we'd better go back," she said.

"If we do, we may never get out at all. Come along."

Then, far, far away, she saw a tiny white point—a light. But so small was it that it seemed no larger than a pin-prick.

"Thank Heaven!" said Creevy.

Instinctively they broke into a run.

When they reached it, and crouched in front of it, they found it to be nothing but a slit in the rock-wall, scarcely big enough to admit a cat, leave alone a human being.

Silently they peered out. The common disaster kept the tacit truce between them.

Through the slit there was a narrow view of the lagoon and a strip of the reef with the white foam bursting on it in the sunlight. Nothing more.

"We must go back," said Creevy shakily. "Heaven knows now if we'll be able to find the corridor we came along."

They went along the corridor, and after two or three minutes came to the end of it, with another corridor running each way.

"Yes, this seems to be it," Creevy said excitedly. "Now it's to the right."

They turned to the right, and at the end of three paces were brought up short against the stone.

"This is it," Joyce said. "This is where you caught me. Now we must walk straight forward from here, and take one of the corridors on the right, but not the first one. That's the one we've just been through."

BREATHLESS and fatigued, she leant against the smooth wall, and, as she did so, something happened.

She screamed in superstitious horror, and drew back against Creevy. His nerves on edge, he echoed her scream with a loud cry of alarm.

"What's the matter, for Heaven's sake?" he demanded.

"The wall moved—moved!" she whispered. "As I leant against it."

"Nonsense! You imagined it. Let me get there!"

He pushed past her and thrust his shoulder against the smooth wall. As he did so there was a harsh grinding of stone on stone, the wall swung back, Creevy, yelling in panic, went headlong into a dim twilight that glittered, and Joyce, dragged by the handcuff, fell headlong after him.

It wanted an hour to sunset.

At the base of the Pope's Neck was a crowd of men, standing in an irregular circle, in the centre of which was a group of four. The four were Dutch Joe, Chantry, Bannerman and Finny Baum.

Finny Baum, his huge, fat face bled and terrified, was bound hand and foot and seated on a heap of rusty iron.

"For der last time," said Dutch Joe softly, looking down into Finny Baum's face, "there is Miss Bannerman?"

"I tell you I do not know. I haf not seen her since we left der Storm Girl. Sanderson says she was with Creedy. I haf abandon Creedy."

Chantry, with murder in his eyes, clenched his fists and shook them in Finny Baum's face.

"I'll drag it out of you if I haf to skin you alive. I'll . . ."

WITHOUT looking at him Dutch Joe stretched out a hand and thrust Chantry aside.

"I'll deal with dis, Captain. I haf already many things to settle mit Mr. Baum. . . . Holt, tourmiquet!"

Holt, the bandaged sailor, stepped forward with a short length of rope and a stick in his hands. Finny Baum looked, and gave a gurgling cry.

"You go to torture me! You are wrong. I know nodings — nodings at all. Pete has told you what happened. I was not in der cave."

At that moment a high, shrill cry rang out from the Pope's Neck.

Everybody turned to look. A figure stood staggering at the entrance to the cavern. It was Creedy. As they watched, he lost his balance and pitched headlong down the rock-pile.

But there was no sign of Joyce.

Chantry and Bannerman tore across the sandy strip, and lifted Creedy in their arms. The fall down the rock-pile had not hurt him much, but he seemed to be in a terrified and half-demented state, and was gibbering and shaking.

Chantry jostled him roughly.

"Where's Joyce?"

"In there—in there!" Creedy wailed. He flung a shaking arm back towards the Pope's Neck. "Lost in the gold!"

"What are you talking about, man?" old Bannerman demanded.

He seized the miserable Creedy by the collar, and in doing so shook free a flood of gold from a torn pocket in Creedy's tattered jacket. Old coins—doubloons, pieces of eight, English guineas—clinked upon the stones and rolled across the sand.

At last Creedy regained enough wit to tell them disjointedly what had occurred.

"We found the treasure. It's in a chamber with a stone door to it. The door's on a pivot, and when you lean against it on one side it opens. There's gold there—hundreds of thousands of pounds' worth! Old pieces, chalices, plates and goblets. Some of them have got gems set in them. And diamonds and rubies. There's a great chest packed to the top with rubies. . . ."

"Curse the treasure!" Chantry cried.

"You can tell us about that afterwards. Where's Joyce?"

He caught hold of Creedy round the waist, twisted him about, and began pushing him up the rock-pile which led to the cave mouth. Bannerman followed them. Then came six men with improvised torches flaring and spluttering in their hands.

They clambered over the rampart of stones and entered the cave. The torches set huge shadows leaping up the walls towards the unseen roof. Their footsteps made a thunder as of marching armies.

Chantry walked on one side of Creedy, Bannerman on the other. Each of them held an arm.

"Which way, Creedy?" Chantry demanded. "And do you feel that?" He thrust the muzzle of his automatic into Creedy's back. "If we return without Joyce I'll fire this into you."

"This way," Creedy whimpered.

The body of men with the torches tramped at the heels of Chantry and the prisoner. As the flaring lights reached the cavern wall a score of dark gaps slid into view.

Creedy hesitated, biting his lip and frowning. His bloodshot eyes leapt from one tunnel to the other.

"I don't know which it was!"

"Creedy," Chantry interrupted, in the deadly calm voice which his men knew meant trouble, "if you don't find that tunnel at once I'll shoot you."

Creedy swallowed.

"Put out the lights," he said huskily. "I've never seen this place fully lit before. I've always felt my way round by my hands. I may be able to recognise the entrance again in the darkness."



CHANTRY ordered the torch-bearers to go into the nearest tunnel and wait till they were called. The huge cavern returned to darkness.

"Don't start anything, Creedy," he said.

Chantry called out the torch-bearers again. He noticed that one of them was carrying an axe in his belt.

"You," he said, "cut a notch in the wall every six paces. We're not going to get lost again."

Then he led the way with Creedy and Bannerman, the others pressing along behind in a compact body which scarcely allowed room for the man with the axe to cut his notches.

Two minutes went by without a word being spoken. They reached a cross-roads.

Chantry turned his white, drawn face towards the torch-bearers behind him.

"Go back. This isn't it."

"There's only one thing to do now," said Bannerman. "We may spend days exploring these corridors and never find the place. We've got to try the gold-finder."

Chantry nodded.

"You say there was light in that treasure-house, Creedy?"

"Yes, there was a long chimney going up through the rock to the surface."

"She'll have air, then," he spoke to Bannerman again. "Take a couple of men and try that instrument of yours. I'll continue the search in here, for even if we do find the air-shaft to the treasure-house it may not help us much. We won't be able to get down it, and if she's injured . . ."

He left the sentence unfinished.

It was some time before Joyce realised what had happened.

She was horribly uncomfortable. She seemed to be lying on spikes; but it was a long time before she found energy to move.

Putting her hands behind her, she raised her shoulders and looked about her. Gold—nothing but gold. She was buried under it, almost up to her waist, a conical heap of old gold coins resting upon her legs. And under her was gold—a flat bank of it on which she lay.

It came to her vaguely that there might be a million pounds in here. . . . But she might die in it. Die amidst enough gold to buy all the luxuries of life. . . .

Where had Creedy gone? She remembered things now. He had unfastened the handcuffs and begun scrambling amongst the gold, filling his pockets with the heavy, misshapen pieces of eight and the better-made English guineas.

At last her legs were free; but for many minutes she could not stand. They were numb and dead, and the blood ran back through her veins in burning agony.

She stood up, staggering; went to the doorway. Here inside the chamber no pains had been taken to hide its position, there being no need to.

But though she put her shoulder to it and thrust upon it with all her force in every corner of it in her reach, it did not move an eighth of an inch.

How did it open? A horrifying thought came to her. Perhaps it could not be opened from within! . . .

She forced herself to move back to the centre of the chamber and stare down at the white bones of the two skeletons. The polished skulls grinned up at her, no sign of injury upon them. There was nothing to show that these men had met violent deaths. More probably they had been forced in here at the sword's point, to die of starvation and thirst.

That was the old pirates' way. Her father had told her that. They had a superstition that the ghost of a person who had died a violent death would not guard the treasure, so they left those hapless guardians to die slowly from starvation and thirst.

Therefore the door would not be made to open from within. And Creedy might never find his way back here again; or not till too late.

She cringed back against the stone wall, her hands behind her, clutching at it, clawing, her eyes fixed in a stare of horror on those grinning skulls, slowly growing dimmer to her sight as the light outside this treasure-house began fading into evening.

Silence—the silence that had reigned here undisturbed for three hundred years or more.

In one corner was an opened chest, piled to the top with rubies that had been torn out of the gold settings in which they had graced the forms of long-dead ladies of fashion.

The light that came down the chimney shone upon them with its weakening rays, and they shone like blood.

IT was while Creedy was creeping along the wall of the great cavern an hour or more after she had regained consciousness, that Joyce found a way of escape from the treasure-house.

She climbed upon the pile of gold pieces on which she had lain unconscious, and stared up the long chimney towards the tiny circle of blue sky which shone so far above.

The mouth of the chimney was wide enough to admit a man, but it narrowed as it went up, and, in perspective, it seemed to her that the extreme end of it was too narrow to put her arm through.

The walls were rough; she thought she could climb up there. . . . But if she got caught and could not extricate herself!

Far, far above—she could not calculate how far—was the grayling sky of evening: safety, freedom, life itself.

Then began the long and perilous climb. She went up by the leverage of hands and feet, keeping her shoulders braced against the wall to prevent herself from slipping down.

It was a climb made in agony. The rough rock rubbed through the thin clothes she wore, and they hung in tatters on her back. Each foot of progression afterwards set a blazing rasp at work upon her shoulders.

The chimney grew narrower, and a cold panic seized her heart. She would get caught, and hang here for ever, unable to go either down or up! Or else her foot would slip and she'd go plunging down, to dash herself to pulp on the heap of gold beneath her.

And then—many hours later, it seemed—she stretched up a burning hand and found a tuft of grass beneath it. She gave a sobbing cry; she struggled; she exerted the last ounces of her failing strength, and crept out of the chimney into the open air.

For a time she must have slept, or else lost consciousness. At any rate, she was aware of emerging out of darkness into new strength and life, and she put her swollen hands on the ground and raised herself painfully into a sitting position.

In front of her was the sea; but the lagoon had gone. . . . No. She realised vaguely that she had emerged on a different side of the Pope's Neck from the side she knew.

But down there was a ship—a sailing ship without lights. It was the Storm Girl. She had known the schooner long enough to recognise her lines even in the darkness.

INLAND, at the base of the Pope's Neck, clustered in groups in the cold mist amongst the scrap-heaps of rusty machinery, were most of the two ships' crews.

Half a dozen or so were lying asleep in the sand; two or three were busy with a fire. Chantry had sent a man into the clearing to fetch the coffee and tinned meat which had been deposited in Frieda's hut, and a rough breakfast was being prepared.

But the majority of the men stood about with their hands in their pockets, and stared up through the mist at a tall figure walking slowly up and down on the flattened top of the hill.

It was Bannerman, with the gold-finder in his hands.

They had not found the treasure-house. All night long Chantry and Creevy, and a band of men with torches, had explored the tunnels which opened out of the great cave.

Chantry, his hard face white and haggard, scrubby with unshaven beard, his eyes anguished and glaring, had noted hours ago that Finny Baum and the string of men who had been roped together like a chain-gang had disappeared.

Sanderson, the staunch, the stolid, the reliable Sanderson, had gone too. Where, Chantry did not know.

And Dutch Joe had gone. For hours he had not been seen.

But Chantry scarcely thought about it. He had thoughts for no one but Joyce, for nothing but her safety. If the island had begun to shake under his feet, if the bald Pope's Neck had trembled and commenced to fall, he would have heeded it only on account of the girl he loved.

Quite half of them believed that Creevy was playing a game, that he knew well enough where the treasure-house was situated, but would not tell.

He hung now in Chantry's hand, as they stood in the sand at the base of the Pope's Neck. Chantry's fingers had held his arm so long that they were stiff and aching, and Creevy seemed incapable of standing upright by his own strength.

"I'm done," he said hoarsely. "Chantry, you've got to let me go. I can't keep on at this. You're killing me."

"Walking about in that cave—is that killing work?" Chantry asked in a snarl. "The way we've done it is."

One of the men who was making the fire looked up at Chantry with a scowl.

"The hound's talking sense. What's the good o' killing ourselves. The gold's there somewhere. We can find it as well to-morrow as to-day. I'm for a bite o' grub and a sleep. It's thirty hours since I slept."

Chantry jerked his automatic out of his belt.

"Call me 'sir' when you speak to me. We're looking for Miss Bannerman, and we're not going to stop till we've found her."

He let go his hold on Creevy's arm, and Creevy staggered and fell in the sand. Chantry glared down at him; then turned and glared at the others.

"Leave him alone—understand? I'll have no fancy tortures tried while I'm about. If I see . . ."

He did not finish the sentence for a hoarse shout came from the top of the Pope's Neck. Old Bannerman was waving his arms wildly above his head.

"I've found it!" he shouted down. "There's a chimney straight into the place."

"Is she there?" Chantry cried. "I don't know. Send up a boy and a rope. The chimney's too small to let a man down."

Chantry swung round. The Storm Girl's boy was about somewhere, but no longer in sight. The poor little urchin, terrified out of his life, had hidden himself for safety.

"You hear, men!" Chantry exclaimed. "We've found the place. Put your backs in it now, lads. We want ropes, spades, pickaxes. Plenty around here; pick 'em up."

And out of the corner of an eye Chantry saw Creevy scrambling up with them; Creevy, who a minute or so ago had fallen half-fainting to the sand.

Well, that had been a trick. But it didn't matter now. It didn't matter what happened to Creevy. He had served his purpose, and could go hang.

But Creevy did not follow the others up the steep slopes to the top of the hill. He went no farther than the mouth of the great cave, and staggered into the darkness like a drunken man.



IN that same grey dawn, perhaps half an hour before old Bannerman saw the needle of the gold-finder tremble and leap as he stood above the chimney of the treasure-house, Joyce reached the rock-bound shore on the other side of the island.

She walked down to the rocky edge of the water, kicked off her shoes, and plunged in.

She nearly screamed. The salt water sent a hundred biting red-hot teeth to torture her lacerated skin. But she clenched her teeth and swam and swam, each stroke an agony.

If the Storm Girl had been anchored any farther from the shore she would have been unable to complete the journey. As it was, she had reached the point of collapse when she caught hold of the gunwale of a row boat lolling at the end of a painter at the stern.

Breathlessly she clambered in, and lay there minutes and minutes, staring up. There was utter silence on the Storm Girl. No voice spoke; no footstep sounded. Only the creak of rigging and the sough of water.

It was odd, for now the sun was climbing out of the horizon, sending blazing swords of light to cut the mists asunder.

She stood up shakily, reached for a rope-ladder which dangled down from the rail, and slowly and painfully, with a dozen pauses for rest, climbed to the deck.

She got over the rail and sank into the scuppers, looked vaguely up and down. There was Sanderson, at the foot of the main mast, smoking. He raised a hand, enjoining silence upon her, and with his other hand pointed to a heap of sailcloth a few yards away. There was a man lying on it asleep. She could not see whom it was. He had his arm bent round his face. She did not understand. She stood up, holding to the rail, and was about to speak.

Then she saw that Sanderson was a prisoner.

SANDERSON was handcuffed. Round his waist was a chain which fastened him to the main mast as a dog is fastened to a post. He was crouching on his haunches, but could stand up, and had a radius of movement of about a yard.

"Who is aboard here?" she whispered. "What has happened? Can I get you loose?"

"Nary a chance, Miss. There's Finny Baum here an' Dutch Joe. Joe's the master now, but it was Finny an' me who brought the schooner round this side. It was while we was all looking for you. Dutch Joe'd got Finny tied up. They was torturin' 'im; but Mr. Chantry wouldn't 'ave it, an' somebody let Finny loose. Then that there Creevy suddenly showed up, and everybody forgot about Finny. So Finny got away. He come up behind me, while I was lookin' after some prisoners, an' forced me down the jungle-path with a gun in me back . . ."

"You get away, Miss," he whispered; "it's no good you stayin' here. Dutch Joe's gettin' madder every day. 'E's got the idea that you're like Frieda. 'E was ravin' about it last night. You don't know what might 'appen."

From below came the sound of foot-steps.

"Get away!" Sanderson said in a whisper. "Find Mr. Chantry and lead 'im 'ere."

She nodded, ran to the gunwale, clambered over silently, and began the descent of the rope-ladder.

On deck was Dutch Joe's voice:

"What is all dis vater?" he growled. He had seen the prints of her wet feet and the runnels of water that had streamed from her soaking clothes.

His great sea-boots came clumsily across the caulked planking. His great curly head, with Frieda's beads dangling under it, appeared over the rail and stared down at her. She came to a stop on the ladder.

What Sanderson had said a minute ago returned to her: "Dutch Joe's gettin' madder every day." There was madness in the eyes staring down at her. The look of tragedy and hate which had dwelt in them so long had changed for something more terrifying.

"Ach, it is you!" he said softly. "Mine little girl who is so like Frieda."

She took another step down the ladder; but he raised his hand peremptorily.

"No, you must nod go away. You must stay mit me. You are tired, hungry and wet. And I can see blood on your arm."

She had sprung backwards from the ladder, diving feet first into the water, and missing the gunwale of the row-boat by inches.

She had jumped from the starboard side of the schooner; she wanted to come up again on the port side, but her lungs would not let her.

Her head bobbed up to the surface only a few yards away from the row-boat; and Dutch Joe, who had been standing ready at the rail, shouted, and leapt down beside her.

The terrific splash of his big body sent her under again, but he made a porpoise-dive, and shot down after her. She felt his hands clutch her beneath the armpits.

Then they were on the surface again. He was swimming on his back, drawing her along with him. He let go of her suddenly, twisted round in the water, and caught the gunwale of the boat. A moment afterwards he lifted her into it.

He lifted her on to the rope-ladder, and she climbed it slowly and silently to the deck again.

Sanderson, straining at the full length of his chain, the veins and muscles of his throat bulging, gave a shout of relief when he saw her.

She smiled wearily, shrugging her shoulders.

She noted absently that Dutch Joe was as tender with her as he might have been with a child. He put his arm round her shoulders, and made her lean all her weight on him. He crooned to her like a mother as he led her across the deck.

She found herself in the saloon. Possibly she had dropped to sleep as he helped her down the companion-steps. She had no memory of coming down. One moment she was on deck; next, in the saloon.

Dutch Joe opened a cabin door.

"Go in, my pretty. Put on dry clothes and rest. Do nod be afraid of Dutch Joe."

She sank down upon an unmade bunk. "I vill call you when you must get up. I kin wait for Creevy."

"Creevy?" she echoed dully. "Is he coming aboard?"

"Ach, he vill come," said Dutch Joe sombrely. "One has but to wait."

He shut the cabin door and went out. She lay back on the bunk in her wet clothes and fell asleep.

She heard Creevy come aboard; heard his voice raised in a pitiful cry of fear; knew in her stupor that it was Creevy, that he was here; and knew nothing more.

ON the fatish top of the Pope's Neck in that misty dawn Chantry and Bannerman were lying on their stomachs, with their heads leaning over the mouth of the dark chimney which led down through the sandstone hill to the treasure-house.

They were listening. They had exhausted their lungs shouting. Now for a couple of minutes they had been lying with bated breath, their ears straining to

catch a sound to tell them that Joyce was down there alive.

"This must be the place," Bannerman said hoarsely. "I'd stake my life on the accuracy of that instrument."

Chantry glanced at the gold-finder, lying on the ground a foot away from the chimney opening. The needle was fluttering over the alchemistic sign for gold.

"I think she's done for," Chantry said sombrely.

But nobody heeded him, for at that moment Bannerman pointed out to sea and gave a great cry.

"There's the Storm Girl! What she doing there? And she's moving!"

The mists had cleared, and they could see the Storm Girl riding drunkenly out to sea, with half her canvas set and one sail flapping loose.

"She's been stolen!" Chantry cried. "Where's Dutch Joe? Where's Creevy—Finny Baum?"

He swung round and stared across the jungle towards the lagoon. The Banshee was still there, riding at anchor as they had left her.

"I'll bet," said Chantry hoarsely—I'll bet my life that Joyce is aboard the Storm Girl. Where else would she be? She got out of the treasure-house, and from here she would have seen the ship. She would have thought that we'd taken her round there."

"And who did?" Bannerman asked.

"Finny Baum, I'd bet my last dollar."

"Men," he said, with a chuckle, "I suppose you know what's going to happen to you now? Finny Baum has got away. What will he do? Make for the nearest port and tell the world that all you men have mutinied. He'll do that to save himself. He'll play the little hero. I dare say he's got Creevy with him, and perhaps a couple more. He'll say they escaped and went for help."

He started scrambling down the side of the Pope's Neck with six men behind him. Bannerman made up the rear.



It was the creak and jar of sails being badly set that awakened Joyce.

On deck Dutch Joe was painfully doing six men's work. Sanderson was at the wheel.

"Dot will do," Dutch Joe panted, coming down the ratlines and regaining the deck. "It is nod possible for one man to set der sails of a schooner, and der sight of dese sails is enough to break a sailorman's heart."

He stared up at the billowing canvas overhead, and swore at the sheet that had broken loose.

"Better chop 'er away, Joe," Sanderson grunted.

Dutch Joe had carried the chain over to the wheel-house and fastened Sanderson to the binnacle. But Sanderson was entirely docile. He had studied the new fastening of the chain, and knew that he would be able to get away when he wanted to. In the meanwhile it was as well to humor Dutch Joe.

Sanderson had no doubts about Dutch Joe now. Dutch Joe was as mad as a batter. But for an hour past he had been in a good temper, singing and laughing.

"Ja, I vill cut her away," he said, nodding

his head. "If ve get a cupful of wind she might pull out der yard."

He shuffled over to Sanderson in his great sea-boots. Sanderson noticed that shuffle. He had once seen a distant relative of his in a mad-house, and knew that a shuffling gait was one of the first and most positive signs of insanity.

"You vill nod try any monkey-dricks?" Dutch Joe asked softly. He leant across the binnacle and smiled into Sanderson's eyes. "You would be a great fool to try it, Sanderson. I haf all der guts, and also my leetle knife."

He drew the long knife out of his belt and poised it on the palm of his hand, grinning along its shining blade at Sanderson.

Sanderson grinned back, and squared his huge shoulders.

"I'm with you, Joe," he said heartily. "A bit o' peace and quietness is what I'm after, and there's none of it ashore."

Sanderson watched him disappear into the fo'c'sle, and then carefully steered the schooner three points off the course Dutch Joe had set—but so carefully that the ship gave no shudder of beam or crack of canvas to tell of it.

With a little care, Sanderson concluded, it would be possible to take the schooner completely round the island—half a dozen times, if necessary—without Dutch Joe, in his present vague state of mind, finding out the trick.

Creevy's voice and Finny Baum's came from the fo'c'sle; then Dutch Joe's great mad laugh.

Next moment the three of them appeared. Dutch Joe had handcuffed them together, fastened them to a length of rope, and he drove them in front of him like a pair of mules.

"You see dat yard up dere?" he said softly, clutching Finny Baum by the arm and pointing up above his head. "Dat is der one for you, Finny. I haf der rope all ready. But nod for yet. You shall come up every day and think about it. Dat vill be so nice."

Finny stared up like a man in a trance, and his huge cheeks shook like a jelly.

"And you, mine most good friend," Dutch Joe went on, clutching Creevy by the collar and shaking him savagely, "you shall hang from dat other yard dere. I shall gif you a nice long rope, an' when der yard swing your foots shall touch der deck. It vill take you a long time to dis like dat, and you vill haf many minutes—perhaps one whole hour—to remember mine Frieda . . . Ach, mine Frieda!"

He suddenly let go of Creevy's shoulders, pressed his two great hands to his face, and broke into tears. He tumbled down on the deck, and knelt there, sobbing, with his two prisoners standing beside him dazed and terrified.

Then Creevy jerked on the handcuffs, dragging Finny Baum towards the rails.

"Get away—now's the chance!"

"Not overboard," Finny stuttered. "Ve cannot swim. Der hands are tied."

He saw Sanderson, and dragged Creevy towards him. They both went stumbling along the heaving deck, like a pair of runners in an obstacle race.

"Save us from that fiend," Creevy panted, his face drawn and frantic, "for the love of heaven!"

Sanderson shrugged his shoulders.

"What can I do?"

Dutch Joe was still kneeling and sobbing. The prisoners glanced back at him, then let their eyes rove frantically up and down in

search of some way of escape—some rat-hole they could crawl into and be safe. But there was nothing.

After a minute Dutch Joe stood up again, and wiped his eyes with the sleeve of his colored shirt.

"Back to der lazaretto—dogs!" he shouted. "Get back—get back, or I will kill you now. And I want nod to do dat. You must suffer, as mine Frieda suffered. Back—back!"

They crawled on hands and knees across the deck, back towards the fore-cabin, a rapid, scuttling crawl, with the fear of death at their heels.

Down below, in her cabin, Joyce was sitting tensely on the bunk, listening.

PRESENTLY Dutch Joe came down to the saloon and knocked on the door of Joyce's cabin.

"Mine pretty," he said softly, "I had forgot—you was going to haf breakfast mit Dutch Joe."

"Yes, Joe," she answered, making her voice sound calm, even though she did not feel it. "In a little while. I'm not dressed yet."

"Ja, I will find grub and cook."

He shuffled away, and soon she heard him roaring a sea-shanty and clattering pots and pans in the galley.

She stepped down from the bunk and began to dress. It was strange and exhilarating to be in decent clothes again. For a moment, while she admired herself in the little square mirror above the folding wash-stand, she forgot the present in a feminine delight, in dress.

Where was her father? Where was Chantry? Were they alive and safe? She wondered if she could induce Dutch Joe to put back to the island. She could deal with him when he was sane. Mad, he might be more difficult.

He shuffled across the saloon again and tapped on the cabin door.

"Der grub is ready, sweetheart."

She nervously unlocked the door, and stepped out in front of him, smiling and gracious. He stood back and solemnly admired her, letting his mad eyes rove slowly over her, from head to heels.

"Ach, I think you are more beautiful than mine Frieda," he whispered.

He shook his head, rubbed his unshaven chin, and looked down at his filthy clothes and huge, uncleaned sea-boots.

"I forgot to wash," he said. "But you will ned be angry mit Joe? I haf had much trouble yesterday, to-day. I forgot to wash and clean."

"Don't be silly, Joe," she said gaily. "Let's have breakfast; I'm starving!"

At that he awoke from a sort of daze, and, without a word, shuffled off to the galley. In a minute he came back again with two plates of ham and eggs clutched in his soiled and dirty hands.

She was ravenously hungry, but the food almost choked her as she ate. Between mouthfuls she talked gaily, hysterically—what about, she did not know. Dutch Joe said nothing. He did not eat. He sat with his elbows on the table, his unshaven chin in his hands, and stared at her—stared and stared.

And all the time Dutch Joe said nothing. Then, at last, he stood up, and came shuffling round the table towards her.

He stopped by her side, looking down at her intently and solemnly. Then he raised his hands slowly to his throat and lifted off Frieda's necklace. He put it gently over

her head, and after that went down on his knees. He reached for one of her hands and held it clumsily between his great dirty paws. There were tears in his eyes.

"You are nod mine Frieda," he said huskily, "but you are so like her. You will stay mit Joe? I will nod hurt you. Anything you want to do I will let you do. But it would be such a large comfort."

She reached out her free hand and stroked his curly head.

"I—I will stay with you, Joe," she said.

He remained on his knees for another moment or two, his head bowed; and it was while he was there like that, that far away they heard a gun boom out across the water.

He jerked up his head, his eyes blazing. His lips drew back, and he sucked at his yellow teeth like an animal. Clumsily he stumbled to his feet.

"Dat gun," he whispered. "Dat is der Banahsee's gun!"

He rushed into one of the cabins, knelt on a bunk, and stared through the port-hole.

"Ach, she is following!" he cried. "It will be Chantry—coming for you." He swung back into the saloon again, his face crinkled up in silent laughter. "Coming for you," he repeated, his eyes staring at her. "But he shall not get you, mine pretty."

He rushed past her, and clattered up the companion-ladder to the deck, shouting to Sanderson as he did so.

She stayed where he had left her, trembling, listening. Then she darted into the cabin and looked through the port-hole. The Banahsee was four or five miles away, as far as she could judge, and was riding the sea like a princess. All her canvas was set, and in the minute that Joyce stared at her she drew visibly nearer.

Dutch Joe had not a chance of getting away. Two men could not work the Storm Girl and win a race like that.

Dutch Joe was roaring on deck—not in English, but in what sounded like bad German. She concluded it was Dutch. Now and then he broke into English to swear at Sanderson.

IF she overhauled us, you die—It is for you to save der life. If she come one cable's length to us, I throw mine knife. . . . Ach, but dey shall nod vin, even if dey do come near!"

His heavy sea-boots rushed across the deck. Thinking he was coming down to the saloon, Joyce rushed to the cabin door and looked it. But he did not come down. His footsteps pounded away far off.

Then she heard Finny Baum wailing like a woman; Creevy's voice, terrified, stammering, shouting, appealing; Dutch Joe roaring with laughter.

She heard feet scuffling, ropes creaking; those sounds punctuated all the time by the constant flap and crack of the loose sail. And the cries—the cries. . . .

In time there was a pause, with no voices sounding. She lifted her hands from her ears and listened.

Then at last came Dutch Joe's voice again. It was calm, it was as solemn as the stillness into which it broke; and there seemed to be peace in it.

"Mine Frieda," he said, "mine Frieda, look down from heaven and see dat what I swore I do I haf done!"

Then, after that, there was another long, long silence.

She stood up. She went to the port-hole again and peered out. The Banahsee

was scarcely a mile away. She could see somebody in the rigging, and the sunlight shone on the lenses of binoculars and flashed across the sea.

Outside the port-hole the shining face of the sea stretched away and away, calm and scarcely ruffled. Shadows of the ship lay upon it—masts and sails and spidery rigging like a ghost-ship creeping along by its side.

And there was a shadow that made her cringe back and shut her eyes—the shadow of a hanging man. . . .



MISS! a voice whispered presently.

It was Sanderson's voice. She opened her eyes, and saw the circular shadow of his head lying upon the shadow of the rail upon the water.

"Yes!" she breathed.

"Got through the port-hole and swim for it, Miss!" he said. "I've got free. I'm going over now. Don't waste time. The Banahsee will pick us up."

"There's Joe!"

"Kneeling on the deck. Miss. Hurry up! He's taking no notice of anything now, but he might."

"All right."

"I'll go over," Sanderson whispered, "just after you do. I've lashed the wheel. . . . be quick."

She took off her shoes and skirt, and began to wriggle her way through the narrow port-hole. She had done it before, but on the previous occasion Chantry had been there to help her. Alone, it was not so easy.

She was only half-way through when Dutch Joe started roaring again. He swore savagely at Sanderson. She heard the great sea-boots clatter across the deck. Then there was a splash. Sanderson had gone overboard, but on the other side. Dutch Joe gave a shout of fury, and the sea-boots clattered to the rail. A dozen shots rang out.

"Schwein!" Dutch Joe howled.

Struggling in the port-hole, she heard another splash. He seemed to have hurled the empty pistol into the water. Then came the sound of his sea-boots on the deck again. They started to descend the companion-ladder to the saloon.

Her heart almost stopped. The cabin door was locked, but any man could burst it open with a thrust of the shoulder.

She wriggled desperately. The brass frame of the port-hole clutched at her waist, but under her line. This, in, it seemed impossible to get through.

Dutch Joe hammered on the door with his fist.

"Why haf you lock der door?" he demanded triumphantly. "Open it. I wish to see you."

She answered: "Wait a minute, Joe; I'm dressing."

"I gif you one minute. After dat, I break der door. I haf mine vetch in mine hand. Hurry yourself!"

She felt that she was going to faint. Her arms hung down limply over the water.

She felt that she had no more strength to struggle.

Then Sanderson's head bobbed up beneath her. He trod water against the ship's side, lifted his great hands and closed them over her.

"I may hurt you, Miss, but I'm going to pull," she panted.

All his weight suddenly hung upon her arms. On the other side of the cabin door Dutch Joe started roaring again and battered on the woodwork with the butt-end of a pistol. But she did not heed him. For burning seconds she was in agony. She felt as if her hips were being torn out of her body. Then she suddenly shot out of the port-hole, and with a terrific splash fell beside Sanderson in the water.

They sank deeply, but he had firm hold of her, and she did not feel afraid; only weak and weary. She kept her eyes closed as they plunged together towards bottom, and in a dazed sort of way she considered the sensation of that cold dive, with the roaring in her ears and the great pressure of the water all round her.

CHANTRY, Bannerman and two sailors, who had put off from the Banshee in a small boat, picked them up.

"Joyce, darling!" Chantry said, gathering her into his arms.

She opened her eyes and smiled at him weakly. Then she moved a little in his arms, reached up and let her lips brush his.

Her father was holding one of her hands and talking to her, but what about she had no idea.

One or other of them forced some brandy between her lips, and it trickled down her throat as soft as cream and hot as fire.

Consciousness and unconsciousness passed over her in alternating waves. She heard somebody say, quite clearly:

"What are we going to do about the Storm Girl, sir?"

Chantry answered:

"To the devil with the Storm Girl! We'll think about her when Miss Joyce is all right."

"I'm all right now," she tried to say, but it was said in a scarcely audible whisper, and Chantry did not hear it.

"There's nobody but Dutch Joe aboard, sir," Sanderson said, "and he's as mad as a hatter. There won't be no harm done in leavin' him alone for a spell."

Unconsciousness came down upon her then; and the next thing she remembered was lying in a bunk, cuddled up warmly in blankets and hot-water bottles. Chantry and her father were there.

And Dutch Joe kept thundering through the dream. She heard his roaring voice and broken English, the clatter of his sea-boots. She saw his great curly head and mad eyes. And his voice . . . his voice . . .

She awoke to hear it. She rushed out of the dream in a panic to hear him roaring outside the ship.

"I want only mine Frieda's necklace, Captain. She was on your lady's neck when she left the Storm Girl."

"Ten to one it was lost," Chantry answered gruffly. "If it wasn't, you can have it later. Miss Joyce is asleep. I can't wake her."

"I will wait," Dutch Joe answered. "Here, in mine little boat."

"I dare say you feel safer there," Chantry said grimly.

"Ach, no; you make mistake, Captain," Dutch Joe answered. "I am afraid of no man. Mine trick is done. All I wait for is der beads."

"Well, I've told you. When Miss Joyce is awake I'll try to find them for you."

"I will wait," said Dutch Joe quietly.

A feverish energy flooded into Joyce's flaccid muscles. Some force outside herself seemed to take hold of her; some consciousness outside her own seemed to tell her that there would be no peace for her till Dutch Joe had got the beads again.

Scarcely knowing what she was doing, she got out of the bunk and snatched up the necklace, which was lying in a coil on the top of her wet clothes.

There was a dressing-gown behind the door. She threw it over her shoulders, and, without waiting to find shoes or slippers, pulled the door open, ran across the saloon, with the tails of the dressing-gown flying out behind her, and mounted the ladder to the deck.

Down on the water's face was a little boat, with Dutch Joe, a ponderous figure, seated in the stern. His customarily florid face had taken on a yellowish hue, and his mad eyes seemed to burn with a less frenzied madness. There was almost peace in them now.

He gave no sign of surprise at seeing her there above him.

"Here, Joe," she whispered.

She suspended the necklace above him, and he cupped his great hands. She let it drop, and it fled down through the afternoon sunlight like a flash of variegated fire.

He caught it deftly, disentangled it, and hung it round his neck. Then, without a word or even a glance upward, he unslipped his oars and began to row slowly away.

She watched in a dream. She saw the little boat reach the schooner's side. Dutch Joe went slowly up the ladder to the deck. There he turned to look back at the Banshee, and stood for a moment silhouetted against the bleached background of the hanging sail. His red shirt glowed in the sunlight and the beads sparkled round his neck.

He waved his hand, and she knew, somehow, that he was waving good-bye. She waved her hand in answer.

"Good-bye, Joe," she said softly.

In another moment he turned away and disappeared below.



CHANTRY and Bannerman came on deck. Chantry with his arms full of blankets, and Bannerman carrying a deck-chair.

"My dear Joyce," her father said, "you're the most amazing girl. One minute you're half-dead; the next you're scooting about like a two-year-old."

"There wasn't much the matter with me," she said. "I was just fagged out. No sleep for days, scarcely any food—I'm beginning to feel ravenous—and not an hour that wasn't nerve-racking."

"You're bruised and scratched all over, you poor child!" her father said. "That's something the matter with you."

"Oh, not much. Most of that happened when I was climbing out of the treasure-house."

They settled her comfortably in the deck-chair with the blankets round her, and her father cuddled her up against him and kissed her hair.

"If I'd known that anything like this was going to happen, I'd have stayed in London and let the treasure go hang."

"Oh, but I've enjoyed myself!" she exclaimed, with a shaky laugh. "Besides, if we'd stayed in London . . ."

She reached out her hand and took Chantry's.

"If we'd stayed in London," she repeated softly, "I'd never have met you."

Her father went off to the galley, leaving them alone together. Chantry was shaved and clean again, and his cheeks did not look so haggard nor his eyes so wild. She kept hold of his hand.

"**W**HERE is everybody?" she asked. "There don't seem to be more than four or five men aboard."

"There are six, to be exact. All the rest are ashore. We're going to leave them there for a few days, and they can amuse themselves trying to get at the treasure. Your father and I have decided to sail to-night for Sumatra. We'll get some men who can be trusted, some more firearms and gear, and come back for the treasure in safety and comfort."

She nodded.

"The wind's getting up now," she said, with her eyes on the Storm Girl. "Are we going to start soon?"

"In an hour or two. This isn't our boat, remember. I'm going over to interview Dutch Joe soon. I think we'll probably take the poor devil with us, locked up in a cabin, and leave the Banshee here."

"The Storm Girl's moving!" she cried. Chantry swung round to face the sea. The off-shore breeze had strengthened while they were talking, and now the Storm Girl, with her loose sail sweeping across her deck, was gliding slowly out to sea.

"We'll chase her," Chantry said. "She can't go fast like that."

But even as he turned to shout an order to his men, something happened aboard the Storm Girl. Her deck burst open amidships and a great flame shot out. An instant afterwards the roar of an explosion rushed across the water, shaking the Banshee from stem to stern.

Joyce had leapt to her feet. All the crew were rushing to the rail.

"He's fired that dynamite we had aboard!" Bannerman cried.

All the time the blazing ship was moving slowly out to sea.

Joyce caught hold of her father's arm. "Look!" she said chokingly. "He's at the wheel."

The wheel-house was on fire, and smoke was eddying round it, but now and then, when a puff of wind blew it clear, they could see Dutch Joe standing before the binnacle, with the spokes of the wheel in his hand, and his sturdy legs in the great sea-boots set wide apart, steering the ship into the Unknown.

"Good-bye, Joe!" Joyce murmured.

Chantry and Bannerman took off their caps, and everybody stood in silence, watching Dutch Joe homeward bound to Frieda.

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

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